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WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR INDIANS?



A GROUP OF PROMINENT SIOUX CHIEFS.

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WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR INDIANS?



HAT vast empire in the East, of which the Queen of England has just been made the empress, and which is known as British India, consists of a population of 190,000,000 persons, divided into many distinct kingdoms, which are governed by native princes who inherit their thrones from ancestors who were powerful rulers long before the race from which Queen Victoria is descended had set foot upon British territory. These Indian rulers are mostly men of large possessions; they have great armies at their command; they manufacture their own arms; and have immense resources within their own territories; yet these powerful nations are kept in perfect subjugation by a mere handful of English soldiers. The whole British population of India, according to the census taken last year, amounted to but 90,000 persons. But England rules the 190,000,000 of native Indians by this mere dribble of British population. When a rebellion has broken out in any of the Indian provinces we have seen with what masterly ability it has been suppressed, and how promptly and completely such an atrocity as the Cawnpore massacre was avenged, and the rebellion, of which it was the commencement, brought to a close.

When the blunders and failures which have attended the administration of our Indian policy is contrasted with that of England in her eastern empire, it is not in the least comforting to our national pride, but, on the contrary, it might well cause us to hang our heads in shame. We have a population of full 45,000,000, exclusive of Indians maintaining tribal conditions, who are, according to the calculations of the Indian Commissioners, but 279,337 in number. This is, no doubt, a liberal estimate, for they were, according to the census of 1870, 357,981; the decrease in their numbers is very great, being more than twenty per cent. in five years.

Our Indians are brave, bold, and shrewd in their methods of warfare; but they are utterly destitute of all the means of modern warfare, except such as our Government furnishes them. They have no armories, no permanent homes, no organized government, no manufactories of any kind; they can neither read nor write; they are ignorant of engineering; they have neither carriages, nor roads, nor telegraphs, nor boats for the navigation of rivers; nor do they possess any of the advantages which render civilized men so potent in overcoming all the obstacles of nature and in exterminating their enemies. Our Indians are the same untutored savages that they were when our European ancestors landed on these shores and began to appropriate the land for their own uses, except that they have learned to use the rifle with deadly effect, and have gained a sufficient knowledge of some of our arts to suffer from their demoralizing influences, without deriving any benefits from the good objects they were intended to accomplish. While we have multiplied and prospered, they have steadily diminished in numbers; but their savage instincts and habits have remained unchanged, and as we have grown mightily in power, adding constantly to our means of aggressive warfare, we have found ourselves confronted with a savage foe, whose ability to inflict injury upon us seems to have increased as he has diminished in numbers and been restricted in territory. To cope with the savages now appears to be more difficult than it was in the time of that sturdy fighter King Philip, of Mount Hope, and our Indian wars are now vastly more costly than they ever were before, and more disastrous in the sacrifice of our men. Certainly no such disaster ever before befel our army as the slaughter of the gallant Custer and his entire command by

the Sioux under the redoubtable warrior Sitting Bull, or Crazy Horse, for it seems to be uncertain which of the two chiefs were in command in that terrific encounter. The destruction of the entire command of Major Dade, in Florida, during the last Indian war in the Everglades was not less tragical, but the force of Dade was not one-third that of Custer's, and, in the meanwhile, we have been constantly engaged in reducing the Indians, in appropriating their hunting grounds, in compelling them to retire within the reservations assigned them, and in making treaties with them. But, though so much nearer to extermination than ever before, they are not in the least degree less warlike or less troublesome. The difficulty with them is inherent, and as it has existed from the beginning it is likely to continue to the end, although there must come a time when the small remnants of the once powerful tribes will become as quiet and inoffensive as the Marshpee Indians in Massachusetts, the Chinooks on Long Island, or the other remnants of aboriginal tribes that still exist in the central part of New York. The Sioux are in a fair way of being completely exterminated, and some future romance will make a pathetic story of the last members of their tribes; but they are now the fiercest and most formidable Indian foe we have to contend with. However just may have been the revenge they took upon the invaders of their territory, their treachery and cruelty will not be forgotten, and they will pay dearly for the precious lives they sacrificed.

We have learned something from experience, though the lesson has been a most trying one to us. Events have taught us the uselessness of making treaties which neither side had the power to enforce, whether they had the will or not. For our Government to make a treaty with a wild tribe of savages whom we had to treat as wards, and whose property we first took possession of by force, and then consented to pay for on terms which they dared not refuse, and had no power to resist, was a very absurd proceeding; but it was by following this course that led to all of our Indian troubles, and at last Congress opened its eyes to the supreme folly of the past policy of Indian management.

If Congress had been a little more active in passing the resolution that no more treaties should be made with the Indian tribes, the trouble with the Sioux might, and probably would, have been avoided. But we had, unfortunately, entered into a treaty stipulation with the Sioux eight years ago, when it was necessary to prevent the Indians from making predatory attacks on the parties engaged in the construction of the railroads across the Continent to the Pacific.

Nearly the whole territory from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains was in undisturbed possession of the Indians, who had the buffalo for their companion and support. They were not disposed to yield their right to the territory which had always belonged to them, and they looked with evil eyes upon the advancing army of engineers and laborers who foreshadowed the coming of the iron horse, which would frighten away the game upon which they depended for subsistence. There was nothing to be done on our part but to fall back upon the old expedient of a treaty, and a treaty with the Sioux was accordingly entered into, the representatives of our Government being General Sherman, General Terry, General Augur, General Harney, and other eminent military men, who had opportunities for knowing something about Indian warfare.

Associated with them were certain civilians, and the terms of the treaty then formed were, that a tract of territory since become famous as the Sioux Reservation, should be "set apart for the absolute and undisturbed use of the Indians, who were represented by their chiefs, among whom was one with whose name of Sitting Bull we have since become so familiar.

If Jove laughs at lovers' oaths, what a loud guffaw there

would be if Olympus were now among the entities of creation when a new Indian treaty were negotiated!

The treaty which was entered upon with the Sioux only eight years ago, stipulated, among other clauses, that "The United States now solemnly agrees that no persons except those herein designated and authorized to do so, and except such officers, agents, and employes of the Government as may be authorized to enter upon Indian Reservations in discharge of duties authorized by law, shall ever be permitted to pass over, settle upon, or reside in, the territory described in this article, or in such territory as may be added to their Reservation for the use of said Indians."

There was not the least necessity for making such a treaty as this. It was making a compact which could not be kept, and which the high contracting parties, on one side at least, knew perfectly well never would be kept. By another article in the treaty it was further stipulated that certain military posts in the neighborhood should be abandoned, and that the roads leading to them and to Montana should be closed. Certain tracts were to be retained by the Sioux for hunting-grounds "so long as the buffalo may range thereon in such numbers as to justify the chase." There were many other specifications of privileges which the Sioux should enjoy, and which were all agreed to with equal solemnity with the others.

But it is only eight years ago since this solemn treaty was signed, and already we are lamenting over the consequences of its gross violation on our part.

"In consideration of the advantages and benefits conferred by this treaty, and the many pledges of friendship by the United States, the tribes who are parties to this agreement stipulate that they will relinquish all right to territory outside the specified limits, and that they will refrain from acts of hostility against the whites, and that they will withdraw all pretense of opposition to the construction of the railroad now being built to the Pacific Ocean."

So far as we have been able to discover, the Indians kept their part of the agreement; if there were any acts of violence toward the whites they were not of a serious character, and were the acts of individuals, unsanctioned by the chiefs. Indeed, there were strenuous efforts made, at the risk of his own life, to prevent an attack upon the Red Cloud Agency, which would probably have led to the slaughter of all the whites stationed there.

The Government must be acquitted of any intentional violation of the stipulations in the treaty, although that part of them concerning the establishment of schools, and enabling the Indians to make provision for their own subsistence were by no means fulfilled. Wherein the Government was most to blame, however, was in neglecting to take the necessary measures to prevent the violation of the treaty by irresponsible adventurers. The Black Hills constitute a part, and it is believed by many the most valuable part, of the Sioux Reservation. But the whole region, which abounds in valuable timber, is well watered, and presents many attractions for the agriculturist, apart from the mineral treasures which the hills are supposed to contain, has been forcibly taken from the tribes for whose use and enjoyment it was so solemnly set apart. Nearly two years ago a reconnaissance was directed to be made through the Black Hills region by a military force under the command of the now deeply-lamented General Custer. The unfortunate consequence of this altogether unnecessary expedition was the report of gold mines having been discovered among the hills. After this discovery there was no use in attempting to prevent a rush of gold-diggers into the territory. Proclamations were issued forbidding the entrance of any adventurers within the territory, and General Crook was sent to see that the proclamation was complied with. A commission was appointed to negotiate for the purchase of the Black Hills,

but it was unsuccessful, in consequence of the opposition of Sitting Bull, and then the stream of adventurers set in again, and the number of gold-miners and traders that invaded the territory is estimated at more than ten thousand—since, estimates made the number as high as twenty thousand. The Government, finding it altogether useless to attempt the removal of such a multitude, concluded not to make the attempt; but it took the very course best calculated to aggravate the trouble by sending an expedition under Prof. Janney to examine the hills and report whether they contained gold or not. The reports that followed, though not of an official character, were well calculated to inflame the minds of the Western people, who continued their invasions of the territory which had been so solemnly set apart for the exclusive use of Sitting Bull's people. The immigration of miners and prospectors was so rapid that no less than two cities were laid out, one of them named in honor of the unfortunate Custer. General Crook made an agreement with the adventurers, as an inducement for them to abandon the territory, that they should have the privilege of returning and taking possession of their claims as soon as the bargain for the sale of the hills to the Government should be consummated. But, unfortunately, the proposed bargain could not be completed. The Indians had learned not to put any trust in treaties, and they resolved to hold on to what they had got. The fights that since occurred have been the natural results of the treaty of 1868, which has already been grossly violated, and, sooner or later, must be wholly abrogated.

It is a curious circumstance that in the report of the Special Commission appointed to investigate the affairs of the Red Cloud Indian Agency, last year, the Commissioners say that "the temper and feelings of the Indians have undergone a very favorable change toward our people and Government. . . . That the fact is so, is attested by the uniform opinion of every officer of the army, and every trader and other person who has been examined upon the subject. The iron bond of their tribal organization is rapidly weakening, and the most eminent and distinguished chiefs now hold their positions by a precarious tenure." And then the Commissioners gravely add, "We believe the day has gone by when a formidable Indian war can ever again occur in this country."

But the report had scarcely been published when the whole country is startled by the announcement of the most formidable Indian war that the country has known in fifty years; when defeat after defeat has been suffered by our forces, and the generals in command are beseeching instant relief from the Government to save them from utter destruction.

The Special Commissioners who investigated the affairs of the Red Cloud Agency, seem to have become fully convinced of the bad policy not only of making treaties with the Indians, but of putting them upon reservations of valuable lands which the advance of population and the general progress of the country require for the uses of the people. The



AN INDIAN CALUMET, OR PEACEPIPE.

recent Act of Congress which declares that no new treaties shall be made with the Indians, is the most important measure that has been adopted looking to an improvement in our Indian policy. But the treaties already in existence must be faithfully observed until they can be legally set aside, let the consequences be what they may. It is said, and very justly, that the criminal laws of the

United States should be extended over all the reservations, and that when an Indian subject shall commit an offence, he shall be made subject to the police and criminal law of the State in which the offence was committed. The individual responsibility of the Indian as a member of the community must be recognized, and the absurd fiction of tribal sovereignty abolished.

The Commissioners do not appear to have been at all affected by the sentimentality which has so long blurred the perceptions of every one who had to deal officially with the Red Man. The Indians are, strangely enough, becoming more expensive as they diminish in numbers, and they require almost as great an outlay for their support and management as the whole of the Government, Army, Navy, Civil and Diplomatic service did fifty years ago. The Commissioners believe they speak the sentiments of the people, when they say that "it is time that we should now adopt a fixed policy in regard to that (our Indian) population." There is not the slightest doubt of it; nor is there any that the Commissioners also speak the sentiments of the people in saying that "the day has gone by when the blanket should be furnished to the Indian as extensively as it now is. It serves to perpetuate his barbarous costume and his idle habits. If furnished with clothing at all, it should be



KIOWAS AND COMANCHES SIGNING A TREATY IN 1867.

ever perform any useful labor, or do anything so degrading to his nature as cradling wheat or digging potatoes. Put the noble savage into a pair of trowsers, and compel him to cover his broad back with a serviceable jacket devoid of ornaments of any kind, and he would feel less repugnance to honest labor. But war paint and feathers are altogether incompatible with industrious habits. The negro is imitative in his disposition, and is happy to dress like a white man, but the Indian is not at all imitative as to our social habits, and we have been guilty of the supreme folly of encouraging him in his savage ways, by giving him blankets to wear instead of supplying him with shirts, coats and trowsers.

An experiment was made in the reservation in Southern Kansas, by which some white contractors must have made a good deal of money, to do something toward civilizing the Kaw Indians, by building nice little stone cottages for them to live in, and appropriating to each one a piece of land to raise corn and vegetables upon. They were much better houses than the majority of our Eastern farm laborers live in, and vastly superior to the logcabins which most of the Western settlers built for their families. But the Kaws preferred their wigwams to the nice stone cottages which the Government provided for them. While



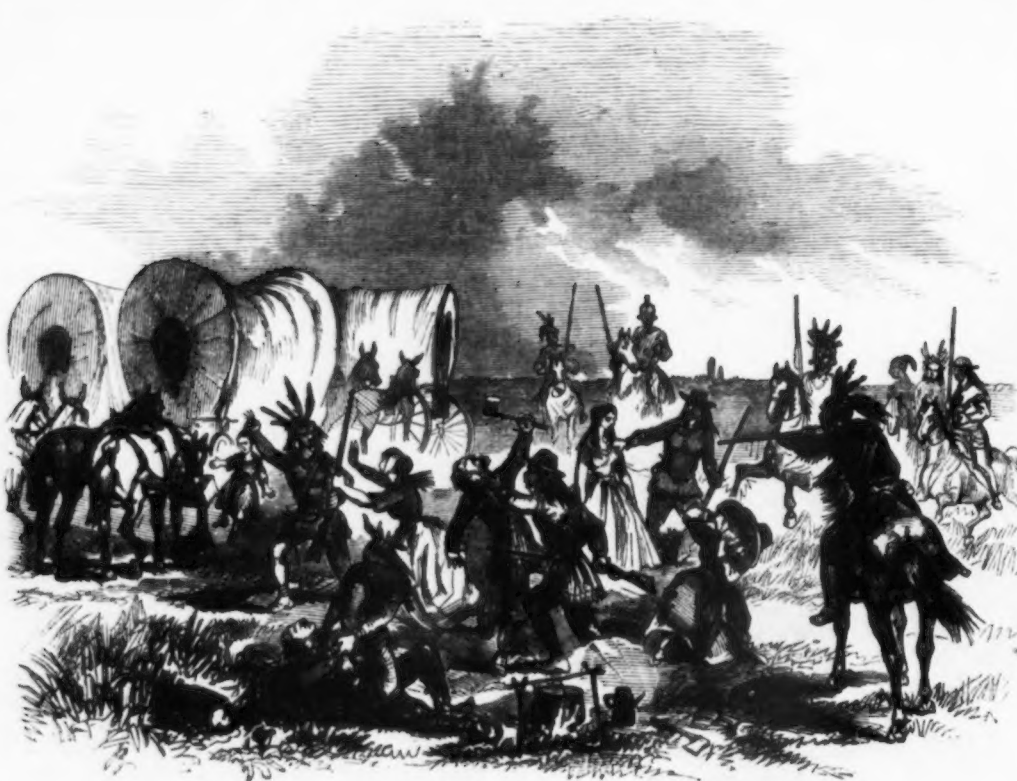
SATANTA MAKING A SPEECH DURING THE NEGOTIATION OF PEACE.

such as is suited to his comfort and in which it will be possible for him to perform labor."

Admirably well said. Whoever may have seen the Indian on his native plains sitting at the entrance of his wigwam, or upon the back of his wild steed, and clothed in the blankets which are annually distributed to him, must have felt how unreasonable it would be to expect that such a picturesque savage should



SIUX INDIANS PERFORMING THE SCALP-DANCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY ELSBURY.



SIOUX ATTACKING AN EMIGRANT TRAIN.

they could wrap themselves up in the warm blankets that were given, they cared nothing for the comforts or conveniences of a house designed for civilized families, so they turned their horses into the houses, took off the doors and took out the windows, and sold them for whisky, and lodged in their wigwams.

The attempt to house the noble red man was premature; he had not gone through the preliminary stages of civilization which rendered the comforts of a solid dwelling necessary.

It was specially unfortunate that there should have been no survivor of the battle in which the gallant Custer fell, surrounded by his brave companions, for we are not likely ever to learn the nature of the attack that was made upon them, nor why it was that so thoroughly an experienced Indian fighter could have been lured into the trap that was set for him. There have been reports that the fatal mistake was made by Custer of listening to the story of a treacherous half-breed scout who had been sent forward the night before, and who led the doomed men to their destruction. The preparations made by the Indians showed their cunning, their strategy, and their skill. The work was perfect, and the result was the most disastrous known in the records of Indian combats.

In relation to the supposed leader of the Indians, Sitting Bull, who was at one time reported to have been killed, it appears that he was not personally engaged in the fight, and that the chiefs who took the lead bore the picturesque titles of Crazy Horse, Kill Eagle, and Black Moon. This Kill Eagle is a new name, and he is said to be a chief of the Blackfeet tribe. He had no business to be among

the tribes who were under the command of Sitting Bull, but he was doubtless ready to join in any undertaking where there was an opportunity for using his tomahawk and scalping-knife. The Indian is nothing if not a fighter, and he gains confidence in his own prowess from finding himself so often in the presence of whites who are utterly unable to protect themselves against his ferocious attacks or his subtle ways in approaching and surprising the homes of the pioneers, who have converted the dreary forests and wild prairies of the continent into fertile farms and populous towns, filled with thrifty and prosperous inhabitants.

The sufferings of the nameless pioneers who have perished by the tomahawk of the stealthy savage are among the traditions of the border settle-

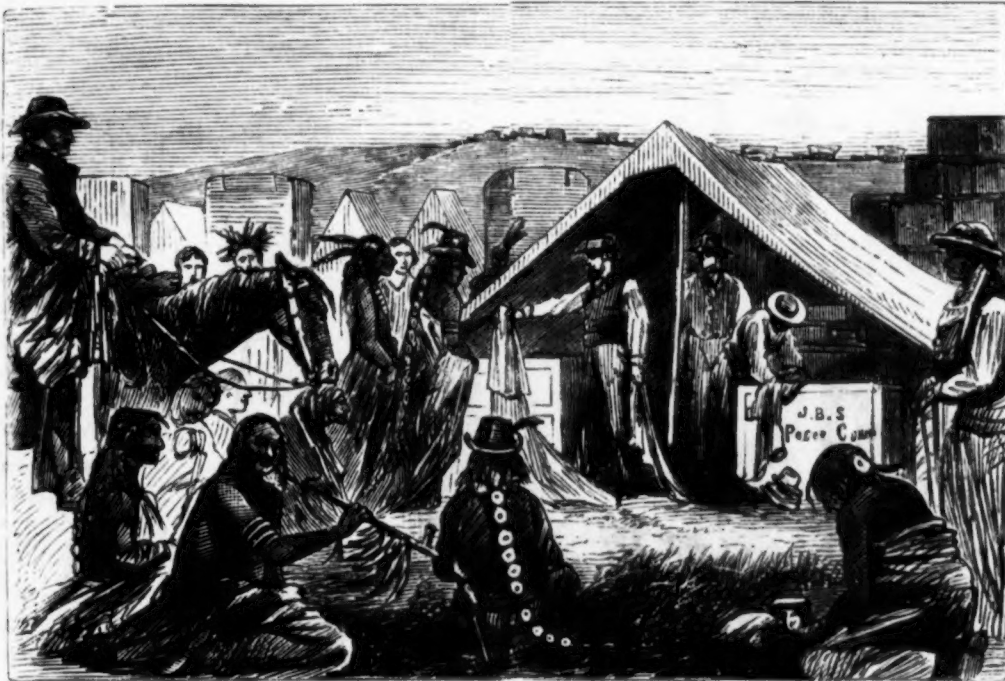
ments, but very little of them has found a record in our history. We know enough, however, of Indian fighting to shudder at the thought of the terrors which must fill the hearts of the unhappy settlers in the far West when they are attacked by these merciless foes.

The Commissioners, from whose report we have quoted already, express the opinion, which will be shared by the majority of our people, that "too much deference has been shown to the whims and caprices of the Indians, in some of our important transactions with them." And this has undoubtedly been the cause of much of the trouble which we have had with them.

It is the testimony of men who have had abundant opportunities for forming correct opinions on the subject, that the Indian must be made to fear before he can be made to obey. This, indeed, is true of all men, to a certain extent, but it is particularly true of uncivilized men in all climes. It is by



SCENES OF THE SIOUX WAR OF 1865.—SETTLER PIERCED WITH ARROWS.



THE AGENCY SYSTEM.—ISSUING CLOTHES TO THE INDIANS.

acting on this assumption that the British Government has been able so successfully to maintain its power in India and in other parts of the East. The horrid punishment of blowing the rebel Sepoys from the mouths of cannon was well calculated to inspire them with a dread of the power that could indulge in such cruelties. Our own course with the Indians has been of a directly opposite character. As the Red Cloud Commissioners say, the Indian eats our bread and wraps himself in our blankets with no other emotion than that they are gifts extorted from our fears. Much of our policy has convinced him that our liberal supplies of provisions to him are dictated by cowardice and cupidity, and the declaration of men in authority, whose words are repeated to him, that it is cheaper to feed him than to fight; he will be sure to fight us unless we do feed him, and clothe him too.

General Crook, who has had such good opportunities for becoming well acquainted with the nature of the Indian, told one of the Commissioners that it would be simple humanity to him to send such a display of military force as to excite in him a fear of the Government, and compel him into a prompt obedience to its commands. This was the advice of a soldier, who, from his professional experiences, could have no other idea on the question of how to civilize the Indian than doing it at the point of the bayonet. It was in quite a different spirit, however, that General Sherman, as soon as he arrived in Savannah, after his famous march from Atlanta to the sea, took up his pen and wrote a letter to the Secretary of War proposing a new method of civilizing and improving the emancipated slaves in the Atlantic States. General Sherman wanted permission to seize upon all the blacks he could find, force them upon the Sea Islands, off the coast of Georgia, and there keep them, prohibiting all intercourse with them, by way of testing their capacity for self-improvement.

Preposterous as such a scheme would have been, it was nothing more than a repetition of the policy of our Government from its foundation to the present time in the treatment of the Indians. It seems never to have occurred to General Sherman that if the same kind of an experiment had been tried upon him that he proposed for the emancipated negroes, instead of being at the head of an army he would have been in a condition not much above that of a freedman, though he would have had the advantage of being the descendant of a well educated ancestry. When we see what unceasing labor and careful attention are required to educate one of our ordinary children, who has all the benefits

to be derived from the highest social refinements; how he has to be sent to day-schools, to Sunday-schools, to high schools, to academies, to church, and to the lyceum, before he can be admitted to a college or a university; how, after he has received all the improvement possible by means of daily tuition at the hands of learned professors and doctors, he is at last pronounced in a fit condition to enter upon a course of special studies preparatory to the adoption of some profession by which he may be qualified to keep himself out of a prison or a poor-house, and to earn a decent living; and how, after all this troublesome and expensive training, it is still, in most cases, thought necessary to send him on a year or two's travel through Europe to complete his education, and make him competent to enter upon the real battle of life and become a self-supporting citizen, could anything more sublimely preposterous be imagined than the practice of our Government in shutting up our Indians on reservations, preventing from all intercourse with the rest of mankind, and expecting that under such a system they would attain to a sufficiently high condition of civilized society to be admitted into the great sisterhood of States that compose our glorious Union?



ISSUING SUPPLIES TO THE INDIANS.

The inevitable effect of this system of reservations has just now been most forcibly and tragically exhibited in the Sioux war, the cost of which to the country will be beyond computation, and the increased taxation growing out of it will be an added burden to the nearly unbearable load which our honest laborers and their posterity must contrive to carry. But

the Sioux trouble is an exceptionable affair, which was precipitated by the unfortunate discovery of gold in the gorges of the Black Hills. But for that circumstance it might have been a decade or two before the full mischiefs which naturally grow out of the system, and which are seen in their perfection in the reservations lying South of Missouri and Kansas, would have been developed.

The last Congress did a most commendable service to the country in resolving that there should be no more treaties entered into with the Indian tribes, and it will be the duty of the next Congress to resolve that there shall be no more reservations of the public lands for the exclusive use of Indian tribes. This duty will be the more likely to be undertaken by the next Congress because it will, most fortunately, be freed from the business of President-making.

And when Congress takes the important step of determining that there shall be no more Indian reservations, the next and natural measure to be adopted will be to abolish those that are already in existence, and to provide territorial governments for them. It is of vast importance to the whole South-western region of the country that the Indian territory lying between Kansas and Texas, and



INDIANS AND THE ARMY.—GENERAL SHERMAN MEETING THE SIOUX CHIEFS IN 1867.

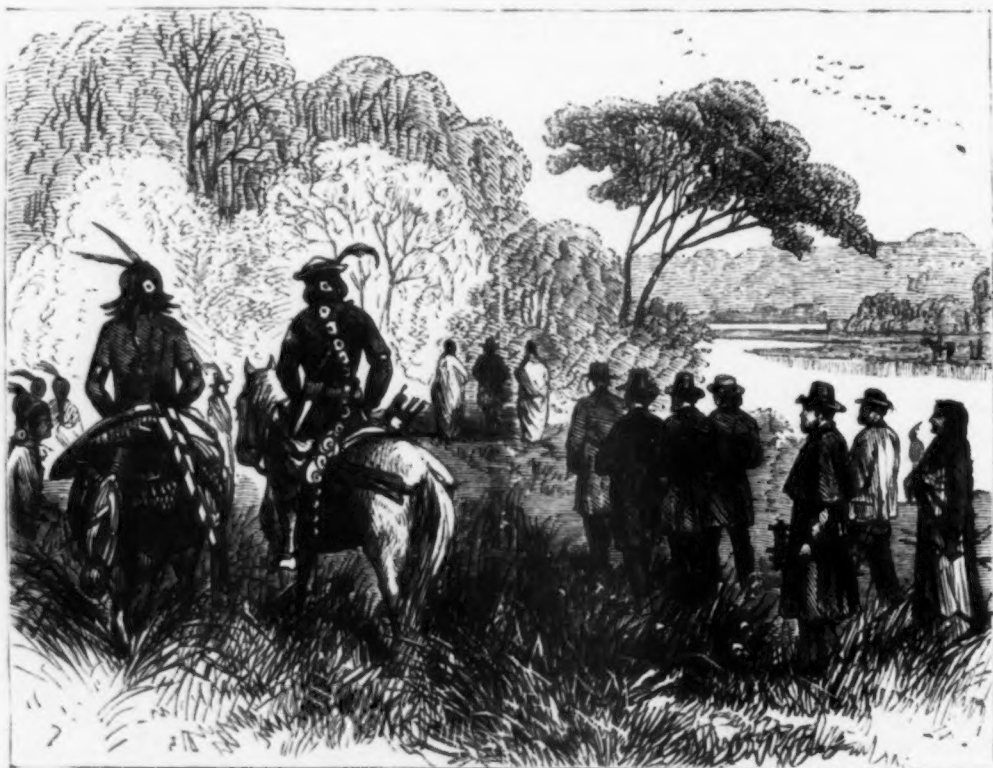
serving as a barrier to the advancement of emigration and commerce in that direction, should be thrown open to the settlement of our enterprising pioneers. It is one of the most fertile, beautiful, and healthy regions in the whole country, and if it were open to white settlers, it would rapidly become one of the wealthiest and most populous States of the Southwest, and be of immense

benefit to new emigrants and the adjacent States.

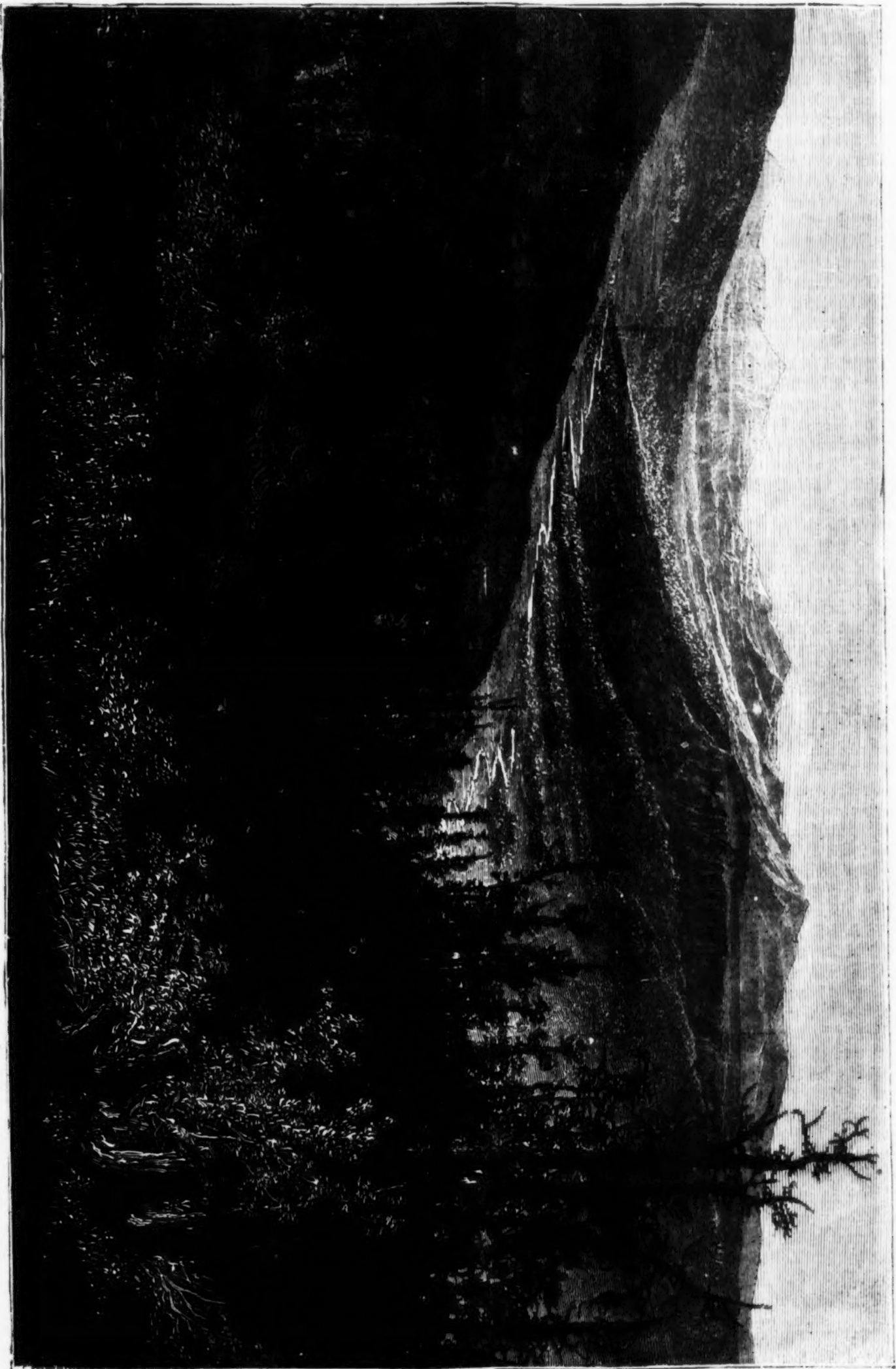
One of the most desirable effects which would be produced by the establishment of a territorial government over the Indian reservations, would be the extinction of those sources of rank corruption and political degradation, the Indian Agencies—like the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail Agencies, whose rascalities have been so disgraceful to the Administration under which they were appointed. The affairs of the Red Cloud Agency, for example, which have not made much noise before the country, for the reason that there were other corruptions which attracted a greater degree of attention, were sufficient to cause the Special Commission employed in their investigation to publish a large volume of near a thousand pages, giving the evidence of rascalities which came under their observation. But this was only one agency, and there are

eighty-two others. There is no reason to believe that the Red Cloud Agency was any worse than the rest; and, judging from the disclosures connected with it, we may easily compute the amount of corruption which the system of Indian administration is productive of.

The Red Cloud Commissioners, in their report, have offered some discreet advice, which ought not



INDIANS AND PEACE COMMISSIONERS.—INDIANS GOING TO A COUNCIL.



THE TINTAH MOUNTAINS, BLACK FORK RIVER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. JACKSON.

to be wasted upon Congress, although, as yet, we have had no evidence that it has done any particular good. They say that the treaty provision by which the Indian is kept separate and apart from the white man in his reservation, may in some respects be a sound and wise policy, but it cannot be the policy of civilization. That can only be imparted to the Indian by bringing him in contact with its influences. The existing law excludes from the reservation all persons of the white race except those who are ready to abandon civilization itself for a disreputable association with Indian women. Contact with such examples of civilized life must tend rather to degrade and villify it in the estimation of the Indian himself. It would be far better so to amend our trade and intercourse laws as to make some provision for the admission among them of that class of white men whose respect for the laws of their country now keeps them at a distance from the reservations.

After this it is not to be wondered at that the Commissioners recommend the abolition of the reservations altogether, and the erection of a territorial government in their place; and that all future legislation for the Indians, and all dealings with them, be based upon the policy of bringing them as rapidly as possible under the same law which governs all other inhabitants of the United States.

But these wise recommendations we can scarcely hope to see adopted while members of Congress can themselves find profitable offices for their friends and supporters in Indian agencies, and bonanzas of perquisites in Indian contracts.

The Indian question, however, is rapidly working out its own solution, and it will not be long before the Indians themselves will have altogether disappeared. Before the end of another half century of our national existence there will not be such a thing as an aboriginal tribe within the boundaries of the Republic, unless we should, in the meanwhile, in the fulfillment of our manifest destiny, have annexed all the adjoining territory down to the Isthmus of Panama, as Senator Douglas once predicted would be the case. In that event, which is not unlikely to happen, we should have an addition of Indian tribes upon our hands, and the processes of extermination by means of agencies, contracts, and reservations might require a century longer. But it would only be "a question of time"; the result would be inevitable, as it has been in the territory which we have already possessed and improved.

The utter, complete, and thorough extermination of all the Indian tribes, and the eradication of all traces of their existence, which has taken place during the first century of our existence as a nation, in the Atlantic States, is merely a

promise of what will be done in the Pacific States, and in the regions in the central parts of our territory, which are now mostly inhabited by aboriginal tribes.

In some parts of the country the Indians have left traces of their ownership and occupancy of the land, in the names which still stick to a few prominent places, proofs of the truth of the new theory of development known as the survival of the fittest in nomenclature, if in nothing more. But it is very remarkable that in the island on which the Empire City has spread itself, there is not a trace remaining of the people who inhabited it when the Dutch adventurers landed upon its shores, except in the names assumed by two local institutions which certainly had no Indian affinities. Tammany Hall and the Manhattan Club are the only Indian names that have survived to indicate that the Indian was once the sole proprietor of the soil. In other parts of the State, however, Indian names are abundant, and it would be a fortunate circumstance for our maps and geographies if

they were more so, if, for instance, we had more Ontarios, Niagaras, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Saratogas, and fewer McGrawvilles, Pompeys, Tompkinsvilles, and Ovids.

There has never been a finer opportunity offered any people for studying practically, on a large scale, the problem of race amelioration or improvement, than we have enjoyed in having under our entire control and subjugation the Indian races which we found here in their tribal organizations, and the African race, which we brought here and employed as slaves. But we have missed our opportunities; and, though the Indian is rapidly disappearing under our treatment, we have five or six millions of Africans left to experiment upon, and a hundred thousand or more of Chinamen. In a recent debate in Congress, Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi,

rather hastily said that "This race problem was not incapable of solution, and that two statesmen, such as Lord Derby and Earl Russell, might, or would, settle it in three days."

This was a very uncomplimentary fling at our own statesmen, who have had the race problem under consideration for a full century, and have not yet been able to find a solution of it.

The mention of Lord Derby and Earl Russell happened to be a rather malàpropos one, as they occupy directly opposite positions on the question of races. Earl Derby, or at least his father and grandfather, to whose party he still belongs, was an opponent of all the measures for race improvement advocated by Earl Russell. The Stanleys, represented by Lord Derby, were large owners of property in Jamaica, and in favor of slavery, while the Russells were advocates of emancipation. But both of these eminent statesmen have



CAPTAIN JACK, LEADER OF THE MODOCS IN THEIR WAR.

had abundant opportunities of displaying their abilities in solving the problems of race improvement in legislating for the benefit of Ireland. They and their ancestors have for many years been discussing the question of race in Ireland, but it still remains unsolved.

If our statesmen have been less successful in disposing of the problem of races so far as Indians and negroes are involved, it is not because they have less wisdom or patriotism, or honesty, but because the difficulty of reconstructing a government of equal laws, whose foundation is the assumption that all men are made with equal rights and are entitled to equal privileges, with the necessity of protecting an important part of the population who cannot be entrusted with the privileges which the law confers upon them.

But, as we have already said, the Indian problem is rapidly working out its own solution, and our posterity will know nothing more about the noble savage, who was ever a torment and a terror to their ancestors, than what they can learn from School histories, and Dime novels. The pathetic words which Jefferson puts in the mouth of Logan, will before long be repeated by some Sitting Bull, sitting in his loneliness upon an eminence that overlooks the vast plains where his progenitors hunted the buffalo, and scalped the unarmed pioneer who came to dispossess him of his inheritance. There is but one escape for the Indian who finds it incompatible with his nature and his aspirations, to become a citizen of this Republic and assume the duties of an independent

voter. He cannot forever be fed by public bounties, for our own laws do not contemplate a permanent condition of pauperism, and if he can no longer clothe himself in buffalo robes, nor provide dried buffalo meat for his squaw and his children, he must be content to starve or emigrate. He cannot go West, for population and civilization are advancing rapidly from the Pacific coast, and they present an impregnable obstacle to his progress. The South will also present a belt of civilization which he will be powerless to overcome. But he can go North, and the migration in that direction must very soon commence. He can escape into the Dominion, where a Land of Canaan awaits him. There the Government takes proper measures for preserving whatever seems to be necessary to the well-being of the Indian. The Dominion Government at present feeds and maintains some twenty thousand Indians living in Canadian territory, and it is nearly certain that a large number of Sioux and Cheyennes will find it convenient to emigrate from their present uncomfortable quarters into that territory, and become hunters on the plains around Lake Winnipeg. A very extensive business is reported this season from that quarter in buffalo robes, some fifty thousand of them having been sent to Montana. This number of robes, it is estimated required the slaughter

of at least one hundred and twenty thousand buffaloes. Our military commanders who bear the brunt of the hardships and dangers encountered in Indian warfare, have the peculiar infelicity of being employed upon the most hazardous expeditions, from which little hope of reputation or honor can be anticipated. In fighting with a civilized enemy, whether a conqueror or a prisoner, whether in victory or defeat, he does as much towards perpetuating the fame of a commander as his own compatriots. But the Indian is a dumb witness of the heroism by which he is conquered, or which he overcomes. It was said by the eloquent Fisher Ames, in Congress, that "it is not in Indian wars that heroes are celebrated; but in them they are formed." And there is much in this, but Indian wars have in reality given fame to some of our military commanders, and three of our Presidents and one Vice-President have owed their elevation chiefly to their heroic exploits in fighting the Indians. General Jackson's principal fighting, by which he displayed his remarkable characteristics, was in his successful campaigns against the Creeks, Cherokees and Choctaws; although the great event of his military career was in the defence of New Orleans, where there was very little fighting done. It



ATTACK ON A TRAIN OF BLACK HILL MINERS.

was in the war against Tecumseh that General Harrison gained the laurels that made him; and it was for the reported killing of that desperate savage chief, that Richard M. Johnson was made Vice-President. General Taylor's exploits on the Rio Grande, in Mexico, led to his nomination for the Presidency, but he had gained his reputation as a soldier, previ-

ous to the Mexican war, by his encounters with Osceola and Billy Bowlegs in the Everglades of Florida. It was by his Indian fighting that Washington gained the reputation that caused him to be selected for the command of the Continental Army. Our Indian wars, therefore, have not altogether, we think, resulted in producing a reasonable number of heroes, and before we see the last of the Sioux war we may have another mass of military heroes who may furnish future candidates for the Presidency. But we believe that the Sioux trouble will prove the last of anything which may be dignified by the name of an Indian war. The Indians will be too much weakened and scattered by this encounter; they will have exhausted their means of fighting, and will be compelled, whether they desire it or not, to abandon their antagonism to the beneficent Government that has so long fed them and sustained them. But if this were not so, a change in the administration of our Indian affairs, which must soon occur, will bring a long needed reform that will put an end to the corruptions and incompetency which have been so fruitful of Indian disturbances.

The Indian question concerns us all as a people, whose treatment of the original occupants of the soil will be judged by the civilized world by the standards of equity and justice.



ACTION BETWEEN SIOUX AND A FORCE OF VOLUNTEERS AND MILITIA.

It concerns us as men desirous to do all that can be done for classes whom unavoidable circumstances have brought in contact with a civilization for which they have little or no aptitude. It concerns even under the lower aspect of men whose means are lavishly expended in the Indian Department on the one hand, and on the army on the other.

It may not, therefore, be out of place to add to the preceding remarks a general view of the actual position of our Indian population.

The total number of Indians was estimated in 1875 at 278,963, determined in many cases by actual count; and for their management, including payments stipulated by treaty, \$4,670,117 was appropriated by Congress in the long session of 1876.

Of these various tribes, the most advanced in civilization

are the Cherokees, Creeks, and Choctaws, of Union Agency, Indian Territory. The Cherokees have a reservation of 18,762 square miles, under a series of treaties from 1833 to 1866. They number 17,217, with about 2,500 still scattered through the Carolinas, Georgia, and Tennessee. The tribe has to a great extent embraced the life and usages of the whites, and has a form of government. Their reservation contains more than five millions of acres, but only 89,250 are cultivated, on which they raise 629,000 bushels of Indian corn, with some wheat, oats, etc. The tribe has

long been divided into two hostile parties, whose animosity was embittered during the late war. Assassinations are frequent. Next to them are the Muscogeans, or Creeks, numbering 13,000, with a reservation of more than three million of acres, cultivating 34,960, raising 600,000 bushels of Indian corn, but less of other cereals than the Cherokees. The Choctaws, 16,000 in number, cultivate 50,000 acres on a reservation of nearly seven millions, but are far behind the Cherokees and Creeks in their produce, though their lumber trade is extensive. With these three tribes, which stand at the head, live 6,000 Chickasaws and 2,438 Seminoles, much behind the others in development. The Cherokees have a school fund in the hands of the Government producing \$25,000 a year, and their schools contain 1,884 pupils; those of the Creeks, 800; those of the Choctaws, 1,129. But the

Chickasaw schools number only 17 boys and 213 girls; while those of the Seminoles, 294 boys and 63 girls. These tribes all removed from the East, and, long under Government control and missionary influence, are the highest in civilization. It was long proposed to make them, after a time, citizens, and blend them with the masses of the people, but this has never been feasible. More recently a scheme was originating for organizing them into a Territory, to be called Oklahoma, and governed like the other Territories; but the scheme had many objections, and failed.

The whole system of the United States Government in regard to these Indians has been so barren of result, that we are officially informed that the small band of Cherokees who persisted in remaining in North Carolina, "are now, though receiving scarcely any Government aid, in a more hopeful

condition, both as to morals and industry, as well as in personal property, than the Cherokees who removed West."

These tribes were all formerly inhabitants of the Gulf States, the Carolinas and Tennessee; sparsely settled States, which, however, compelled their removal. The sums expended on them have been very great, and the result comparatively small.

New York State, more densely settled, retained her Indian population. She set apart lands for them, and the Onondagas, Tuscaroras, and Senecas there, who have been in charge to the general



GENERAL GEORGE A. CROOK, U. S. A., COMMANDING TROOPS IN LATE OPERATIONS AGAINST THE SIOUX.

government, and not under the influence of its system, are "ready for membership into the body politic."

"They have been fortunate," says the Federal Commissioner, "in that they have been obliged to labor for a living, and that the State of New York has allowed them to remain on fertile portions of their original land, and has protected them in their property rights, and, better than all, has maintained public schools for them according to their *pro rata* share of the State educational fund." "The State may point, if not with pride, at least with gratification and a feeling of honor, to the reservations where these Indians (to the number of 5,000) have surrounded themselves with all the necessities, and many of the comforts, of civilized life."

Of the New York Indians, a band of Senecas, in the last

century, joined the roving Shawnees, and have since shared their fortunes; and some years since the chief part of the Oneidas removed to Wisconsin, without, however, bettering their condition. They number now 1,332.

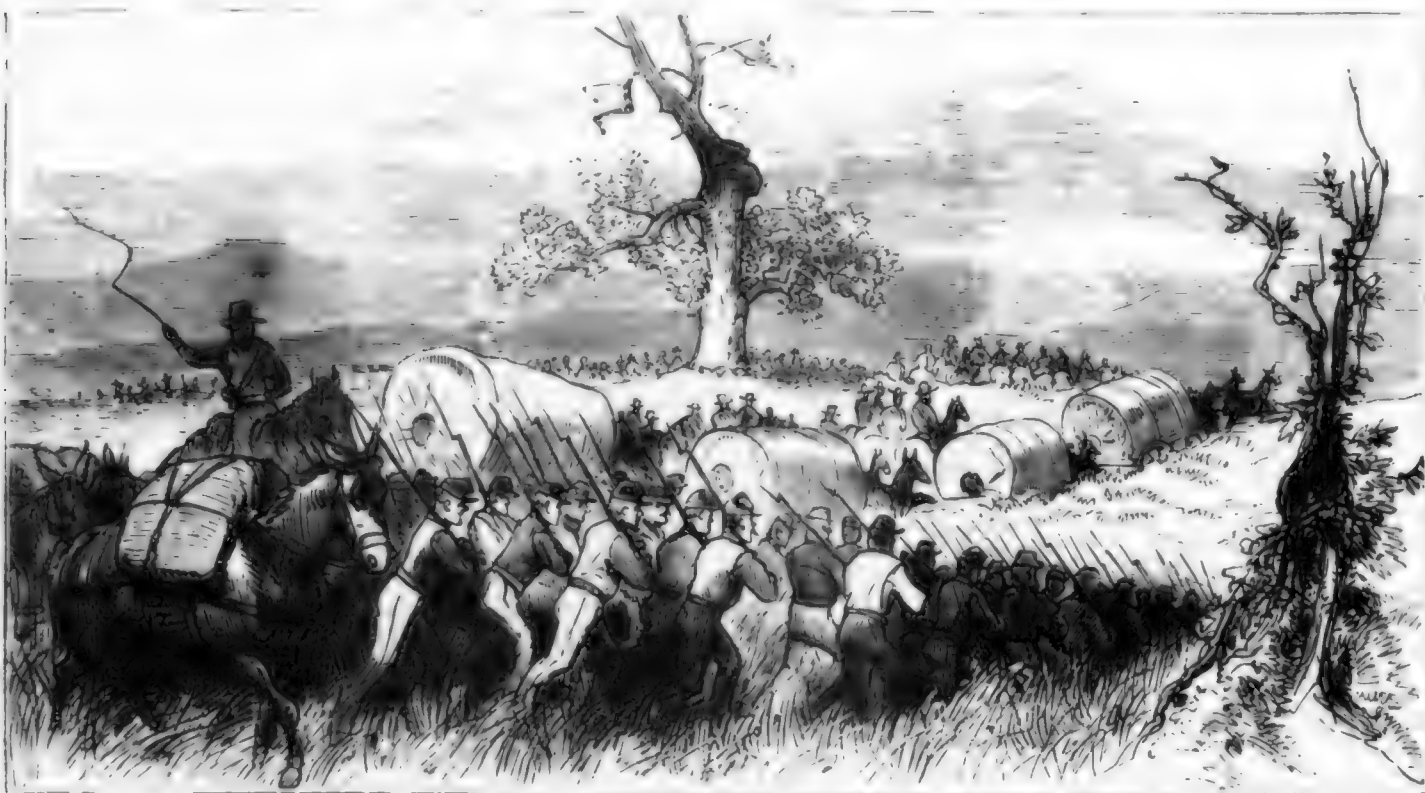
Maine, Massachusetts, and Long Island still retain fragments of the once powerful tribes that took so active a part in the early history, but they are fast dying out. They consist of the Penobscots, in Maine; Gayhead, Marshpee, and other bands, in Massachusetts; Shinnecocks, in New York, all belonging to the Algonquin stock, which has never shown any aptitude for civilization.

The Algonquins of the Western States, who, under Pontiac, in 1763, swept the whole English frontier, and after the establishment of our Government, led by Little Turtle, defeated Generals Harmar and St. Clair, and were at last reduced by Wayne, were all gradually removed beyond the Mississippi.

The remnants of the Delawares, once under Moravian rule, prospering and progressive—Miami, Illinois, Sacs, Foxes, Kickapoos, Pottawatamies, Shawnees, and some Ottawas in Indian Territory, and in Iowa, Kansas, and Ne-

In Dakota, Montana, and Northern Nebraska, are the various bands of the Sioux, who as white settlement advanced, fell slowly westward, dislodging other tribes. Their total number is estimated at 60,044, including twelve agencies, nine in Dakota, two in Montana, and one in Nebraska; but a band of 7,000, liable to be swelled by recruits from the agencies, has obstinately refused to come upon a reservation, and has for years maintained a hostile attitude to the whites as well as to the peaceable tribes under Government control, who were never safe from attack by these lawless Sioux.

As the decrease of game makes the support of this large body of Indians, by hunting, every year more precarious, the reservation system has attempted to develop their agriculture, but, except among the Sisseton and Wahpeton Sioux at Devil's Lake, and Yankton Sioux, the progress has been slight; the latter, in 1875, raised 10,000 bushels of corn, and the former 13,000 bushels of wheat and corn, besides sending a considerable quantity of sawed lumber to market. In these two bands, numbering 2,607, the schools show only 150 pupils. The small band of Santees in Nebraska is also



GENERAL CROOK'S ARMY ADVANCING INTO THE HOSTILE COUNTRY.

braska, on reservations, number 3,297. The evil influence of the worst classes of lawless frontiersmen, their only white neighbors, have corrupted these bands to the core. Some few, abandoning tribal relations, have mingled with the better class of whites and fallen into the ordinary ways of life, but they are comparatively few.

The Wyandots removed from Sandusky, though they decreased in numbers, were thrifty and prospered, till finally they abandoned tribal relations.

Through Northern Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, on a number of scattered reservations, are 19,606 Chippewas and Ottawas, among whom are a few Pottawatamies, and a band of 1,522 Menomonees in Wisconsin, and 118 Stockbridges and Munsees, emigrants from New England and New York. They are all quiet and peaceable; many adopt the dress of whites, and attempt to conform to civilized life; but their progress has been slow, and schools have not produced the anticipated effect.

In nearly all the tribes the agency system, as keeping the individual in a kind of tutelage, prevents individual effort, and seems an obstacle rather than a benefit.

progressing, as well as the Flandrean Sioux; but many of the bands still depend on the chase, which leads to war and depredation, and when they cannot acquire subsistence on the plains come into the reservations to be fed.

The total amount appropriated in 1875 for the various bands of Sioux was \$1,793,800, equal to \$29.69 a head for every man, woman, and child—an amount sufficient, under any really sensible system, in which self-supporting industries were introduced, to make them no longer a source of trouble; but this amount is almost always squandered in advance for comparatively useless noxious articles, bought at ruinous rates of traders whose claims absorb the whole. Where provisions are issued by Government, they are too frequently bought without judgment as to quality or price.

The consequence is, that with the Sioux as with many other tribes, the appropriations encourage idleness, and provoke discontent as long as they are kept up; and the spirit of disaffection leads the discontented to rally to the standard of any hostile chief, even after years spent on a reservation.

The Osages (3,000), and Kansas (516), were for many years on their original site in Kansas, but have been recently

removed to Indian territory. The 1667 Winnebagoes, removed from Minnesota to Nebraska after the last Sioux war, have, like the two preceding, suffered by these removals and by precipitate attempts to make them into citizens, the result being that many, after receiving and spending their share of tribal funds and selling the land set apart to them, returned as paupers to those who retained the tribal organization, raising a new question for Government solution.

The Pawnees, once a powerful nation on the plains, were removed to a reservation in Nebraska, within the territory claimed by the Sioux, who at once began to exterminate them. As the Government was powerless to protect them, many fled to the Wichitas, in Indian territory, but a separate reservation was finally arranged for this friendly tribe, and to the number of 2,200 they are now in process of removal, compelled to abandon all the improvements they had made.

Near the Winnebagoes, in Nebraska, are 1,005 Omahas, on a reservation in their ancient hunting-grounds; 457 Ottos are on the southern border of the State; 219 Iowas, removed from their reservation, are in Nebraska.

The great wild tribes of the plains, once so troublesome, are nearly all in Indian territory, and under control, though their improvement is slight. The Arrapahoes and Cheyennes number 3,838; the Wichitas, 1,577; the Kiowas and Comanches, near Fort Sill, 2,965.

The Arickarees, Mandans, and Minnetarees, near Fort Berthold, number 1,920; they have been uniformly friendly, but nothing has been done for their improvement, or even to protect them against their merciless enemies, the Sioux.

The mountain tribes, beginning at the north, comprise the Blackfeet, Bloods, and Piegan, in northern Montana, numbering 7,200, are mere hunters, degraded by liquor and vice, and will take part in any general war; the Flatheads, Pend d'Oreilles, and Kootenays—the best Indians of the mountains—have never received any remuneration for their lands, and have been removed to a barren reservation. They number 1,566, are Christians, and have always been friendly. They need only encouragement to become, in time, a useful body.

The Cœur d'Alenes number 1,000 in Idaho, and have no treaty, and are not on a reservation, though a peaceable clan, and under Christian influence. The Nez Percés, who have been less friendly, are partly on a reservation and partly wanderers. Their whole force is 2,800.

The Mountain Crows, in southern Montana (1,800); Shoshones (1,800), in Wyoming; Shoshones and Bannocks (1,500), in southeastern Idaho; the Utah Valley Indians, in Utah (650); the Utes, in Colorado and New Mexico, numbering in all more than 5,000. All these live by hunting or by the precarious resource of fruits and insects. The steps taken for their improvement excite hopes, but the constant failures of the past are not encouraging.

South of these are the tribes which, under Spanish rule, felt the influence of attempts to civilize and Christianize. These comprise the semi-civilized and Christian Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, 10,000, living in curious adobe towns, advanced in agriculture and many mechanical arts, but not as well educated as formerly; the Navajoes (9,068), cultivators and weavers; the Moquis (1,600), who resemble the Pueblos; 6,000 Christian Papagos in Arizona, with 4,300 Pimas and Maricopas, nearly self-supporting. The Apaches, who, from Spanish times, have been a perpetual scourge to the better Indians and the whites, are now chiefly on four reservations in New Mexico and two in Arizona, and are held under control. They are not far from 10,000 in number, and are still useless and unprogressive.

Arizona contains also 930 Yumas, and on the Colorado 2,820 Mojaves, Chemehueves, Hualapais, Coahuillas, and Cocopas.

The Pacific Slope has tribes, some of whom have, from time to time, assumed a hostile attitude and caused several

wars, the last, against the Modocs, being within the recollection of all. Washington Territory has 13,522 in the Colville, Neahbay, Nisqually, Quinalt, Skokomish, Tulalip, and Yakama Agencies. Oregon contains 5,163 on the Alsea, Grand Ronde, Klamath, Malheur, Siletz, Umatilla, and Warm Springs Agencies, and 2,000 who refuse to go on reservations. California has 3,060 under the Hoopa Valley, Round Valley, and Tula River Agencies, and 1,125 Klamaths without an agency. Besides these there are 4,375 Mission Indians, descendants of those collected in the last century, and this on the famous California Missions, where they were self-supporting, industrious, and thriving, but who have had the lands they cultivated and the buildings they erected sold from them while in their occupancy, and are left homeless, without compensation or hope of redress, deprived even of the religious advantages which they desire.

Nevada has the Western Shoshones, numbering 1,945, and 5,231 Utes and Pi Utes, chiefly in the Pi Ute and Walker River Agencies.

In the management of the Indians a strange step was made a few years since, by which the Indian agencies were assigned to various religious bodies, who were empowered to appoint the agents. The distribution was arbitrary, not based on the numbers of the denomination in the country or on the religious views which, under former mission influences, the Indians had acquired. This led to much bad feeling, as agents can and do prevent Indians from intercourse with clergymen of the denomination to which they belong. In this distribution, six agencies are assigned to the Friends, six to the Orthodox Friends, fourteen to the Methodists, eight to the Catholics, three to the Baptists, nine to the Presbyterians, six to the Congregational, three to the Reformed, nine to the Episcopalian, two to the Unitarians, one to the Free Will Baptists, and one to the Presbyterians.

The measure has stimulated missionary exertion in several of the bodies.

The Indian Department, controlling all the Indian funds, agencies, and expenditures, is part of the Department of the Interior. The chief officer is a Commissioner of Indian Affairs. This position has once been held by an Indian, Colonel Parker, of New York, a man of education and ability.

As complaints were often made of frauds upon the Indians in the matter of supplies and their general treatment, a Board of Indian Commissioners was appointed in 1868, but the gentlemen originally selected after a few years retired, giving the impression in clear terms that they were powerless to check the evils of the system. Later investigations, especially those which originated from the statement of Professor Marsh, tended to show great corruption and wrong; but no adequate remedy has yet been applied, although the need for it has been clearly indicated by the events of the present year. A recent effort to transfer the Indian Affairs to the War Department met favor with the House of Representatives, but failed in the Senate, and the old system continues with all its evils and complications, an almost unsolvable enigma.

No MAN can judge of the happiness of another. As the new moon plays upon the waves, and seems to our eyes to favor with a peculiar beam one long track amidst the waters, leaving the rest in comparative obscurity, yet all the while she is no niggard in her lustre; for though the rays that meet not our eyes seem to us as though they were not, yet, with an equal and unflattering loveliness, she mirrors herself on every wave. Even so, perhaps, happiness falls with the same brightness and power over the whole expanse of life, though, to our limited eyes, she seems only to rest on those billows from which the ray is reflected back upon our sight.

GROVE OF COCOANUT TREES IN CEYLON.

It is only on the coast of Ceylon, or near large villages and towns, that fruit trees are found. This is so sure an index, that, if lost in a jungle, the sight of a single cocoanut-palm towering above the other foliage is in Ceylon a never-failing landmark to tell you that a village is at hand. It stands, indeed, at the head of all trees in its usefulness to

cluster of unexpanded leaves, for pickles and preserves. The *sap*, for *toddy*, for distilling arrack, and for making vinegar and sugar. The *unformed nut*, for medicine and sweetmeats. The *young nut* and its milk, for drinking, for dessert; the green husk, for preserves. The *nut*, for eating, for curry, for milk, for cooking. The *oil*, for rheumatism, for anointing the hair, for soap, for candles, for light; and the *poonak*, or refuse of the nut after expressing the oil, for cat-



GROVE OF COCOANUT TREES.

man, and the Cingalese love to repeat to strangers the hundred uses to which they apply it.

The following are only a few of the countless uses of this invaluable tree: The *leaves*, for roofing, for mats, for baskets, torches or chules, fuel, brooms, fodder for cattle, manure. The *stem of the leaf*, for fences, for pingoes (or yokes) for carrying burthens on the shoulders, for fishing-rods, and innumerable domestic utensils. The *cabbage*, or

the and poultry. The *shell of the nut*, for drinking-cups, charcoal, tooth-powder, spoons, medicine, hookahs, beads, bottles, and knife-handles. The *coir*, or fibre which envelops the shell within the outer husk, for mattresses, cushions, ropes, cables, cordage, canvas, fishing-nets, fuel, brushes, oakum, and floor-mats. The *trunk*, for rafters, laths, railing, boats, troughs, furniture, firewood; and when very young, the first shoots, or cabbage, as a vegetable for the table.

THE POINT LACE BARBE.

BY MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

I KNOW very well that Laurence is only a bookkeeper with a moderate salary; but then he knew very well before he married me that I had an inordinate love of diamonds, and dresses, and feathers, and finery; and a person's tastes are not so elastic that they can always be accommodated to that person's means, and the fact that we are poor does not hinder me from going into ecstasies over a piece of lace that looks like a tangible hoar-frost, as if it were spun by the winds, and that might just as well be spun from the starbeams themselves for all of any purse of mine.

It is true I had, of course, rather please Laurence in my appearance than anybody else on earth, and it is also true that Laurence would never know whether I wore an Antwerp silk or a Lowell print, provided my hair was still glossy as black satin and my cheek did not lose its color like the heart of a tea-rose. For, you see, I am really quite a fine-looking brunette, rather large-molded and rich-tinted, and absolutely designed by Fate to display the sweep of splendid tissues as I walk; any one would say who did not first observe that Fate had planted me inside a brown merino and bade me stay there irretrievably.

If I had any finger-knack I might make myself useful—turn an honest penny by means of trifles of dainty workmanship that need feminine touch—decalcomanie, tatting—and eke out Laurence's salary with sufficient to give me two new silks a year. But I haven't; I'm an ignoramus, and don't know enough to teach, can't spell well enough to write, don't play or paint to speak of, and though I could possibly do worsted-work and make it worth my while to use a tricot-needle, it never would do in our set, any way, and I had better go without in the beginning. When I spoke of it once to Laurence, he negatived the idea in a single breath.

"No, my dear," said he, "I shall give my consent to nothing of the kind. I hope I can clothe you suitably to

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our position—better, perhaps, than a clerk's wife really ought to dress. Anything beyond that must throw suspicion both upon me and on yourself. Put such idle wishes, and all they lead to, out of your head, Charlotte; and be content, my darling, with the lot of a poor man's wife, which you chose long ago."

For all that, I wish Laurence was a rich man! Because, you see, in reality, though Laurence is poor, we visit among the rich.

I was an orphan, and entirely penniless myself; but I have a flock of cousins, all of them rich as need be, and all of them stingy, as, I'm sorry to say, rich people are apt to be—or

perhaps they think, with Laurence, that satins and velvets would not become my position; I'm sure they do, now I think of it, and at any rate I'm glad that it is so, for I don't want any of their giving.

I suppose it's spiteful; but, sometimes, when I see Lavinia's long, white hand reach forward for anything, and the light suddenly dip into it, so that you lose sight of the hand itself altogether for the flash of the jewel there; or when I, plodding along in brogans, Catharine lifts her skirt and I see that French *brodequin*, making her foot look as if an artist had sculptured it; or when Amelia comes into the room at some one of their countless parties, and the wilderness of her white net flows round her like a cloud, and as she sits down to talk with me, I sink as if completely sub-

merged in the foam of it—well, I am free to confess that there are times when I could fairly steal.

"You ought to keep away from such places, then," says Laurence.

But how can I? They're my cousins; it would be odd and envious and churlish enough if I did so; and they never let on but what I am dressed like a princess, and are always introducing me to everybody and making much of me altogether, and wishing they had my hair, or my teeth, or my eyes, as if I could do without everything.

But there! they're dear good girls, and I love them every one, and I take back what I said about stinginess—they are



THE POINT LACE BARBE.—"IT IS A PLEASURE TO ME TO SHOW MADAME S.V. WARES."

thoughtless, I suppose, and feel a sort of delicacy about giving me things that would imply Laurence's inability to give them, knowing how high-strung he is.

And then, the fact is, I do contrive to make a very respectable appearance on mighty little; and, since my dear little Laura has come and filled the time so, I don't go into their old gayeties nearly as much; but, for all that, when I do go, I like to go fittingly, and my manias, as Laurence calls them, are as strong as ever.

"You'd give anything for my eyes?" I said, in reply to Amelia, the other day. "And I'd give my eyes for your point lace."

"Then we're quits," said Amelia.

Now, if I'd been in Amelia's place, I should have said, "Take the point lace, dear." But she didn't. And just that little thing is the root of a dilemma that was exactly as grievous to me as ever the dilemma of the diamond aigrette was to Anne of Austria—if that was the right lady. I'm not very well up in those little fictions, you see.

Laurence had made me a present of a new black silk, thick and heavy, and looking as if it had a treasure of lustre inside its web if the shadows would only let it out.

Of course the making up of the dress was no trifle. I do believe that mantuamakers think money grows spontaneously in the pockets of people's husband's, like fire in the end of a match. It should have been trimmed with lace, but that being utterly out of the question, the last cent of money in my private purse was gone when it came home set off with a fringe; but the fringe was rich and long, so I didn't care.

I tried on the gown. I was perfectly delighted. What a sweep it had! I had never worn such a superb fabric; how it became me! how round and handsome it made my figure! Ah, what would Amelia say now when she saw it! If only I had the proper decorations for my throat and wrists! My old Honiton set was darned too much to look like anything but rag-fair, or a satire on the dress itself. My one little collar of point did look so skimpy; however, it would do—if only I could get a barbe to match it. A bow of point lace and long hanging ends of the webbish beauty—that would just make the whole toilet ravishing! But I couldn't. I hadn't a cent in the world. I must just do without it. There was only the month's housekeeping money in the drawer—and if I were willing to starve, Laurence wasn't—and there wasn't a dime too much of that. And then it grew upon me, like an ague, that the dress wouldn't be fit to be seen without that barbe, would be perfectly ridiculous, tell the whole story of how everything had been spent upon the silk and nothing left for accompaniments. One might just as well wear a printed placard of poverty upon one's back. I tore off the dress and hid myself in my wrapper, and I was so vexed with myself and my circumstances that I could have sat down and cried with a good relish.

When Laurence came home to dinner that day, he told me, gently as possible, that he was obliged to go on a journey for his employer, and should be absent more than a week. I usually made a great fuss when he went away. I couldn't bear to have him gone; I missed him; and was afraid to be alone, and afraid something would happen to him; and he always went under protest from me, and in the midst of tears and embraces that were a perfect nuisance. He must have been surprised at the patient way in which, on that one day, I received his announcement. Visions of housekeeping economy, of abstaining from dinners, of dollars enough saved from the bills of grocer, butcher, and poulterer to buy me my point lace barbe flashed over me now and obscured his departure; and I bade him adieu with equanimity and an absent mind, to say nothing of the absence of my heart, which had absolutely been stifled in the visionary folds of that point lace barbe.

For, you see, possession of a point lace barbe had become a sort of insanity with me; and the thing was to get it before the dress to wear it with was worn out, and while Laurence was gone. I could not at any rate betray myself by talking about it in my sleep, as I was sure I did.

So all that week, to begin with, I had no fire in the drawing-room. But I had not dreamed of the embarrassments a saving of coal might occasion—quite equal to the annoyance of being seen without a point lace barbe. For, of course, the natural consequence of having no fire in the drawing-room was, that every soul on my visiting-list took that week to call upon me. Of course I had to resort to all manner of subterfuges that kept the blood flowing rapidly enough in my veins, so that I, at least, was not cold; finally, though, I sent word to the door that I was not at home. The housemaid refused, on moral grounds, to take any such message, and insisted upon saying that I was extremely engaged; by which means I offended the very people I would not have offended on any account whatever, and who were of the sort never willing to admit that you can be too much engaged to see themselves.

Meanwhile I dispensed with chops or steaks or omelets at breakfast, reduced that meal to little else but bread and tea, and abolished dinner altogether. After three days of no joints or roasts, the rebellious housemaid left me in high dudgeon, and since then no doubt has scattered broadcast her views of my parsimony—and having all my neighbors imagine me a miser is certainly as unpleasant as going without a point lace barbe.

When you are in any trouble, somehow or other everything helps to heap it up. I don't see why it was that I couldn't have the barbe and keep the housemaid too. It was all the harder to have her go just then, for little Laura had caught cold in the drawing-room and was down with the croup. I forgot everything else with that, and hung over her in a fever myself.

Nobody knows how a day tells in a child's life; perhaps in reducing our diet I had robbed her of the very strength she needed to resist the attack; if it had not been for my going without fires she would not have had the attack at all. I had great fires roaring up every chimney in the house, now that they were of no use, and the doctor hardly quitted her bedside.

I never dreamed of what Laurence would say, when he found how it had all come about; I didn't care what he would say to me, while she was in danger; he might kill me, and welcome, if he wished. If she had died I don't know but I should have killed myself.

And just as she rallied, the very day that Laurence was expected, the very train in which I expected him was thrown from the track, and whether he was dead or alive I could not know for four mortal hours. And I had so indifferently let him leave me. When he walked in at last, all safe and sound, I just betook myself to bed, and never left it for three weeks, and the doctor's bill was something terrible.

So, my economy proving almost ruinous, I did have, for a little while, the strength to put all thoughts of a point lace barbe out of my mind. Perhaps half of what gave me that strength was the fact the thoughts were of no manner of use. What I couldn't have, I couldn't. But I didn't cease envying the women who went stepping by with their beautiful laces floating out like the gossamer dew that, of a June morning, you have seen rising up into a sunny sky, and that, in France, the peasants call the "Virgin's thread." If the pin of any one of them all had only loosened, and the lace had gently fluttered to the ground, I don't really know, as I should have picked it up till after she was out of sight, and when I couldn't have returned it to her.

Dear me! they talk about money's being the root of all

evil. For my part, I think it is the want of it that is the root of all evil. At all events, it has completely demoralized me.

I was just going across the hall one day, when I heard the door-bell tinkling for the second time, and as nobody seemed to be attending to it, I went to the door myself.

It was a peddler, with a basket on his arm, who was standing there. Now I know that all the peddlers and agents have a little speech all ready prepared, which, if they can force their way into a house while uttering, it is all up with you, and buy you must. So I never let them so much as begin their little speech. But this one was a cunning dog. He looked at me, and then he lifted the lid of his basket, held it open, and looked at me again; while, taken unawares, I surveyed the contents. Laces—Valenciennes, Mechlin, Limerick, point—folded away there over their colored silks like so many clouds curdled over a bed of flowers.

In spite of myself, and though I should have remembered the absurdity of letting him waste his time with me, before I knew what I did I had thrown the door open, and he was in the back parlor, spreading his wares upon the table, and expatiating over their beauties volubly enough to drive one mad.

There was a bridal veil; of course I had, fortunately, no need for that; but then it could be worn as a mantle. The price of it was a thousand dollars. I touched it with a kind of awe, all the more that I was sure the price ought to have been three thousand. Then it came over me that it had been smuggled. I recalled Laurence's description of the old packman who had sold him my silk. This was the identical individual. And I knew that the part of honesty would have been to turn him out of doors without another word, and, instead of even waiting to buy his baubles, to save my pennies with a different view, and some day send to the Treasury, in conscience-money, such a sum as would have been the government duty at the custom-house upon that piece of silk.

But I am weak-minded. I just let that piece of airy loveliness hang over my hands, and wondered if I ought not to send the man to my uncle's house, where Amelia would have bought the veil out of hand. And while I wondered, he went on unfolding, one by one, flounces and shawls, and peplums and berthas, and at last—a barbe. A barbe, and what a beauty! It was more than a yard long, of exquisite shape, curving in and out like a strip of sea-foam blown by the wind, and with its dainty and perfect pattern might have been a bannerol for the armies of Oberon and Titania.

If my mouth didn't water for it my eyes did. The price of it? Seventy-five dollars. Real point, he assured me, and worth twice the money, as I must already know. I threw it down in despair. Seventy-five dollars! I had ten in my purse, which Laurence had handed me the day before, to go and come upon, as he phrased it.

"It is of no use," I said, dismally. "I must not make you waste any more time, and ought not to have let you come in, for I cannot afford to purchase any such things."

"Do not mention it," said the merchant, graciously. "That is of no consequence. It is a pleasure to me to show madame my wares."

"Yes," I answered, instead of allowing him to depart with no more words; "I can certainly admire, although I have no money to buy."

"That is of small odds," said the merchant again, graciously. "What is money? A mere measure of the value of other things. What is there in this little silver piece," flapping between thumb and finger a coin which he took from his pocket, "to give it value? Nothing whatever. It is merely a written order from the world at large to give me such and so much at sight. I had as lief receive other commodities in exchange for my goods as gold and silver, which in the

end only procure me the same commodities. If madame feels inclined to trade, I have no doubt she has half-worn dresses, linen, napery, books, silver spoons a little battered, for all of which I shall be glad to barter with her. How is that? To be arranged?"

He had seen my hungry gaze devouring the barbe; he cunningly took it up again and displayed its broidery against the light, gathered it into the various shapes into which it might be worn gracefully, as only lace can be, and displaying perfectly the transparent linnea-bells of its design everywhere caught upon the awns of the blanched and bearded grass that seemed to thread it.

"It is a lovely trifle, indeed," he said. "And what pure art in the execution of the fancy! One need not tell me there is less art in the design of a rare bit of lace than in a great painter's fresco, for I deny it! Nor is it as if the purchase of it were an extravagance, a whim of the passing fashion, costly to-day, to-morrow a worthless rag. This little strip of lace will be as valuable a hundred years from now, if you can take care of it"—already assuming that it would be mine to take care of—"as it is to-day. You wear it at your throat at the next dinner-party, at the opera. By-and-by there are calls to be made, and only a commonplace bonnet to wear, or one even that madame's fingers have shaped themselves; let, then, this piece of lace be twisted here and there, as may be, in the folds or over them, and the bonnet has come from Paris, and is worth a couple of hundred dollars for all that the wisest can tell. Or when there is nothing but mull muslin for the great ball where satins and velvets and diamonds reign, this lappet of point, basted down the centre of the front breadth, leaves the dress rich enough in its simplicity for a princess. Ah, there is no end to the uses to which a bit of valuable lace can be turned! And then it is a heritage for one's children, besides."

I stood stupefied by his eloquence, which pierced me to the heart; not noticing that this was indeed his little speech which he had been too skillful to utter at the door, nor heeding that a man talking this way, but doing such questionable things, was more than likely to be a villain fallen from high estate. I forgot all my prudence in the truth of what he said, and sat and stared at the lovely streamer of lace as if my salvation depended on its acquisition.

"Let me see," recommenced the oily tongue, "if madame has not a silk dress a little past its best; a poplin; a shawl too much soiled for a lady to wrap about her; an atom of old china; or, indeed, any underclothing, such as ladies have a habit of making up and putting away against some fancied need of it. It will not take an armful to reach the pitiful amount of seventy-five dollars," said this son of Jewry.

Suddenly my face must have brightened; he took the cue, and grew more fervid in his plausibility; but I did not hear a word he said, for I was reckoning over my possible treasures. There was my bright ruby silk—to be sure it was hardly wrinkled; but Laurence detested it, and I had not worn it for a year and a half. Perhaps that would balance the barbe. I ran and brought it down, leaving little Laura in the room with him.

I must have known, be it ever so faintly, that I was doing something wrong; for a fright took hold of me, lest in my absence he should run away with my child, and I flew down the staircase like lightning. But he had a more profitable game than that on hand. I eagerly unfolded the dress.

"It is but a poor color," said he. It was the richest of rubies. "One of those pronounced things," he added, "that are seldom available. And the fashion is old—ah, yes, very old. Has madame no silk of neutral tint, no pearl-color, no black?"

Balance the barbe, indeed! He was not going to take the dress at any price, apparently. I saw that my plausible gentleman must be bargained with.

"First let me know," I said, "what price you would set on this."

"Madame must set her own price."

"Well, it cost me—material, making, and trimming—a hundred," I ventured.

"Alas!" said the worthy. "Madame is proceeding on an entirely false assumption. And to put her right at once, I will tell her that I will give her ten dollars for this dress, and no more. Six is the usual allowance; but the guipure on this shall make the difference."

What a sim-pleton I had been! Why hadn't I remembered this old guipure when trimming my new gown? The thought only flashed upon me and was gone; for I was in a stupefied condition at the idea of the beggarly sum he offered for my splendid ruby silk.

"No," said I, valiant with indignation. "You may keep your laces. I had rather give the dress away."

"Madame must not be vexed at such a matter. It is an affair of bargain and sale. Let her consider the case. I receive a dress cut to a certain form; I shall not perhaps find so good a form again in all my transactions, and therefore

none whom it will suit, and who will take it off my hands. It is a fashion of three years ago, and in purchasing it I take the responsibility of meeting, by the barest chance, with three conditions—a person who does not care for the fashion of it, who is a brunette and able to wear it, who is of as fine figure as madame is herself. It is to be allowed that with so many risks ten dollars is all the amount with which I should

be right in burdening myself. Let madame reflect if she has nothing else of value; ladies will keep worthless things in their wardrobes for years, that in truth are mere lumber and food for moths."

And he folded the dress up leisurely and placed it on one side, and set down in a little note-book, which he had held open, the sum of ten dollars. I was evidently destined by

him to consummate the whole arrangement. I knew he had defrauded my country, and now he was stealing my dress. Why didn't I order him out of the house? On the contrary, I went meekly and brought down my foulard; once it had been the pride of my silly heart, but I had spilled a cup of cream on it, and now I was just as dishonest as he was, for I wasn't going to say a word about that unless he himself discovered it. Unless he discovered it! His lynx-eyes lighted upon it as if by instinct.

"That is done," he said, disdainfully. "Shall I exchange point lace for grease spots? Say two dollars."

And he laid it in a little parcel on the other, and wrote down in his note-book two dollars.

I humbly went upstairs again, and this

time brought down my French cashmere. Aunt Jane had paid fifty dollars for it once, but I had always disliked it, and had hardly ever worn it.

"Ah, that is entirely out of date," said my cozeners. "Those palm-leaves, that border, are of the style of half a generation since. It is worth very little to me, absolutely almost nothing. Hem! a bit of fringe gone, too; a bad



THE RETREAT.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 282.

crease; it has not been carefully folded. A shawl should always be put away in the same folds as it wore when bought; no, it has been very badly treated."

I am thankful to say that the Adam in me turned under that treading, though it was only for a moment.

"You can take your basket and go," I said. "I do not care for any further dealings with you to-day, sir."

He became servile in a moment.

"A thousand, ten thousand pardons! Madame must not look at my poor remarks in a personal light. I intend no

reflections upon herself. She must understand that I but give her the reasons for my price. For the shawl we will say five dollars," relapsing from the gentleman to the Jew again, in his astonishing way, and without budging an inch he folded it carefully and laid it on the pile at his left, made another entry in his note-book, and I crept away like a spaniel, doing his bidding.

Two gowns and a shawl gone. I paused to consider what I could add to the holocaust. There was an organdy that I could spare—that went over my arm—but then I recollected that it was the dress I wore on the day when Laurence first kissed my hand, and I hung it up

again. In its place I gathered together a parcel of odds and ends, that I knew he would flout, as he did—a sacque, an apron, a cape, a hood, a waterproof.

"Poor duds," said he.

And he held them up to the light, that I might be satisfied, without words, as to how threadbare they were, felt of the edges to assure me they were ragged, found the stains by natural intuition, and then shoved them to me with an eloquent and reproachful glance, intimating that he did not care for them, did not know as he would take them away even if I gave them to him for nothing, but finally rolled

them all together and said he would allow a dollar for the lot! That was eighteen dollars. What else had I to make up the fifty-seven still wanting? he would beg to ask.

"Nothing!" I said. "Nothing at all. It is impossible!"

"Not so," cried my companion. "Nothing is impossible. And it would indeed be a poor business to retreat from the purchase, when with so little trouble a quarter of it is already procured. Has madame no small sum of money she can add to the amount?"

I thought of my ten dollars. To be sure, if I gave it up I

should have to go afoot, and neither car nor carriage for me the rest of the season. I should have to turn every beggar from the door, which I had never been obliged to do yet. I should be positively unable to buy so much as a spool of cotton all Winter; for as to telling Laurence what I had done with the money, it was not to be thought of. But what mere trifles all these things in the future seemed! I liked best to walk; I didn't approve of street beggars and promiscuous charity; perhaps I should need no cotton or nicknacks till Laurence handed me another bill. The lace merchant put away the pieces of paper in his pocket, and changed the figures on his note-book.



A MOROCCO CAVALIER.—SEE PAGE 250.

"Twenty-eight," said he. "Courage! We are more than a third on our way already." He threw his hawk's eyes round about him. "Ah," he cried, "I see here a bit of old china," for little Laura had succeeded in opening the closet-door where I kept my best dinner-service and one or two old family keepsakes, and the contents were all displayed. "Ah," said he again, bending forward, "there is something, not so very old, but still it may be better than delf. Shall I see it? The little bowl with a cover. I pay my best prices for old china."

"Do you mean this?" I asked, taking down a little

sugar-bowl that had been my great-grandfather's. "Oh, no, I could not sell that at any price."

"But shall I take it in my hands one moment?" he asked, humbly and admiringly.

It was a small oblong bowl, in the shape of a half melon, the cover completing the other half; over all the ribs ran a tiny vine of sweet-briar, tinted as exquisitely as if a painter had spent his lifetime upon the work; it rung to the touch with a tone like silver, and it was as translucent as though it had only been thickened out of ice. The peddler bent above it in a sort of rapture. I believe he thought that I was so silly it was no object for him to conceal his feelings. "And one heavenly little crack," I heard him mutter to himself.

"You shall have ten dollars for it," then he said, glancing up at me.

"No, indeed," I answered. "It is an heirloom; I couldn't think of parting with it."

"I will say fifteen," he urged. "Nay, not to haggle, twenty."

I took it from him and set it on the shelf again.

"I should feel as though I were selling my great-grandmother's bones," I said. "But here is a tablecloth and napkins I could do without," as they caught my eye.

I queried, afterward, if taking such articles as that, and disposing of them in such a manner, was not as much theft, on my part, as if I had been a light-fingered housemaid doing the same.

But I did not think of that then, feeling so virtuous, as I did, at not selling my grandmother's sugar-bowl; and my companion had no more conscience than at the moment had I, and he added the napery to his pile, and some small figure to his note-book.

After that I scraped my memory and my closets for an old grenadine, a little scarf, and a coat of Laurence's, a cloak that I had hung out to give to Betty, the poor washer-woman; a dozen small articles were added to his selection; these he threw aside, and would have none of them, so contemptuously that my ears burned, and I grew momentarily more abject; those he depreciated to the last thread; now he paid a half-dollar, now a few cents, while I trembling awaited his fiat. And the sum total grew so slowly that in a despair I could have torn my—chignon—to think I had ever begun such a bad business at all.

I had, at last, nothing left that I could spare or could remember. I had sold a quantity that indeed I couldn't spare, and the sum total was yet but thirty-five dollars. I began to be woefully ashamed of my poverty, and to think that I had taken up a whole hour of this man's time for nothing. I was afraid, too, that if we really concluded no bargain, he would be impudent and ugly, perhaps snatch Laura and run off with her before my very eyes; and there never is a policeman in sight when you want one, though at any other time they are marching down the sidewalk six abreast. I sat down and tried to recall any other possible possession that I had.

"I suppose you don't care for old linen?" I asked, recalling the trunk in the attic, full of articles made up in the usual useless profusion at the time of my marriage, and not yet encroached upon.

"On the contrary, it was one of the things I mentioned to madame," said he.

And I ran up the stairs to overhaul the trunk, without loss of time. I recollected with what pleasure I had set every stitch in that pile of whiteness; the things there seemed, in a way, sacred to me now, and their sale to the packman a sort of sacrilege.

I took them up tenderly, one by one; the chemises with their dainty ruffles, the pretty little underwaists, the skirts, the night-dresses, full of puffs and insertings. Once I dropped them back again, but a second thought of the barbe, a

second fear of the man, and I gathered them all up in one heap and sprang down to the back-parlor again.

"They have never been worn," said I, abandoning them triumphantly.

"They have been made a long time," said he. "They are very yellow. Perhaps starched when put away; if so, then very rotten. And then there may be moths, and, possibly, crickets."

He displayed them to the light, peered among the gathers, pulled them in one direction and another, and grew sharper-featured than a buzzard while he hunted them over.

"When I bought that cloth," murmured I, "I paid eighty cents a yard for it."

"Dear, dear!" he answered. "They took advantage of you. And that was when gold was running up among the two-forties. Now I can buy it anywhere for a shilling."

"It is very fine, I urged."

"And all the worse for wearing, then. Home-made, I venture to believe?"

"Certainly. I made them myself," I replied, with a proud fatuity.

"And, in no disparagement to madame's finger-work, there are those whose business this work is, and who do it so much the better that their livelihood depends upon it."

How much my contrabandista knew! How well he talked! I was so overawed that I said no more, and suffered him to lay on his growing hillock all my precious garments that had been put away for the rainy day, and to set down for them, without a remonstrance, the pitiful sum of fifteen dollars.

"We want but twenty-five more," said he.

"And shall have to want," I cried. I had sold him a trunkful of new clothing, my gowns, my shawls, my hoods, a part of my table-linen—presently I should be beggared. "I haven't another atom of anything. I have stripped my house. I have been very wrong to undertake the thing. I cannot conclude it. You positively must take your laces away."

"Madame must reflect," said the robber, now severely. "that I cannot afford to waste valuable time in this way. It would be unjustifiable on her part, if, at this stage, the affair were not continued to the end. There is the trifle of old china. I offered madame twenty—I will say twenty-five dollars; and that will close the bargain, and madame will be the richer by a rare bit of point lace that a princess might wear."

"Take it!" I cried, glad now to get him out of the house on any terms.

And I ran and put it in his hands, and helped him tie up his bundle, and shut the door upon him at last, and flew upstairs to hide my barbe, and to bathe my head, which ached as though the veins were full of fire.

It was very strange that that very day Laurence, searching in the back parlor closet, should have turned to me and said:

"I suppose that ancestral sugar-bowl of yours, Charlotte, was broken while you and Laura were sick? Too bad! I would rather have given a good deal than that she shouldn't have had that delicate bit to show her own children? How did it happen?"

But by the most fortunate accident in the world, showing that sometimes accidents are fortunate, just then little Laura tripped and fell, and raised such an uproar that I had to run and carry her from the room for vinegar and brown paper, and trust, with a heart beating in my throat, that her father would have forgotten his question by the time I returned.

It was plain that I never should dare to tell Laurence of the quantities of things I had that day sacrificed on the shrine of my vanity. I felt as if I had stolen his purse; and it was days and days before I left off starting, as if I were stung, at every trifle, and fearing that Laura would articulate

plainly enough to be understood something about my transactions; for they had entertained her so highly that she had fastened them into a sort of lyrical recital.

"What is that which Laura keeps singing," asked her father one day, "about a man with clouds, and a man with spiders' webs, and a man with a big nose carrying off your clothes?"

"Nancy has been teaching her 'Mother Goose,'" said I, tremblingly, though really that part of my reply was no fib. "Is it that? The man in the moon, or the maid that was in the garden hanging out the clothes, when along came a blackbird and snipped off her nose?"

I had never deceived him about anything before in my life; and I cried so much, in consequence of all this, that if tears made anybody immaculate, I should have been washed clean of all the sin of it very soon.

It was not very long after this that aunt Martha said to me:

"What are you going to wear to our great dinner-party next week, Charlotte? I rely upon you and Laurence to take a great deal off my hands. Your aunt Jane's girls, Lavinia and Catharine, that is, are always so much taken up with themselves that they are of no service to anybody. The general and his chief of staff are to be there, and that new poet, Shuiceway, and the very *grandissimi* of the city; and Mrs. Vandervan, too, who always dresses so tremendously that it is no matter what anybody else puts on at all, she has quite enough to go round."

"I can wear my new silk that Laurence gave me the other day. It is a beauty," I said.

"Ah! That is nice. All complete? Do you want anything more?"

Why was aunt Maria so solicitous concerning my toilet? It was a new freak on her part. Was she going to make me a present? All at once it occurred to me that perhaps if I suggested a point lace barbe she would, in the plenitude of her sudden generosity of the moment, give me a check with which—I could buy my own! or, at any rate, could make good the things I had thrown away for it.

"Yes," I said; and it was such an artful fit that I felt as if it were an innocent one. I never knew I had such a capacity for wickedness before. "Yes, I do want to wear with it a point lace barbe. It is such a handsome silk that anything else would be——"

"A point lace barbe!" cried my aunt. "What is the child thinking of? It would cost a hundred and fifty dollars."

"No, indeed," said I; "only seventy-five."

"You could not get it for twice that in any store in town," said my aunt. And very truly, for I remembered then what the packman had told me. "What would people say of you?" continued my aunt. "Every one knows Laurence couldn't afford it. I wouldn't have you wear one if you had it! It is the very reason that I never give you anything inconsistent with your position; for I would not for the world have people think"—aunt Maria does care so much for what people think!—"that you were an extravagant spendthrift of a wife, leading Laurence to his ruin, when you are such a nice, careful housekeeper for him, my dear." I twinged, I know I did. "And they would certainly have to think that you ran him in debt for it, or else came by your toggery in some way not so pleasant even as that."

"Why, aunt Maria!"

"Yes, child," shaking her head, dolorously; "there is little Mrs. Venning, whose husband is Mr. Marvaughn's clerk—the rich Marvaughn. They live in Marvaughn's house, and, as her husband is that gentleman's secretary, to be sure that is all well enough. But you have only to look that woman over to see that her husband's yearly salary would not pay for half her evening dresses. And when I

met her, the other day, in an Indian cashmere that cost five thousand dollars if it cost a cent, why, I cut her dead!"

"Why, aunt Maria, I never thought of such a thing!"

"I dare say not. You're not a woman of the world, thank goodness! and you're very innocent, for all you're such a great handsome thing. Now, my dear," concluded aunt Maria, tumbling over her bureau-drawer, "what led to all this is that I have a little Valenciennes set with rose-colored ribbons, that is too gay for me, and just the thing for you. It only cost a trifle, and I want you to wear it. Now, good-by. I must see my dressmaker. I had rather it were my dentist. Don't you fail me on Thursday."

You may be sure I walked home with my cheeks tingling; and, meeting Laurence on the steps, I paid the whole conversation forth with one gush the moment we were in the parlor.

"She was very right, dear. Your aunt Maria is a woman of sense," said he. "Every one knows that your relations do nothing for you since your marriage, except the small kindnesses which are all I would endure your accepting. And you would stand in a very questionable light in every one's eyes."

"What do you care for every one's eyes?" I asked, pettishly.

"We all care," said Laurence.

"I'm sure I don't."

"If you didn't, you wouldn't wish to wear this finery. Eh? And either disagreeable things must be thought of you, or else it would be supposed that I was embezzling my employer's funds."

"Embezzling!"

"And nothing else—if you are seen with a bit of lace at your throat worth a couple of hundred dollars."

"Why, Laurence!" I cried. "I only paid seventy-five for it."

"Only paid?" said he.

And then the mischief was out, and out came all the rest of the story.

"And that was where the china bowl went to!" I said, despairingly, as I finished.

Laurence didn't say a word; but he walked up and down the room with such a grave face, and then went out. He was so disappointed in his wife. By-and-by he came back; and as I was crying fit to break my heart, he came and took me in his arms and kissed me, and forgave me.

"We will think no more about it now," said he.

"Oh, I'll never wear it, Laurence!" I cried, through my sobs. "I'll keep it for little Laura, when she's married."

"It will be no more fit for Laura than for Laura's mother," said he. "No; we will look at it now and then, to grow wiser by. Perhaps some time we shall be rich enough to wear it. It is not the barbe, Charlotte, that was a mere indiscretion; it is the first want of confidence, the first deception between you and me."

"Oh, Laurence!" I cried, "how good you are! What ever made you marry such a selfish, unprincipled wretch as I am?"

"Perhaps because one loves a person all the better for not being quite perfect," said he, mischievously.

But his kindness, do you know, was harder to bear than if he had been angry. I made so many good resolves on the spot. I have been trying ever since so hard to keep them. And the very first thing I did was to take Nancy for an escort, that very evening, and run up to aunt Maria's, and tell her the whole story. And, do you believe, the good old soul bought the hateful little rag on the spot, and gave me just what I paid for it, only gave it in money, and wore it at her dinner-party, and has been congratulating herself ever since on the bargain she made in that point lace barbe. But the very sight of it makes me shiver.

MAN IN EUROPE IN THE STONE AGE.

RESEARCHES in the caves of European mountains have enabled us to trace the life of the early inhabitants who succeeded that deluge which geology and Scripture attest.

These ancient tribes, in their gloomy subterranean homes, skillfully and patiently manufacturing their implements of flint, and with these fashioning others of bone and reindeer horn, amid the miasma of the decaying viands strewn

around the damp floor, for which no tidy housewife cared; the poor wife's toil being, doubtless, the fire and cooking, and the dressing of skins. But this very filth, in which they lived, enables us to see how they lived. The bones, trodden into the floor or covered up by the land slide, shows us on what they fed. Rats seem to have been their only recourse against famine: more rarely a horse, a bear, or a reindeer gave them a luscious banquet. The skins were probably a medium of trade, for in their homes are substances brought from a distance—shells, jet ornaments, superior to their own rude work. Their only advance is a rude pottery; the urn that served for cooking and for burial. The obsequies, with their

feasts, games, dances and chants, were celebrated under the blue vaults of heaven, and seemed to be an exultation that man had passed from exile to his real country.

A MOROCCO CAVALIER.

THE northern coast of Africa should have played a greater part in human history than it has done. Egypt was, indeed,

the cradle of arts; but in historic times its degeneracy makes us almost doubt its monuments. Carthage, for a time, was the great commercial centre of the world, and her vessels brought to her lap the wealth of all nations.

Under the Moslem rule, however, all is inert, lifeless, retrograde. Yet, there is fine material in the enduring, lithe, manly forms and gallant hearts of the people.

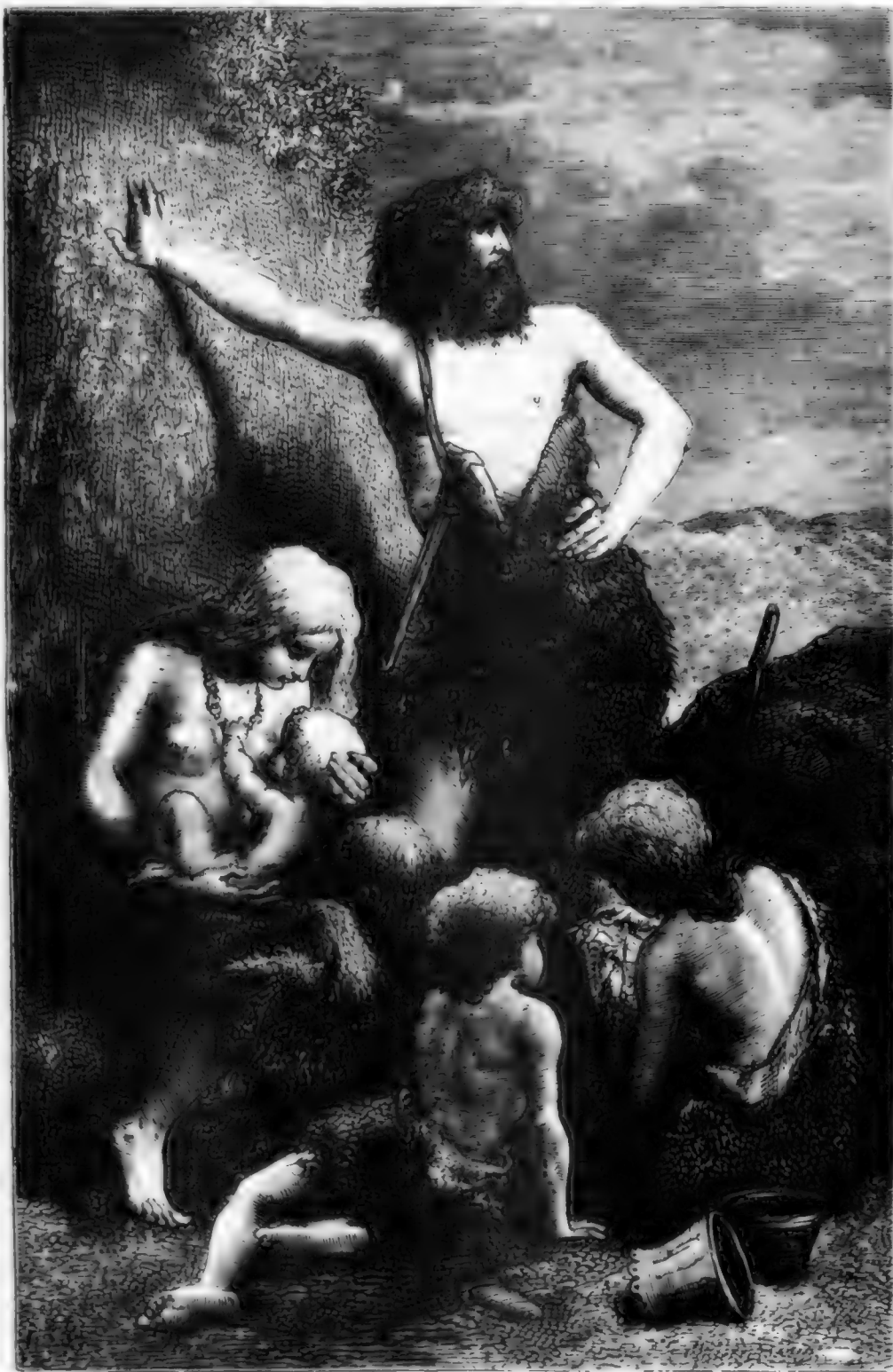
If modern civilization could reach these hearts, her voice would lead them into a way of progress that would give them a noble future.

Our sketch, from a design by Couverchel, an artist who spent a long time in Morocco, shows the standard-bearer, with loose kaiks, dashing down the hillside, and calling on the *goum*, or tribe, to follow him. The enemy are evidently in sight, as the single outpost has his musket ready for instant use.

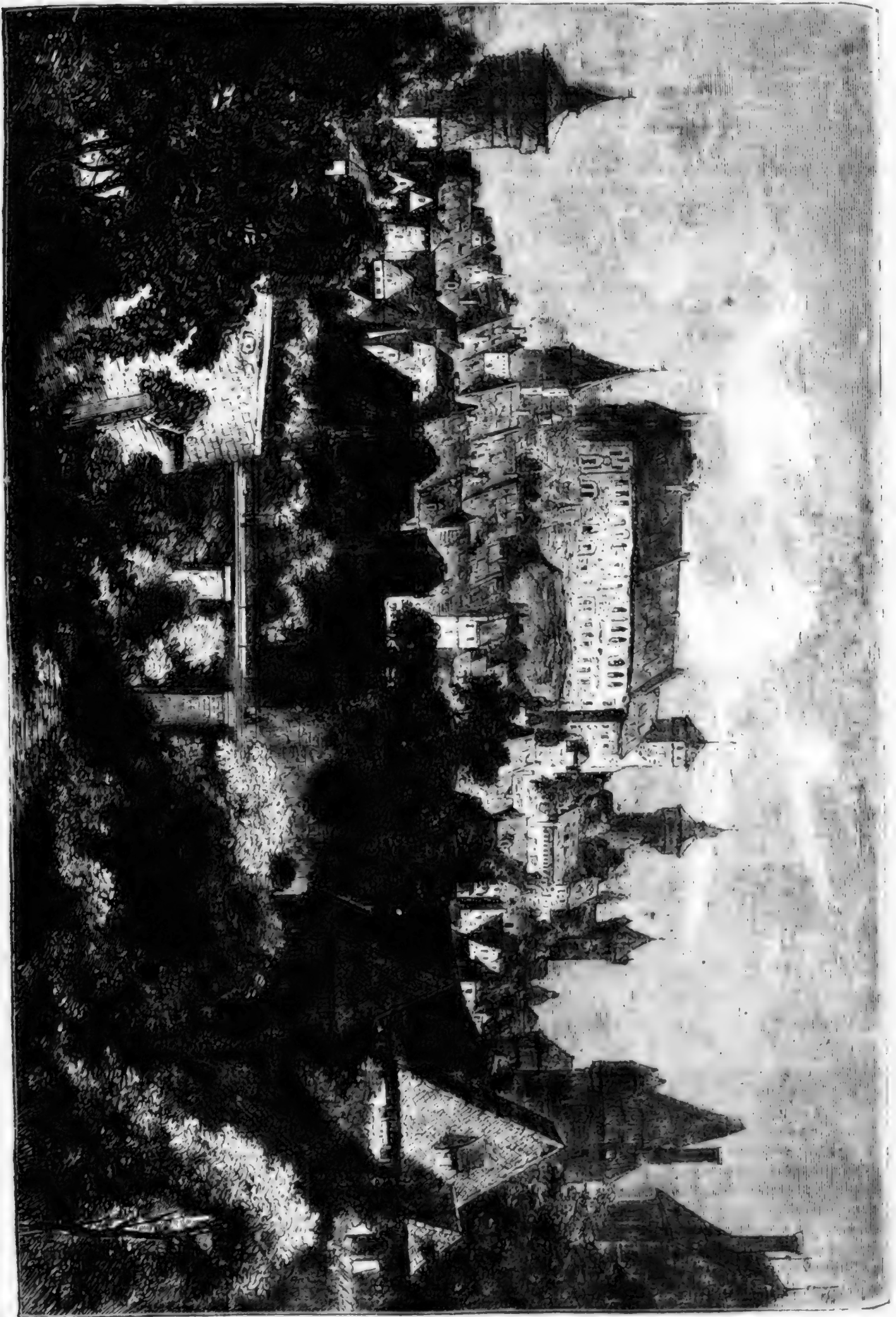
The word Morocco comes from the Arabic word *Maghreb*, West—it being the western limit of Mahometan conquest. The land has been ruled by Roman, Vandal, Greek and Arab. The present dynasty, that of the Sheeriffs, came in 1516, and has, consequently, maintained its rule for three centuries and a half. The sovereign of Morocco is styled Sultan, or Emperor.

Morocco, as regards Africa, is a cosmopolitan city. Its inhabitants include Moors, Algerians, Tunisians, Egyptians, natives of the Sahara, negroes from Soudan, and occasionally negroes from Senegal are met with.

Three languages are commonly spoken: Arabic, which is most general; Shluh, the language of the inhabitants of the Atlas and the south; and Guennaoui, the speech of the negroes.



MAN IN EUROPE IN THE STONE AGE.



THE ROYAL PALACE AT COPENHAGEN.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE RETREAT.

HERE let us couch in fern,
And gaze adown the forest'd dim arcade,
Where little patches of bright sunlight burn,
Companioned of deep shade.

Hark! in the oak o'erhead
The cry of the young ravens, hunger-ver'd;
See, too, faint-scented lilies, richly fed,
Hint at the sweet old text.

How hush'd the spot and still,
Save for a rustling squirrel frolicsome,
Or from a bird's heart leaps a silver trill,
Too happy to be dumb!

How the green lizards glide
Where, on that broken bank, the sunbeams sleep!
What beetles, by gemm'd corselets glorified,
Among the grasses creep!

Note in yon patch of blue,
Far overhead the lacing bows among—
His wings a bell, tinged where the light comes through—
A hawk at hover hung!

Hush! not a stir—no word!
Here come the rabbits flitting through the bent;
And, quick! a rail—see there! Ah, timid bird;
The grass nods where it went!

And lo, the forest king
Down yonder avenue, with wide-branched brow,
Treads proudly! No alarms the breezes bring
To scare his big heart now!

Dragon-flies dart and poise
Above the pool that sleeps beneath the reeds;
All Nature's creatures drink that fount of joys,
Which from mere life proceeds.

How it all teems with life!
See here, this earth I scoop up in my hand,
With little busy workers how 'tis rife,
Whose lives by day are spann'd!

Drops from the mighty sea—
The Far Existence whence is drawn the store
That swells the full-pulsed veins of you and me—
The same, nor less nor more.

Sharing His breath, you mark,
With us at the creator's dawning dim:
What is man's right to quench the finest spark
That took its light from Him?

Come, friend, thank God with me
That we can lie within this woodland still,
And watch His works—how manifold they be—
With no desire to kill!

A VISIT TO NUREMBERG.

Of the many cities and towns which, during the Middle Ages rose to commercial importance and became the seats of trade, manufactures, and art, none has so perfectly preserved its medieval characteristics as the ancient Bavarian city of Nuremberg.

It was once the greatest and most wealthy of all the free Imperial cities, the residence of emperors, the seat of diets, the focus of the trade of Asia and Europe, the most important manufacturing town in Germany, the home of German freedom and art; the cradle of the fine arts, of poetry, and of almost numberless useful inventions—alternately the courted ally and the dreaded rival of sovereign princes; yet it had degenerated, between the latter part of the seventeenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, into a dull provincial town.

Its manufactures were once so universally known and prized in all parts of the world as to give rise to a proverb:

"Nuremberg's hand
Goes through every land,"

and during the present century the old town has regained much of its former importance as a manufacturing centre.

In spite of the changes it has undergone, the wearing tooth of time and the shock of political convulsions, it remains almost unaltered, retaining, probably, more than any city in Europe, the aspect it presented in medieval times. It is surrounded by feudal walls and turrets—faced and strengthened in more recent times, when improvements in artillery began to be recognized—by ramparts and incipient bastions resembling the early Italian mode of modern fortification.

The walls are surrounded by a ditch 100 ft. wide and 50 ft. deep, the sides of which are faced with masonry. The four principal arched gates are flanked by massive cylindrical watch-towers, no longer of use as fortifications, but picturesque in a high degree, and serving to complete the coronet of antique towers which encircle the city, as seen from a distance.

It was formerly the boast of the citizens that Nuremberg possessed one tower for every day of the year, or 365 in all, but towers, wall, and moat are now all being demolished and removed, making room for a number of new streets and squares.

Once arrived within the walls the visitor, as he traverses the irregular streets and examines the quaint gable-faced houses, might easily fancy himself carried back to a distant century.

The churches and other public edifices, monuments of the piety and charity of its citizens, are singularly perfect; having escaped unharmed the storm of war, sieges, and even of the Reformation, which last Nuremberg accepted at an early period, but without any outbreak of fanatic iconoclasm. The private buildings, including the palace-like mansions of wealthy citizens and merchant princes, having been built of stone, are equally well preserved. Many of them are still inhabited by the families whose forefathers originally constructed them. Though built in the style prevailing at the period of their erection, with narrow but highly ornamented fronts, and acutely pointed gables, they are often of large size, enclosing two or three courts and extending from one street to another.

In former times the citizens of Nuremberg were noted for the splendor of their residences. The ground story, low and vaulted, was usually occupied as a warehouse; the habitable part, though not laid out in a manner consistent with modern ideas of comfort, was richly decorated with carving; indeed, an ancient author (*Æneas Sylvius*), speaking of the splendor of Nuremberg, declares that a simple citizen was better lodged than the King of Scotland.

The chief interest attaching to this venerable city is derived from the fame and works of Dürer, Vischer, Kraft, Stoss, and other world-famous artists, and though stripped, to a great extent, of those treasures, in consequence of public and private poverty, she still owes her finest ornaments to their skill. A brief description of the more remarkable art treasures of Nuremberg will show that, although dull in a commercial sense, the old town offers unusual attractions to the tourist.

The city is divided into two nearly equal parts by the Pegnitz, a small stream which intersects it from East to West, and these two sections, named after the two great churches situated within them, are called respectively, the northern, St. Sebald's side; the southern, St. Lawrence's side.

The church of St. Lawrence, the largest and finest in

Nuremberg, was built at the instance of the Emperor Adolphus of Nassau, between 1274 and 1280. It is a noble Gothic pile, its towers terminating in an elegant octagonal story and spire. The highest stories of the square portion contain wide openings divided by many mullions, to represent the gridiron on which the saint was broiled. The portal at the west end is unsurpassed in the richness of its decoration. The Bride's Door, on the north side, is also very elegant. It is richly ornamented with carvings in high relief, by the sculptor Adam Krafft, representing the several events of the Passion of our Lord.

One of the chief ornaments of the interior is the *Sacramenthäuslein*, or repository for the sacramental wafer, a tapering stone spire of florid Gothic open work, over sixty feet high. The elegance of the design, and the beautiful sharpness of the carved ornaments, are wonderful; and so slender and graceful is the structure, reaching nearly to the roof of the church, that the top, which bends over, has the air of a plant checked in its further growth. It is a poem in stone.

The Frauenkirche, or Church of the Virgin, is not only the glory and the boast of the poet-cobbler, Hans Sachs, but also a glory of Europe, being justly regarded as one of the finest of the noble religious edifices which the Middle Ages have bequeathed to our unbelieving, but certainly not unappreciative, age.

The gothic pile of the Frauenkirche, which flings its shadow over the *Gänsemäenchen*, the quaint old fountain in the market-place, has greater originality than Nuremberg's other boast, St. Sebald's. It was erected and adorned with sculptures at the same time, and by the same artists, as the Beautiful Fountain (*der Schöne Brunnen*).

Charles V. made it his imperial chapel, and styled it "Our Lady's Hall." The porch shown in our illustration is covered with fine sculptures, by Schonover, and merits detailed study. Above is a little chapel, the spire of which was adorned by Adam Krafft, whose wonderful artistic taste and execution framed the clock that meets your eye.

In olden times the country folk, while they were attending to their business in town, seated their young children opposite this clock to watch the Seven Electors appear around the Emperor Charles IV.—the *Muermlein-Laufen*, as the little people called it. But the machinery of the clock, like that of the old German Empire, grew rusty, and for years has ceased to work.

The Reformation took this church from the old faith, but it was restored to that worship in 1816. It is rich in stained glass, fine altars, and carvings by Krafft, but the recent additions have not been improvements, as good taste did not preside over the work.

The most precious art treasure of the church is an antependium of the latter part of the fourteenth century. This altar-front, with paintings on a gilt ground, is ascribed to Conrad Wolgemuth.

Hans Sachs sat at his shoemaker's bench, hammering soles and weaving poems, almost under the shadow of the Frauenkirche, and a neighboring street still bears his name. His dwelling, No. 969 of the street in question, is still standing, but has been almost entirely rebuilt since his time. A fine statue of the cobbler-poet, by the celebrated sculptor, John K. Krausser, was erected in Nuremberg in 1874.

The imperial castle of Nuremberg occupies the most northerly and elevated position within the town. It is a very picturesque and commanding edifice, conspicuous for its three massive towers, built on the summit of a rock and towering above all other buildings around. The oldest portions date from the reign of Conrad II., between 1024 and 1039. Another portion is believed to have been erected by Frederick Barbarossa in 1187, and the entire structure was restored and enlarged in 1520. It contains a remarkable

double chapel in two stories; the lower, or St. Margaret's, dating from 1039, and the upper, St. Otman, or the Kaiserkapelle, from 1056. A gateway beyond these chapels leads into the castle-yard, which contains a lime-tree seven hundred years old. It measures fifteen feet in circumference at the height of four feet from the ground.

Like most medieval fortresses, the Castle of Nuremberg was provided with an extensive array of implements of torture, some of them of most elaborate mechanism. Many of these disappeared when the contents of the arsenal were sold some years ago, but a number can still be seen at the Castle, and others are preserved in the "Rathhaus" or Town Hall. The Iron Mask, of which we give an illustration, is a hideous covering formed of bands of iron which fold over the head and are fastened behind by a padlock. A pair of spectacles and asses' ears are attached. A double plate fastens over the mouth, and a whistle is passed over the nose, producing a loud noise if the wearer attempted to speak. The mask was painted a flesh color, with a mouth delineated on the lower plate, and the eyes and ears were shaded of an assinine gray color. This apparatus, when fixed on the head of an unfortunate culprit, must have produced an effect at once frightful and ludicrous. Among other machines of torture shown at the castle are several specimens of the dreadful rack.

Beneath the castle, at a great depth, are loathsome dungeons, where no ray of sunlight ever penetrates. More merciful would be the embrace of the terrible "Virgin," or the operation of the other engines to which we have referred, than the lingering death from hunger in these dismal vaults.

From the "Frog's Tower" of the castle a subterranean passage leads to the torture-chamber beneath the Town Hall. In this tower the famous Iron Virgin (*Eiserne*



THE BRIDE'S DOOR IN THE CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE, NUREMBERG.



THE NASSAU HOUSE AND VIRGIN'S FOUNTAIN AT NUREMBERG.



THE SHRINE OF ST. SEBALD IN ST. SEBALD'S CHURCH.

Jungfrau) was formerly kept, and culprits condemned to its dreadful embrace were brought, after sentence, to the place of doom by means of this secret way. The "Virgin" is no longer in the castle, but may be seen in one of the towers of the north town wall, near the Burg, called the *Froschthurm*. The "Virgin" is a female figure in the costume of the sixteenth century, and is seven feet high. It is formed with a framework of iron hoops, to which iron plates are firmly bolted. The outside was handsomely painted, the countenance pleasing, and from the style of the head-dress and the ruff about the neck, it is probable that it dates from a

period corresponding with the reign of Queen Elizabeth, of England. The front is made to open on hinges at each side, and the interior surface is thickly studded with sharp spikes four or five inches long. These are so placed that when a victim was put inside, and the doors forcibly closed, the spikes would pierce the body in the most vital parts, entering the eyes, breast, etc.

At the bottom of the terrible machine, in front, a channel was provided for the blood of the sufferer to flow away. Under the figure a trap-door opened, and let the body down upon a revolving cylinder studded with short knives, which cut the already mutilated remains into atoms.

That this frightful machine was formerly used cannot be doubted, as there are blood-stains still visible on its interior. Its operation was for-



HOUSE OF ALBERT DURER, AT NUREMBERG.

Besides the subterranean passage already mentioned, which communicates with the castle, there are a number of others, extending to the town ditch outside the walls. These outlets were probably constructed to afford the magistrates a

means of escape in case of popular insurrections, which were not infrequent in mediæval times.

But we have seen quite enough of the relics of Middle Age cruelty and oppression, and may profitably turn to the consideration of those works of art which are, in our time, the chief attraction of the old city.

Before the Church of St. Laurence, at the corner of the square leading to it and the street facing him, the visitor cannot fail to notice a building of striking appearance, known as the "Nassau House." It is a massive,



THE TOMB OF ALBERT DURER.

merly called "The Kiss of the Virgin," or *Jungfern kuss*.

The Rathhaus, or Town Hall of Nuremberg, is a large building, with a façade in the Italian style, built in 1619, but including within it an older town hall of 1332. It is remarkable for the paintings in oil by Albert Durer with which its walls are decorated, and contains a picture-gallery, with a collection of more than three hundred pictures, many of great value.

Beneath the Rathhaus are a number of gloomy dungeons, and the "torture chamber," which contains a pair of stocks, called "the fiddle," and several varieties of the "rack," beside the "iron boot," "spiked collar," etc.



THE JUNGFERNS KUSS, OR VIRGIN, SHOWING A VICTIM WITHIN IT.

square, but well-proportioned edifice, resembling in its architecture a feudal tower rather than a citizen's dwelling. It was erected about 1350, by one of the patrician families of Nuremberg, in that period of its greatest splendor. The construction is simple, well-conceived, and strikingly marked. The gallery is adorned with escutcheons, divided by lace-work in stone, and terminated by turrets that seem to support the roof; the Gothic oriels, apparently suspended against the plain wall, contrast with it by their luxuriant ornamentation. The entire structure is a model of elegance from its base to the spires of the turrets that flank its square tower—the sculpture being all of the finest execution and the purest taste. At the corner of the house facing the church is a kneeling angel in a beautiful niche.

In the square stands the Fountain of the Virgin, erected in 1589, by Benedict Warzelbauer. A round column has three platforms, and below six elegant female forms, representing the virtues. On the shelf above are six boys, with the arms of the city, sounding trumpets. On top, is the figure of Justice, with her sword and scales, and beside her a crane, the symbol of vigilance. The whole design is rich and charming, and the execution masterly.

Opposite to the west front of the "Rathhaus" stands the Church of St. Sebald, a superb structure, the earlier portion of which, in the Byzantine style, dates from the tenth century, while the remainder was built between 1361 and 1377. It is of great elegance, both externally and internally, especially the beautiful Gothic choir. One of the towers dates from 1300, the other from 1345. The church is enriched with many fine sculptures, by Krafft and Stoss, but the glory of St. Sebalds, and one of the greatest marvels of medieval work that the fury of the Reformation spared intact, is the shrine of St. Sebald, the wondrous work of Peter Vischer and his five sons. While England has but lately recovered the fragments of the shrine of St. Alban,

and with pious care gathers the ten thousand atoms to rebuild it as of yore, that of St. Sebald stands in all its original beauty, honored and appreciated by the staid citizens of the old Bavarian city. It may be said to be the last work of Catholic art in Germany, composed, modeled, chiseled, and cast, by Vischer and his five sons, between 1508 and 1519, while the tempest of the Reformation was already muttering afar, before it swept away the Middle Ages and all they had honored and toiled for. This elaborate work is fifteen feet long by nine in height, and stands on the centre of the choir of the venerable church now in the possession of the Lutherans.

The chase containing the relics of St. Sebald is covered with plates of gold and silver, and stands within an elegant Gothic structure of bronze. The base of the chase is covered with a bas-relief depicting the life and miracles of the saint. The Gothic work covering it is a marvel of grace and beauty. It rests on snails, with dolphins at the corners.

At the first glance the visitor is embarrassed by the complexity of the composition, the multitude and diversity of the figures, in which Christianity and paganism seem strangely combined—apostles, fathers of the church, angels, cupids, sirens, heroes of mythology, lions, snails, insects, etc. Gradually you begin to see the order and dominant idea of the whole; the charm of the beautiful work tells on you; the statues fix your attention, down to the modest one of Vischer himself, in his simple workman's garb, at one corner of the shrine.

Although the work is not all of equal merit, we can well agree with the people of Nuremberg in honoring Vischer as a great master of his art—one worthy of the city of Albert Dürer. In one inscription on it Vischer records that he completed the work for the praise of Almighty God alone, and the honor of St. Sebald, Prince of Heaven, by the aid of pious persons, paid by their voluntary contributions.

Nuremberg is especially noteworthy for the number of dis-



INTERIOR OF THE JUNGFERNS KUSS, WITH EXTERIOR VIEW OF HEAD.

discoveries and inventions made, or having their origin, within its walls. Here was built, in 1390, the first paper-mill in Germany. Playing-cards are known to have been manufactured here as early as 1380, and cannon were cast here in 1356. The first watches, called, from their oval shape, "Nuremberg eggs," were made here in 1500 by Peter Hele. Nuremberg was also noted for the manufacture of "wheel-guns" and wigs; the first gunlock was made here in 1517. Hans Lobsinger, who invented the air-gun in 1560, and Christopher Denner, the inventor of the clarinet, were also natives of this city. Martin Behaim, a native of Nuremberg, made the first terrestrial globe, and claimed, while Governor of the Azores, to have discovered Brazil before Columbus sailed in search of a New World. Tradition has it that Behaim, who died at Lisbon, where he is buried, communicated his discoveries to the Genoese explorer, while on his death-bed. To another Nuremberger, Erhard Etzlau, is attributed the invention of the mariner's compass. But of all those distinguished in art, science, or invention, to whom the ancient town lays claim, the first place in the hearts of its citizens must be conceded to Albert Dürer, painter, sculptor and engraver, who found German art in its infancy, and raised it, by his remarkable genius, to an excellence which passed away with him.

Although some modern writers given to superficial observation have compared Albert Dürer to the present Chinese and Japanese artists, Raphael had the highest admiration of his genius, and, in our day, those who are the best judges of what is really genius and art, mention the Nuremberg painter with reverence and respect; and his native city preserves not only his name, but even his dwelling, with jealous care. It stands in the Dürer Strasse, as shown in our sketch, little altered externally from what it was when he went in

and out at its door. Time deals more gently with man's work than with man. He is not here, but the whole place bears the impress of his spirit.

It may be fancy—it cannot be fact—but there seems to be a strange repose around the spots where great men have been born or have died. What traveler has not felt the fitness of Stratford-on-Avon to be the birthplace and final home of Shakespeare? And who, knowing what the genius of Albert Dürer was, could have selected for him a more appropriate home in life and death than Nuremberg, which he found full of the raw materials of art, and left enriched with

the choicest creations of his own almost unassisted genius. It was as an engraver that he first gained his fame; and, greatly as the art has progressed since his time, it is not too much to say that, for clearness and vigor, he has hardly yet been surpassed. Though he worked without models from ancient art, yet his wood cuts of the "Life and Passion of Jesus Christ," and of the "Life of the Virgin," were deemed worthy of piracy by Marc Antonio Raimondi, of Bologna, who copied them with great precision on copper, affixed Albert Dürer's cipher to the plates, and sold them in Italy as originals.

Albert, one of the most peaceable of men—so peaceable, indeed, that he died of the allopathic treat-

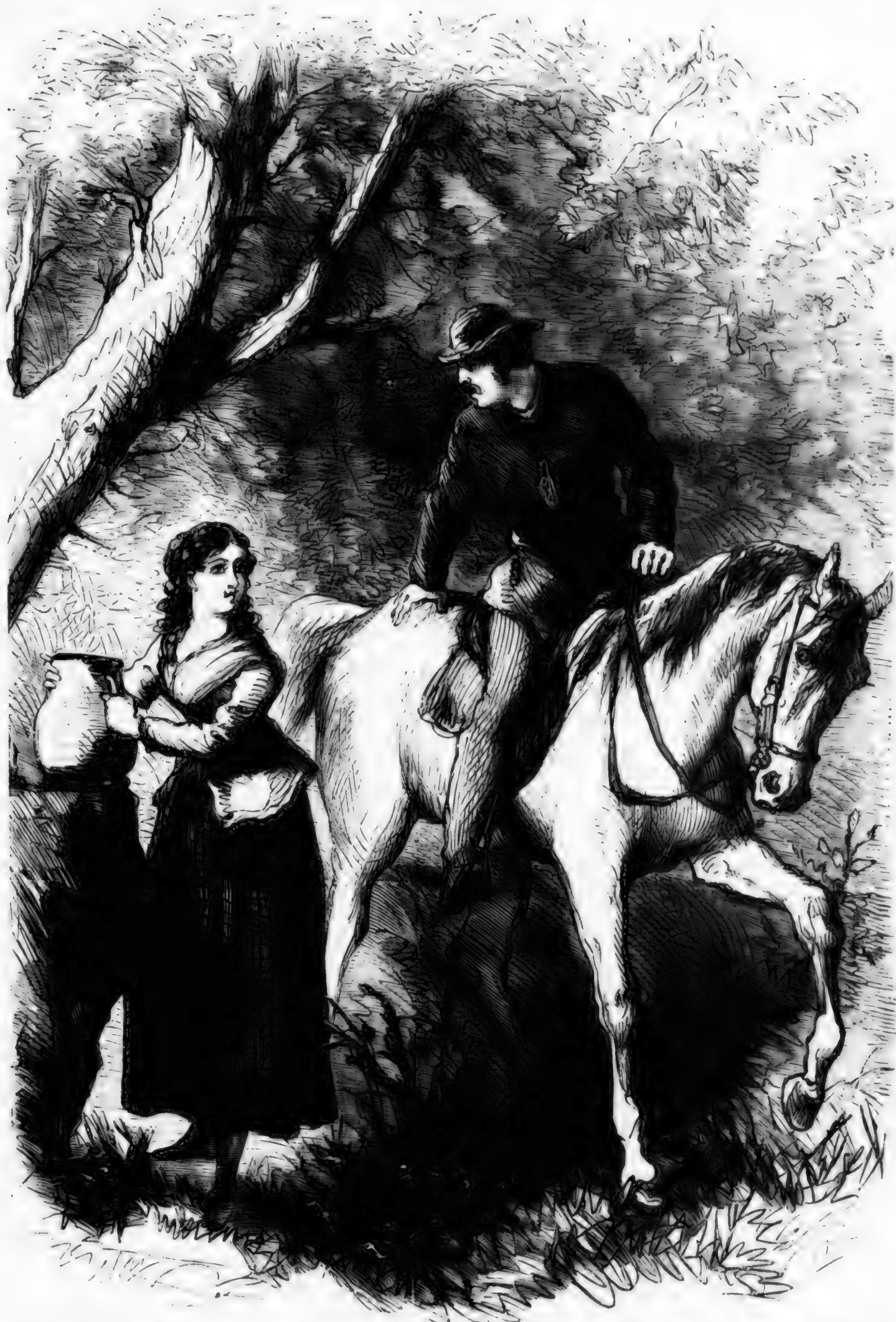
ment of a termagant wife—complained to the Senate, who solemnly enacted that Raimondi should not put Albert Dürer's name to any future copies!

Good came out of this evil, however, for this Raimondi, although a plagiarist, was one of the finest engravers of any age; and, being especially selected by Raphael to engrave his principal works, most probably made that prince of painters acquainted with the merits of Albert Dürer.

Raphael, with a grace as unaffected as the self-consciousness of true genius, sent to the engraver of Nuremberg two



THE FRAUENKIRCHE, OR CHURCH OF THE VIRGIN, AT NUREMBERG.



AN ESCAPE.—"HER SHY, SWEET, TROUBLED EYES MET HIS FOR A MOMENT, AND, AS THE TENDER PINK ROSE UP ALL OVER THE EXQUISITE FACE, SHE LIFTED THE PITCHER OF WATER AND WOULD HAVE HIED AWAY."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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specimens of his art, requesting a sample of Dürer's skill in return. One of these drawings by Raphael is still preserved in Vienna, with this inscription on the back of it, in Albert Dürer's handwriting:

"1515. Raffaele di Urbino, who has been so highly esteemed by the Pope, drew these figures, and sent them to Albrecht Dürer, in Nurnberg, to show his hand."

There is something very large-hearted and cosmopolitan in this mutual acknowledgment of each other's powers—the true solidarity of genius. Dürer—like Grotius, like Mozart, like all thoughtful men—at the end of his career, felt how much more might have been done with his art, and how little the reality had come up to the ideal. He confessed to his friend Melancthon that he had often groaned as he looked upon his own pictures and thought of his want of power.

In the churchyard of St. John we find the tomb of this father of German art. Alas! some sacrilegious hand has removed his honored dust. He lies not there, the sketch is but that of a cenotaph. A simple bronze plate affixed to the tomb, bears Dürer's well-known monogram, and the inscription "*Quidquid Alberti Düreri mortale fuit, sub hoc conditur tumulo. Emigravit 8 idus Aprilis, 1528;*" thus rendered by Longfellow:

"*Emigravit* is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies. Dead he is not, but departed—for the artist never dies!"

With Albert Dürer, the worthiest of the sons of Nuremberg, we take our leave of that quaint old city, which Melancthon called in his day, "*Lumen, oculus, decus et ornamentum præcipuum Germaniæ!*"

AN ESCAPE.

"There's a lad that I know, and I know that he
Speaks softly to me,
The *cushla ma chree!*

He's the pride of my heart, and he loves me well,
But who the lad is, I'm not going to tell."



It was an Irish voice that sung, and Irish voices, we know, are as sweet as any in the world. Irish beauty, too, in its best estate, is enchanting, and as Earl Talbot looked and listened, the charms of the high-bred English ladies of his set paled and faded, and no blonde or brunette of them all was comparable to this exquisite wild-flower, which, to his delight and surprise, he had found blossoming by the wayside.

His horse grew impatient at the strong hand upon the rein, and plunged suddenly, with considerable noise.

The startled girl looked up with a cry.

"Never mind, Kitty," called out the young man. "The horse will not hurt you."

Her shy, sweet, troubled eyes met his for a moment, and then, as the tender pink rose up all over the exquisite head and face, she lifted the pitcher of water, with one movement of the round, white arm, to her head, and would have hied away.

"Stay, Kitty, stay!" cried Talbot. "Are you so cruel as to begrudge me a few words from your sweet lips, and a look into your lovely eyes?"

As he said this, he pressed his horse in among the under-bush of the wood, and only checked him on the edge of the brook, greatly to Kitty's alarm.

"Don't be afraid, my dear," he said, seeing her sudden pallor. "Would I hurt you, do you think?"

"Indeed, sir," said the girl, blushing, "it is not for the likes of me to be talking with you."

The shy, half-encouragement in her eyes, the limpid sweetness of her voice, the nearness of the lovely, delicate creature, intoxicated him. He bent to the saddle-bow.

"My darling, all my friends are as nothing compared with you; and my gold shall be yours at your will. Kitty, my beauty, my rose, love me!"

She was almost affrighted at the passion she had kindled. She had liked to play with the flame, but its mighty power terrified her.

"Oh, sir, I pray you won't speak to me of those things," she said, shrinking. "It's not alone that I'm a poor girl, but your honor knows that I'm pledged to Dennis Regan."

The handsome young Englishman knit his brows angrily, which Kitty perceiving, began to cry.

"Nay, pretty one, don't cloud your sweet eyes for me. But, indeed, Kitty, you're not going to throw me over for that outlaw, that vagabond?"

She raised her head proudly, and her dark eyes kindled.

"If it's an outlaw he is, it's all for the love of his country. It's not that I am ashamed of Dennis."

She looked like a princess.

"By Jove, she'd not disgrace a drawing-room," thought Talbot. "I'll have her if I have to move heaven and earth!"

He was a subtle courtier. It cost him nothing to subdue his chagrin and bridle his anger.

"Forgive me, Kitty," he said, in a tone of wonderful gentleness. "I didn't mean to wound you by saying anything against poor Dennis. But think what sort of a life yours must be if you link it to one so stormy and danger-threatened as his. You know warrants are out against him now for the murder of Harry Douns."

She grew white, and staggered.

"My Dennis is no murderer," she faltered. "Oh, Mr. Talbot, it's not true! Say it's not true, for the love of all the holy saints!"

"I'm afraid it is true," he said, seriously. "He was known to have quarreled with Harry Douns—perhaps you know why"—looking at her drooping, crimson face—"and now Harry is missing."

The girl began to sob.

"Hush, hush, my dear. It's not worth your while to cry for him. After all, he would ill-treat you if you were his wife, and make you miserable."

"You don't know Dennis, sir," pleaded Kitty. "He's a trifle hot-headed may be, but as thrue and good a heart as beats in all Ireland."

"Well, well!" said the young man, uneasily, glancing up the road down which, with rude songs and loud bursts of laughter, came a troop of the village youth, just from the fair.

"Never mind now. Do you dry your tears, pretty Kitty, and run away home before those roystering fellows come along."

Kitty needed no second bidding, but hurried away by a lane that led across the fields to a tiny cabin, small but neat, and overgrown with a luxuriance of flowering honeysuckle.

Kitty pushed open the door of the cabin, and peeped in. Nobody was there but an old woman, who sat on a low stool in the corner, swaying her body back and forth, and lamenting in the pathetic manner of the Irish peasantry.

"Mother Regan!" said Kitty, softly.

The old woman looked up, and immediately broke out in a loud wail:

"Och, och! Is it you, Kitty, me darlant? Sure and your heart would a been broken had ye come only a minute ago. Och! the saints help us!"

"What happened a minute ago?" asked Kitty, quaking.

"Sure an 'twas our Dennis as the soldiers dragged by, more like a beast than a man, and, alack, by this time he's in

jail, and never to come out any more! The law's cruel, my darlant, and they'll have his life."

"Oh, no, no!" sobbed Kitty, in a transport of grief. "I'll go to Father Phillip—that I will. The good father will know how to help him!"

The village was quite deserted when Kitty went through the street to Father Phillip's domicile, most of the people having followed the squad of soldiers toward Lanark, the seat of the county jail.

The priest, a white-haired, kindly old man, with a twinkle in his eye at once shrewd and humorous, heard her to the end, not infrequently dropping in an exclamation or two from his impulsive Irish heart.

"Dennis Regan a murderer! The blackguards! To bring a charge like that against a fair name!"

"But Harry Douns is gone!" faltered the girl.

"Gone is he! I'll warrant it. To Ameriky. That's it, and time, too. There was no good in him—the saints amend him. No, Kitty *asthore*, Dennis is no murderer."

Kitty went back almost comforted. The father had promised to do all he could for poor Dennis, and her belief in the power of her priest was profound.

But this time all the influence Father Phillip possessed did not avail.

Dennis Regan had defied the government too often; once or twice he had headed a rebellion against it, which was easily put down, indeed, but had left an uneasiness behind it. Now the officers of the crown had determined to push the prosecution to the utmost, and, guilty or not guilty, rid the country of so dangerous a person.

The trial came on in a fortnight, and when the day came, the court-room was a sea of human beings, excited, turbulent, and importunate. The sheriff sent out and doubled his police force, but he still failed to overawe the multitude.

When, just before the case was called, two women were seen making their way in—one old and feeble, leaning heavily upon the other; and when, having reached their places, the last lifted her vail, and revealed the sweet, lovely, pale face of Kitty, there were loud exclamations of:

"Shame! shame! Is it Dennis Regan ye'll see hanged; and all for nothing?"

"Alack! but it's a bloody business!"

The sheriff clanked his sword angrily; and at last the trial began.

It was the merest farce, as trial by jury was, in those days, in the queen's Irish dominions.

When the verdict of guilty was brought in, one loud, tumultuous wail broke out.

"Silence!" thundered the judge. "Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say?"

Dennis lifted his handsome, leonine head, glanced around, and then faltered a faint:

"No."

At this minute a shriek rang through the court-room.

"Will ye be hanged like a dog, my boy, and niver tell 'em ye didn't do it?"

"Oh, Dinnis," sobbed Kitty, "say it was not you struck Harry Douns to his death!"

Dennis drew himself up proudly. His eagle eye kindled magnificently, and his broad, white forehead, and noble bearing, gave him a kingliness of aspect, before which even his judge quailed.

"Oh, mother, darling!—Kitty! my own precious Kitty, it's you knows your Dennis has not the cruel heart and the bloody hand of a murderer. I've niver seen Harry Douns since the night when he called me a traitor, and I called him a liar; and he said we were quits, and went away. And I know no more than the dead where he is, so help me all the saints in heaven!"

"Does your honor hear that?" screamed the mother, ex-

ultantly. "My boy's no murderer. He says he isn't. Dennis, come to your mother!"

"Woman," interposed the judge, "this is folly. Your son has been pronounced guilty, and nothing remains but to give sentence!"

It is impossible to describe the tumult in the court-room while the sentence was being read. Groans, hisses, shouts, sobs, threats came fast and furious as a Winter storm. But through it all, Kitty made out that Dennis Regan was to be taken that day week to the market-place of Lanark, and there to be hanged by the neck until he was dead.

With a great cry, Kitty fell fainting; and as he saw her carried out, limp and lifeless, Dennis, too, broke down, and cried like a child.

The terrible days sped away. When only two nights remained, Kitty, sitting alone with her sorrow, heard her cabin-door open, and in a minute Earl Talbot stood before her.

The young man was amazed.

Hardly a trace remained of the dainty physical beauty which had charmed him so. Lovely she still was, but it was the ethereal sweetness of an angel, disciplined by mortal sorrow.

"Why, Kitty! my poor little girl! Don't look so, I beg of you. You make me wretched. Your eyes, that were like two purple pansies, are put out by the tears."

"They will soon leave off tears, sir," said Kitty, with woe-ful calmness. "My heart is clean broken, and if they hang Dennis, I'll not be long following him."

The young man sat a little while in silence. Presently he said:

"On your soul, Kitty, do you believe Dennis to be ignorant of this crime?"

"As there is a hope for mercy, sir, I do!"

Another silence, and then Earl Talbot rose.

"Kitty, I'm going to show you how generous a lover and a gentleman can be. When you are happy, you must think of me sometimes."

A tender kiss was left on her cheek, and Kitty was alone, her heart full of she knew not what tremulous joy and hope.

The fateful, awful day came. The hour set for the execution was ten in the morning; but long before that time, the market-place of Lanark was so crowded with people that it was impossible for one to bear the ever-increasing pressure, and people climbed into window-seats, and swarmed upon the house-tops, and clung like bees around the church-spire, and hung from the branches of the trees—a new and strange fruit. Not a few persons observed a small and very tattered boy hanging upon the outskirts of the crowd. This boy was attached to a splendid thorough-bred horse of famous breed, who made himself not a little fearful, by occasionally rearing and snorting in a most spirited manner, at none of which manifestations was his puny guide disturbed. This personage was liberally chaffed by the crowd.

"Alarmer, where's your master?" said one.

"I'm waiting for him," said the boy, meekly.

Precisely as the great bell on St. Stephen's sonorously sounded forth ten, the jail-doors opened, and the *cortège* appeared—a handful of soldiers, with drawn bayonets, the sheriff, and the prisoner, followed by Father Phillip.

The file of soldiers parted right and left as they passed to the platform where the gallows was erected, and then the people saw Dennis Regan standing underneath the terrible instrument of death.

Wild cries broke out, and the guard which surrounded the platform grasped their muskets closer, and were keenly watchful.

Dennis was pale as marble, but there was a splendid light in his eye, and unconquerable resolution lurked about his mouth.



THE CHEVALIER D'EON.

Father Phillip proceeded to shrive him: and while this was going on, the sobbing in the crowd grew yet more vehement.

The ceremony over, the father was seen to embrace the prisoner most tenderly, and then, when all was over that he could do, he turned to descend the rude steps.

Half way down, he stumbled. Was it this attracted the attention of the soldiers?

The next instant—before a musket could be leveled—Dennis Regan was seen to leap sheer over the heads of the guard; and, with a thundering shout, the crowd opened to receive him.

In a breath he was hustled along till he reached a clear space, and then he sprang upon the splendid horse that Earl Talbot had provided, and steed and rider were away like the wind.

Pursuit was in vain. Dennis hid among the hills till he could make his way to a seaport, where his mother and Kitty joined him. There the happy lovers were wedded, and together they crossed to America.

Two years afterward, Lanark was astonished by the sight of Harry Douns, just home from Wales, where he went in a fit of pique because Kitty frowned upon him.

THE CHEVALIER D'EON.

For years, a mystery hung over the sex of the Chevalier D'Eon, who figured both as a man and woman, and who at last assumed the female garb, retaining it till death, by orders of the King of France.

This strange character was born on October 5th, 1728, at

Tonnerre, in Burgundy, and received the names of Charlotte Genéviève-Louise-Auguste-Andrée-Timothée D'Eon de Beaumont. His father, who belonged to the magistracy, had him brought up as a boy, and intended him to study jurisprudence. He was sent to Paris, where he studied at the College Mazarin, and was eventually admitted to the degrees of Doctor in civic and canon law.

After being called to the bar of the parliament of Paris, he wrote several political pamphlets, which gained him the acquaintance of the Prince de Conti, then head of Louis XV.'s secret diplomatic cabinet.

The prince proposed that D'Eon should accompany Chevalier Douglas, who was sent to St. Petersburg, in 1757, to effect a reconciliation between the French and Russian courts. The secret envoys contrived to form an understanding with the vice-chancellor, Count Woronzoff, and an intimate correspondence was set on foot between Louis XV. and the empress, the letters passing through the hands of Woronzoff and D'Eon.

On November 5th, 1757, the Empress of Russia acceded to the convention concluded on March 21st of the same year between France, Austria, and Sweden, with reference to the exercise of the guarantees of the peace of Westphalia.

D'Eon, selected to convey these tidings to Versailles, received from Louis XV. his portrait on a valuable snuff-box, which contained, in addition, an order on the royal treasury, and a commission as Lieutenant of Dragoons.

He started again immediately for St. Petersburg, where, in the interim, the Marquis D'Hôpital had succeeded Chevalier Douglas. Both

gentlemen concerted with the ambassador of the Empress of Austria means to disgrace Count Bestucheff, and were perfectly successful.

D'Eon, one of the most active agents in this revolution, returned to France in 1758, and in 1761 took part in the campaign of Germany as captain of dragoons, and aide-de-camp to Maréchal de Broglie.

At Ultrap he was severely wounded in the head and hip, while at Osterwyk he charged with such impetuosity a Prussian battalion, consisting of 800 men, that he compelled it to lay down its arms.

On the re-establishment of peace, D'Eon accompanied the Duc de Nivernois to London, as secretary to the embassy. He continued from that capital his secret correspondence with the king's privy council, and was the soul of the embassy.

M. de Nivernois, having taken the first opportunity to return to France, D'Eon continued to direct affairs at London under the title of resident, and as the arrival of the new envoy was delayed, he was eventually nominated minister plenipotentiary. He had already rendered himself so agreeable to the Court of St. James, that George III. had selected him, though contrary to usage, to bear to France the ratification of the treaty, and on this occasion Louis XV. presented him with the cross of St. Louis. So much good fortune appears, however, to have turned the head of the young secretary.

Guercy, the next minister, was not at all disposed to grant D'Eon that influence he had enjoyed under his predecessor, and from the first moment of his arrival made the secretary feel his dependent position. This led D'Eon into troubles, which ended in his arrest.

The French court recalled D'Eon, who refused to return to Paris, and published a volume of letters and memoirs, lifting the veil from many secret negotiations.

The success of this book relieved him only for a time, and then D'Eon, driven to desperation by the loss of his place and salary, threatened to publish the whole of his secret correspondence with Louis XV., which the monarch prevented by granting him a pension of 12,000 livres, the patent for which, entirely in the royal handwriting, was thus drawn up:

"In consequence of the services which the Sieur D'Eon has rendered me, both in Russia and with my armies, I deign to grant him an annual pension of 12,000 livres, which I will order to be paid to him punctually every six months, in whatsoever country he may be (except during a time of war among my enemies), and will continue to do so until I think proper to give him some post whose appointments are larger than his pension. LOUIS."

"At Versailles, April 1, 1760."

Soon after, by order of his government, he began to dress as a woman, and the mystery began. At the commencement of the year 1770 the rumor spread from one to the other that D'Eon was a woman. Several years elapsed before anybody was willing to believe it, but after a while few could be found to contradict it.

He returned some years after to France, and Louis XVI., apparently satisfied that he was a woman, ordered him to reassume his female attire. This he did, but some indiscretion led to his imprisonment in Lyons. He was released in 1783, and returned to England.

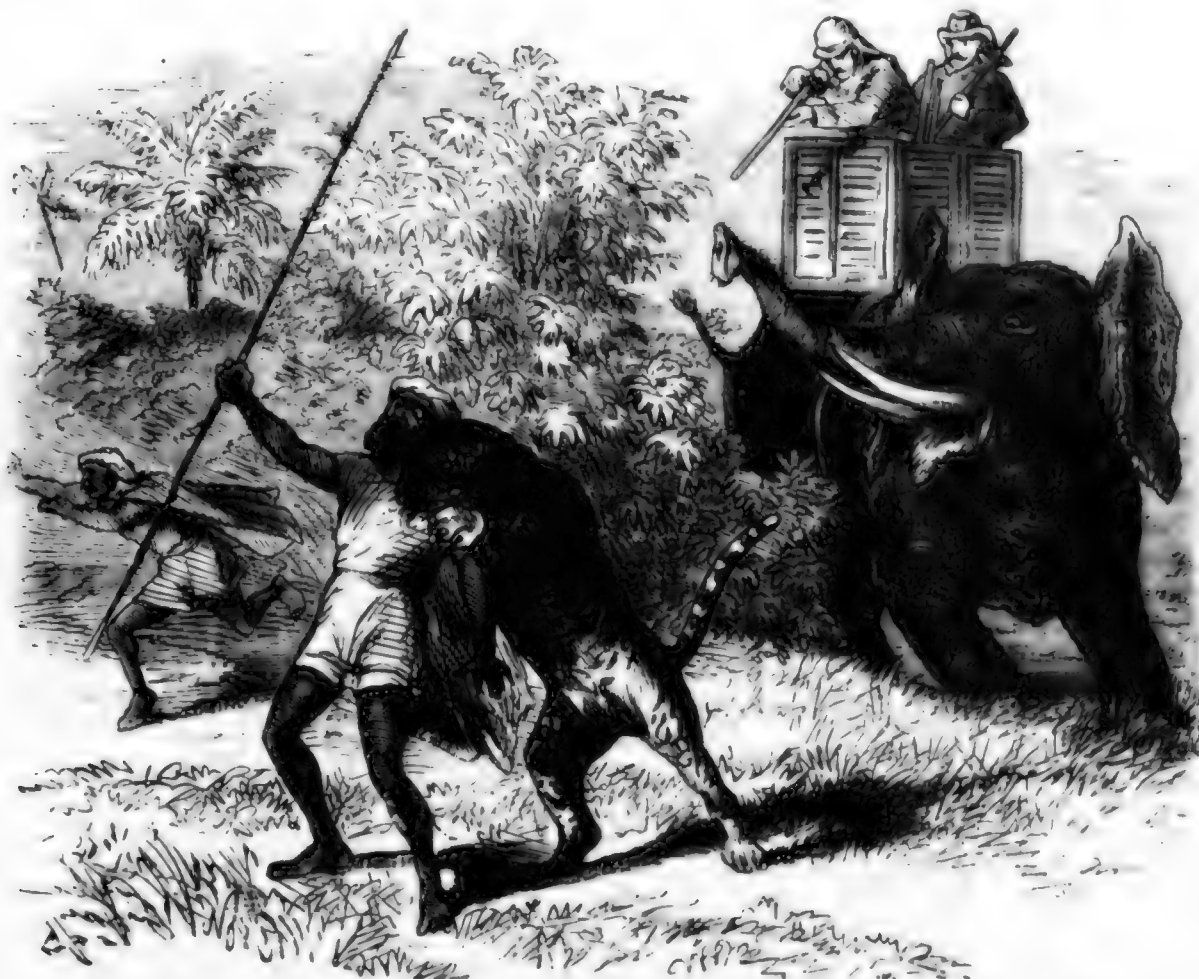
The French revolution deprived him of his pension, and he fell into great poverty, supporting himself by giving fencing lessons in his female dress. In his extreme age, he was maintained by the charity of his friends.

On his death, May 21st, 1810, all doubts vanished, and the man whose feminine names, countenance, and traits of char-

acter had made his sex so doubtful that bets to immense amounts had been made, from time to time, was assigned, beyond doubt, to his proper class.

A PANTHER HUNT.

We determined on hunting the Maun River very carefully as far as Munawur (says Gordon Cumming in his last account), as we thought we should probably find something in the large patches of cypress which covered its bed. We, therefore, sent off the camp to Munawur, and next morning, mounting our elephants, we moved down the broad bed of the stream; while our men, keeping along the banks on both sides, carefully examined the ground for footprints. We started one panther, which, on being wounded by me, crossed over to Evans, who shot him dead. After this we saw nothing save jackals and the footprints of hyenas, till we had nearly arrived at the end of our beat, and were within half a mile of the village. A few detached bushes stood out in the waste of shingle, and as they passed these some of the men heaved in stones, and a fine panther bounded out. As he was too far for accurate shooting, we reserved our fire, and the panther, leaving the river, went slowly up the sloping bank. When we reached the sky-line we saw him halt for a moment, and then, with his long tail whirling in the air, he charged to the front and disappeared. The growls of the panther were followed by loud human shrieks. We at once trotted our elephant over the ridge, and saw a Bujarra, with the panther fastened to him, his wife flying in terror. They had been going alone with their child when the furious creature made its spring. At once a couple of rifles covered it. The risk of hitting the man was great; my comrade hesitated, but I determined to risk it. A sharp crack—both lay writhing on the ground. We got down in



A PANTHER HUNT.—"WE SAW A BUNGARRA WITH THE PANTHER FASTENED TO HIM, HIS WIFE FLYING IN TERROR."

all haste. We drew a long breath when we found that the man was not dangerously hurt. The panther had his death-wound, though he managed to get off. Having directed the Bunjarra to get his wound attended by my native doctor, we went after the panther, and after going some distance, took his track back to the river, where he had lain up in a close thicket of young mimosa, where, after some trouble, he was dislodged and slain.

CROMWELL'S COOKERY-BOOK.

WHEN I want a thoroughly cozy and companionable book for a quiet Winter night at the fireside, what do I take down from the shelves—philosophy, metaphysics, "The Seven Beatitudes," "Tupper's Fallacies of Folly," Augustine of Tarragona (not St. Augustine), his Epitome, "Juris Pontificis"? Not a bit of it. I want no pope or pundit to share the warmth and the quiet; I seek a more jovial, hearty, and humble companion—I take down an old cookery-book; and in this way have often sat among the friends of Horace or Athenæus; slipped in among a bench of abbots or cardinals; or even feasted, with Vitellius on one side and Valens and Cecina on the other, in the hall of the Cæsars off that immortal dish, "The Shield of Minerva," which was formed of peacocks' and pheasants' tongues and the roes of the rarest fish, and which, as a British slave who waited whispered to me, cost one thousand sesterces.

It is cheap feeding, for these imaginative meals are merely mental, and cost nothing. Who can stop me feasting with the old epicures who wore the purple, or those purple-faced abbots and pontiffs who insist on ransacking their vast stone cellars for the *Mangiaguerra* or the *Lachryme Christi*? If it is my lordly pleasure now to leave this my arm-chair, and to throw myself on the soft desert sand at the foot of the Pyramids, and there to smoke an imaginary chibouk, and munch imaginary dates, with the three one-eyed calendars, is there any Act of Parliament against it?

To-night I might be going over in a quick dreamship to New Zealand, to eat stewed rats and fern-roots with a Maori chieftain, only I am not; for I am going to Whitehall to dine with Cromwell, the Lord Protector, and her ladyship his amiable wife. Pride and Ireton will be there, and Mr. and Mrs. Claypole, from their hall down in Northamptonshire; a quiet divine or two, and Mr. John Milton, his highness's late secretary, will make up the party.

Joking apart, I mean really what I say, for I have now on my desk before me an old cookery-book, which contains all the receipts used by Lady Elizabeth, the thrifty wife of Cromwell, and has all the Protector's favorite dishes carefully marked by an old servant of the general's. The book was published for Randal Taylor, St. Martin's-le-Grand, 1664, four years after the Restoration. It contains a long and, I believe, strictly truthful account of Cromwell's household and kitchen, sullied here and there by cavalier slander; but the defamation relates to small matters, and there is quite enough to betray a turncoat follower of Cromwell; and I should not be surprised if it was written by an old head cook who had lived at Whitehall during the Protectorate.

But this is not the only charm of this probably unique book (now at the British museum). I hold it interesting as a page of social history, and as showing us exactly what the ordinary diet of English gentlemen was during the reign of Cromwell and the early part of Charles II., before French cooking came more and more into fashion, and before the Dutch king, who brought us many new ways of cooking fish and cheese. Cromwell's book is full of sound, sensible English dishes of the old school; rich, yet simple, are the sauces; and as relishing and savory as good sense and hearty appetite could invent; but not disgracefully extravagant in the Soubise or Richelieu manner—no fowls are killed for their

combs, or joints thrown away for their gravy. The general style of diet seems to us the very model of honest, hearty English cookery, mingled with dutch dishes; and much such a cuisine as prevailed in Shakespeare's time, though without ambergris and such nasty introductions of mediæval times.

The very names of the dishes seem to send up a savory steam. Only listen to them—how full of gravy they seem: "A rare Dutch pudding; a leg of mutton, basted the French way; Scotch collops of veal (this was her ladyship's constant dish); how to souse a pig; a sweet pie, with sweetbreads and sugar; a rare white pot; a citron pudding; liver pudding (hog's liver and rosewater are among the ingredients—whew!); marrow pasties; green sauces; gooseberry creams; how to make a sack posset (good! that sounds Elizabethan); to roast eels; to boil woodcocks (avaunt ye profane!); a Turkish dish of meat (a receipt obtained from some hungry runaway galley-slave, from Tripoli, mayhap); to stew a fillet of beef in the Italian fashion; to make an excellent pottage called skinke; to stew a rump or the fat end of a brisket of beef, in the French fashion; to stew beef in gobbets in the French fashion; stewed collops of beef; to boil a capon with colyflowers; to boil bustard; to boil capon with sugar peas; to make a neat's-tongue pie (how good that sounds—in faith it's music to my ear!) to boil pigeons after the Dutch way; to make a hash of pullet; to carbonade mutton." I must give that last:

"Boil a shoulder of mutton; then scotch it with your knife, and stew on minced thyme and salt, and a little nutmeg. When boiled dish it up. The sauce is claret wine boiled up with two onions, a little samphire, and capers, and a little gravy garnished with lemons."

"Thank you, Captain Cromwell. I think I will." Here the list goes on:

"A way to fry rabbits with sweet sauce; a cordial strengthening broth; a pudding of hog's liver (this was Madame Francis, her delicacy); an eel pie with oysters (very good, Mistress Cromwell); how to pickle up cucumbers; to roast a lamb or kid; how to boil a haunch of venison (oh, that I had the deviser of that dish in a chauldron just boiling!); how to"—mark this, for it sounds Elizabethan—"how to make a venison pasty." Here's a grand dish, too, in the West Indian manner, buccaneer style—"how to bake a pig; to boil seal-lops; to make a warden, or pear pie; to make a double tart; to make an almond tart; white quince cakes; red quince cakes;" and after the roast pig there were cakes and ale to come.

Three of the more singular of the receipts, including the West Indian way of cooking a pig, will not be uninteresting to our readers. But first for the drink of Shakespeare!

"To make a Sack Posset: Set a gallon of milk on the fire, put therein whole cinnamon and large mace. When it boils, stir in half or whole pound of Naples biscuit, grated very small; keeping of it stirring while it boils; then beat eight eggs together, casting of the whites away; beat them well with a ladle-full of milk, then take the milk off the fire and stir in the eggs, then put it on again, but keep it stirring for fear of curdling; then make ready a pint of sack, warming it upon coals with a little rose-water; season your milk with sugar, and pour it into the sack in a large basin; and stir it apace; then strew on a good deal of beaten cinnamon, and so serve it up."

"To bake a Pig: This is an experiment practised by Her at Huntingdon Brew-house, and is a singular and the only way of dressing a pig. Take a good quantity of clay, such as they stop barrels' bungs with, and having molded it, stick your pig, and blood him well, and when he is warm, arm him like a cuirassier, or one of Cromwell's Ironsides, hair, skin, and all (his entrails drawn and belly sewed up again), with this prepared clay thick everywhere; then throw him below the stokehole under the furnace, and there let him

soak; turn him now and then. When the clay is hardened for twelve hours, he is then sufficiently baked; then take him and break off the clay, which easily parts, and you will have a fine crispy coat, and all the juice of the pig in your dish. Remember but to put a few leaves of sage and a little salt in the belly of it, and you need no other sauce. The like you may do with any fowl whatever, for the clay will fetch off and consume the feathers."

One odd feature of this seventeenth-century cookery is, we think, the mixture of incongruous garnishings. For instance, Scotch collops of veal—probably a dish the French brought to Scotland—were stuffed with sausage-meat and oysters; and were to be served with sliced lemons and barberries. Rosemary is used a good deal with the herbs. There are what seem odd ingredients in "A sweet pyc, made of sweetbreads and sugar." There were to be little puddings in layers in this pie, and these puddings were formed of pippins, candied lemon and orange-peel, sliced dates, currants, white sugar, a few caraway seeds, a quarter of a pint of verjuice, the same of rosewater, and a couple of eggs. The mixture of meat and sweets does not, somehow, interest us.

After the same theory, pig's-liver pudding seems to have been made: the grated liver was to be seasoned with salt, cloves, mace, and nutmeg, a penny loaf (grated), a pound of white sugar, a pint of cream, a quarter of a pint of rosewater, and three eggs.

Marrow puddings, again, were half sweetmeat, and consisted of powdered almonds, a little rosewater, a pound of powdered sugar, a grated penny loaf, grated nutmeg, a pint of cream, the contents of two marrow-bones, two grains of ambergris, and a little salt. The skins were then filled, and gently boiled. A green sauce seems to have been made out of sorrel and apples, with vinegar and sugar. Cod's head, too, had rather a curious time of it: in the closed mouth of the fish they placed a quart of oysters, and a bunch of sweet herbs and onions. The sauce was oyster liquor, four anchovies, and a sliced onion, melted together in a pint of white wine. This was poured over the cod's head; a little nutmeg was then grated over the fish, and it was served up, the brims of the dish being garnished with lemon and sliced bay-leaves. Woodcocks and snipes appear to have been often boiled.

Beef, stewed in goblets in the French way, after being prepared, had herbs and claret stirred in for sauce; and was served up, garnished with grapes, barberries, or gooseberries. Cromwell always squeezed an orange over his veal. A rabbit, stuffed with herbs and oysters, sounds good. Broom-buds were, it seems, used for pickles; and fried rabbit, with sweet sauce, was usually served up garnished with flowers.

We conclude our notice of Cromwell's Cookery-Book by an extraordinary receipt for a salad:

"A Grand Sallet: Take a quarter of a pound of raisins of the sun, a quarter of a pound of blanched almonds, a quarter of a pound of capers, a quarter of a pound of olives, the like quantity of samphire, a quarter of a pound of pickle cucumbers, a lemon shred, some pickled French beans, a wax-tree set in the middle of the dish, pasted to the dish, lay all their quarters round the dish (you may also mince the flesh of a roasted hen, with sturgeon and shrimps), and garnish the dish with cut beans and turnips in several figures."

THE BUFFADERO.

ONE of the most remarkable natural fountains in the world is to be seen on the Pacific coast near the little Mexican village of Huatulco, a mere hamlet of fishery, although the government, in its spasmodic way, some few years back, attempted to create a city—the Villa Crespon.

Coasting the shores of this bay, you hear a noise like that of a whale puffing out its stream of water, or at times like the roaring of a bull. You ask, What is it? The reply is, "The Buffadero."

Pushing out in a boat, your curiosity is soon gratified. A rock, rent in several places, rises from a base of two hundred feet to a height of more than a hundred. From an opening in this rock rises majestically, as from the crater of a volcano, a gigantic *jet d'eau* at least one hundred and fifty feet high, which scatters a shower of tiny drops and falls amid the foaming waves.

Above the whole a rainbow ever circles, crowning the spattering mass of water with its heavenly crown.

This scene is witnessed whenever the tide rises, and in stormy weather or under high winds becomes one of the grandest natural spectacles. At low tide you see the cavity, with its tunnel-like aperture above, through which the water is forced, when wave on wave presses in quick succession through the narrowing channel.

TALMA.

On the 1st of Fructidor, the third year of the Republic—or, in more intelligible language, on the 18th of August, 1795, Ducis, the then popular French translator of Shakespeare, wrote to the great tragedian, Talma, as follows, only of course in his own tongue:

"The character of *Macbeth* suits you admirably; you have the true note of passion; you exhibit with equal power remorse and love, virtue and crime. Here is the making of a tragic actor; you may go very far; the spirit of tragedy breathed upon your cradle."

Talma was at this time thirty-two years of age, and he had already obtained considerable distinction; in 1789 he had astonished Paris by his performance of *Charles IX.*, in Chénier's drama of that name; it excited the passions of the audience to the highest pitch, and its representation was attended by political agitation, which extended from the spectators to the players, who beforehand merely troubled with ordinary spites and jealousies, now began to squabble about kings and republics, and the rights and wrongs of men, till the company split into two sections, the one Republican, the other Royalist; and the democratical party, headed by Talma, leaving the Conservatives to carry on their performances as best they might, in the Théâtre de la Nation, established itself in the Salle des Variétés, Rue de la Roi, at the present day restored to its original name of Rue de Richelieu. In this house, well-known to us as the actual Théâtre Français, Talma achieved that long series of triumphs by which his name has become famous among the nations of Europe. Triumph is a word advisedly chosen to describe his successes; for he was a conqueror, not an easy winner.

When he made his first appearance on a public stage in the year 1783, at the Théâtre de Doyan, in the tragedy of "Mahomet," a committee of friends, convened to decide upon his future chances, pronounced that he had absolutely none for a theatrical career; for, said they, what can you hope when the highest inspiration (*feu sacré*) has been denied to you? but it is evident that you are a man of ability, and you may no doubt exercise it with advantage if you take up your father's profession.

The young actor was the son of a French dentist, then established in London; he was born in France, and educated at a French school, but his holidays had been chiefly spent with his father in England. He accepted the decree of the tribunal which sat upon him, and, abandoning the hope of wringing hearts, he turned his attention to extracting teeth. He studied anatomy, worked in hospitals, and set up as a

dentist in Paris. Yet he could not forget that at M. Lamar-guière's school at Chaillot he was distinguished for his dramatic power when only nine years old, and was then continually called upon to act and recite. At that early age, when playing a second part in the tragedy of "*Le Fils de Tamerlane*," he had wept for the woes of the leading character, and the same singular sensibility which was the source of those tears now deeply troubled him when he witnessed a painful operation or was called upon to probe a wound. His emotion on these occasions made it impossible for him to

was over, but his mastery over his nerves was complete so long as it was necessary. He had then that passionate imagination, with the strength to regulate its sway, which is of the utmost importance to a tragic actor. To these qualities the young Talma now began to add the resources of extended knowledge, which it is desirable for every great tragedian to cultivate. He stole hours of leisure for studying history, and he took delight in illustrating the scenes which took his fancy; processions, Roman and Greek, European and barbaric, came to light under his pencil always cor-



THE BUFADERO, OR BULL FOUNTAIN, ON THE WESTERN COAST OF MEXICO.—SEE PAGE 293.

taste food during the whole of the successive day, and his imagination projected before him continual images of suffering and death. Yet he had sufficient self-command to labor with diligence at the work which he abhorred, and he became a successful operator. This is a point which the reader should dwell upon as an indication of that power of physical control which is essential to forcible dramatic representation. Talma, mentally sickened by his surgical tasks, could yet maintain such a command over his hand that its skill was gratefully recognized. The effort prostrated him when it

rectly costumed, and before long he was more learned in ancient lore than in anatomy. His intellect carried him far in every pursuit; but for the stage he had that distinct calling which will not be gainsaid. This was known to several young Parisians of fashion, who frequently invited him to their *salons* to act in amateur plays, where he never failed to make a strong impression. All his acquirements in other directions served only as fuel for the burning flame within him. The impetus could not be arrested, and the emotional poetry of life wholly possessed him. It became as evident



TALMA, THE GREAT TRAGIC ACTOR OF FRANCE.—SEE PAGE 295.

that his imaginative passion must find its expression as that the groaning Vesuvius must have its eruptions, and so in the year 1787, at the age of twenty-four, he came out in tragedy as one of the Société of the Comédie Française. He was much, and perhaps justly, criticised. His voice delighted too much in its own thunder, and his passion was too liberal of its force. The judges said of him, as they had before said of Le Kain, *Il crie*, and the success of the young tragedian was doubtful. Whether from jealousy or disbelief in his powers, the company only assigned third parts to him; this, however, gave him leisure for study; he worked assiduously at the lessons of the Conservatoire under those distinguished teachers Molé and Dugazon, and in all his parts he strove continually to correct his faults; at the same time he went on acquiring daily knowledge in the history of costume, for he knew that he should one day enforce upon the whole company the advantages of adopting it chronologically with exactness and splendor. Hitherto the efforts of Le Kain and Clairon had only produced an occasional hat and feather, turban, long robe, or costly skirt; their kings were of shreds and patches, and their tragedy seemed to be always "giving a rout."

Talma labored hard, also, to regulate his emotion, and he well knew how to concentrate his force when, in the play of "Charles IX.," he bore down upon friends and foes alike with irresistible might, as before mentioned, in 1789. His strong self-assertion was now acknowledged to be something better than arrogance, and from this time, though his genius met with continual and irritating opposition, he never ceased to be great, and he never ceased to improve. He learned the dominion of reserve, and no longer suffered the power of his voice to betray him; his fine organ, his intellect, and his passion were not his only distinguishing qualities; he had, besides, a noble countenance, capable of exhibiting every variety of tragic emotion. He was in the habit of practising these before a glass, and of exercising his action in the same way. He noted the modulations of his voice so carefully that he was able to excite sympathetic tears by the recital of nonsense verses—this is not very surprising when we remember what singers can do with weak words; it is only a slightly different application of the same power.

Talma had one personal disadvantage—it was that of short stature; but his grand deportment, well-chosen costume, and fine action persuaded his spectators that he was tall—a delusion not unfrequently obtained upon the stage. The same was the case with Clairon and Rachel.

To an English artist it may appear surprising that Talma, having made a decided success in the year 1789, and having subsequently played most of the leading characters, of French tragedy, should be addressed in the year 1795 by the poet Ducis with an encouraging presage of future progress: "*Vous pouvez aller bien loin.*"

But in France, art is expectant. If the artist sustains his reputation in a long series of varied performances, he becomes upon each occasion more worthy of attention; more judges assemble to watch him, and consideration grows more wary and circumspect before sentence is pronounced. The personal element enters less into the matter in Paris than in London; that is to say, with the French the art is paramount, and the artist is subservient to it. Therefore, a performer is not liked because he has been liked; on the contrary, his falling off being a greater disappointment, it is the more severely noticed.

The sympathy shown to a favorite performer upon his first entrance on the scene in England by general hand-clappings is not understood at the Théâtre Français. On one occasion one of its most distinguished members said to an English friend: "Do you know that at our inferior playhouses in Paris the audiences actually applaud the performers before they have spoken, and can you conceive such an absurdity?"

"I can," replied his friend, "because in London it is the universal custom to greet the principal players in this manner."

"Indeed!" rejoined the artist, with a slight lift of the shoulders and eyebrows; too courteous to make any further comment.

Under these conditions of art in France, the probability of future progress indicated by Ducis was welcome to Talma, even after six years of distinction. He had played in Racine's, and more particularly in Corneille's, tragedies, so as to invest them with extraordinary interest; his passion grasped all the best qualities of the natural school; his great predecessors had abandoned recitative in verse; he went further, and frequently leaped over his rhymes. Poets proud of their difficult terminations, selected with pain of heart and sweat of brow, were very angry, but Talma followed his own feeling, and he was right. The old classical school kept up a grumbling censure on this point during the greatest part of his career, but he added to his vigorous innovations so much dignity of bearing, and so high a sense of poetical beauty, that, on the whole, conservatism and reform were both satisfied. It was a pity that this two-sided power was not to be found in the government of the nation, as it was in the leader of the Théâtre Français.

Momentous political changes had taken place between the year 1789, the date of the young tragedian's first success, and the year 1795, when Ducis, the translator of Shakespeare, was urging him to new exertions in the part of *Macbeth*. In a singular way Talma's private history was affected by these events. When he broke away from the Théâtre de la Nation, he left there a young Royalist who was very dear to him; this was Madame Petit (*née* Vanhove), an actress of considerable reputation and personal charm. Her loyalty and that of her comrades was shocked by the forced substitution of the words *citoyen* and *citoyenne* for their favorite, long-accustomed *monsieur* and *madame*, and they marked the change with a scornful emphasis.

They also occasionally spoke dialogue, of which the sense was not distinctly Republican, and it therefore seemed to that vigilant body, the Committee of Public Safety, a work of urgent necessity to close the theatre and to imprison the players. Accordingly at night, on the 3d of September, 1793, the actors were carried off from their homes by force to the Madelonnettes, and the actresses to St. Pélagie, where the famous Madame Roland was then awaiting her fate. She saw Madame Petit mount those prison stairs which she was herself soon to descend on her way to the scaffold, and exclaimed, "Oh, how barbarous Frenchmen must have become, if they can think a dungeon the fittest place for so much grace and so much talent!"

The Committee now took the case of the players into grave consideration. Should they be condemned to perpetual exile, or should the guillotine do its short sharp work, and give its prompt answer to a difficulty? Collot d'Herbois an influential member of the Committee, had been an unsuccessful player at Lyons; he was on this account ill disposed towards the distinguished comedians of Paris, and voted that a decree should be passed sentencing the principal players of the company to immediate decapitation, and the rest to that process called deportation, which generally means death in poisonous places.

This suggestion struck the rest of the Committee, who were not in the position of envious rivals, as rather severe; and it was thought necessary to pause before action—the players were popular, and some of the ladies among them were objects of an admiration to which even the idea of patriotism and public safety gave way; so a delay was granted, the result of which was the liberation of the prisoners upon condition that they would abandon the Théâtre de la Nation and join the Republican section which had quarreled with

them: under these circumstances the greater part of them went over to the Théâtre de la République, carrying their properties with them.

Here Robespierre, who had in one of his tirades denounced the Théâtre Français as "the disgusting resort of aristocracy and the insulter of the Revolution," frequently appeared; he was attracted by the irresistible fascination of Madame Petit. Poor Madame Petit was in a position of peril; Robespierre had conceived a passion for her, and Talma loved her; it was difficult to be loved by Talma and to remain indifferent. She was not indifferent; he was the ideal of her imagination and her most dear comrade. M. Petit, a fatherly husband, whom she had married when she was only fifteen, was dead; so far, then, she was free, but Madame Talma was living—she was twenty years older than her husband, and their marriage had never been a happy one; indeed they lived actually apart, although there was no judicial separation. The Revolution had made marriage laws more than easy. Talma entreated Madame Petit to become his wife, and urged his cause with all his fire and eloquence; but she clung to the ideas of the old régime and denied his suit. Talma waited upon her will; Robespierre's eyes were upon them both; he saw where the young widow's preference lay, and his vanity at once concluded this to be the sole cause of her coldness towards himself. To him there was a way always open for conquest: that way was by the Place de Grève, and Talma's name was at once put down upon the list of the condemned. The man whose name was on that list had his head very near the block, and Talma's would have been cut off in the blossom of his youth and fame but for the timely intervention of his tailor, one who made all the fashionable coats of the Reign of Terror, and who was also tailor to Robespierre. This man, one day as he was receiving orders from that dangerous person, made an unfortunate suggestion, "Would not the citizen like to have a short coat à la Talma?" Upon the sound of this name Robespierre was seized with a nervous spasm, which made him look so terrible that the trembling tailor thought he saw before him a tiger about to spring. "Talma, Talma!" growled Robespierre. "I didn't say that; I didn't say that, citizen," cried the wretched tailor, swiftly retreating, and, without staying to take his measure, he fled from the house and ran at full speed to the Rue de la Victoire to tell the doomed tragedian what had occurred. Talma immediately consulted Madame Petit, and she impressed upon him the urgent necessity of absenting himself for the present from her society; after which sensible piece of advice she resolved to seek protection from the party formed in opposition to Robespierre; with this view she paid a visit to an old friend—Madame Cheftel of the Théâtre Français, better known as Mademoiselle Fleury, whose husband's most familiar guests were Danton and Tallien. She was at her own request invited to meet them at dinner, and she spared no effort to make herself agreeable. Effort in this direction was by no means necessary for her, and it is something to say that the exertion she used on this occasion did not interfere with her usual attractions. Tallien was enchanted, and at dessert, addressing her in the tone of gallantry which was the style of that time, he said in tones audible to all present, "Do you know, pretty citizen, that you are denounced by the Committee of Public Safety?" "Oh, citizen, what is this you tell me?" "It is a certain fact; but surely you must be aware of it—that villain Robespierre is in love with you." "How could I guess such a thing, citizen?—but if it is true I implore your assistance to deliver me from this great affliction." "Indeed! do you mean what you say?" "Of course she does," said Danton, in his voice of thunder; "is it possible that so pretty a woman should look favorably upon that reptile—upon that abortion of nature? Poor little thing! Why the bare idea

of it has flushed her face. Don't be so frightened," he added, turning toward her; "you have nothing more to fear, most charming citizen; look upon us as your friends; if you are persecuted I will take you under my protection. If you are threatened, call for Danton."

During the course of the dinner a circumstance, which at any other time would have been insignificant, painfully struck the imagination of the young actress. A fish of uncommon size was one of the dishes, and as it was set down before Danton, its head fell into his plate. "Danton!" exclaimed Tallien, "That is a bad augury." "Not at all," replied Danton; "don't you see that this head falls before me?"

At the end of this dinner Madame Petit judged it prudent to plead indisposition and leave Paris. In those days life was like the last act of a tragedy, crowded with dire events; and before long she returned to her home, upon the news that Robespierre was beheaded; but Danton's head had fallen first.

Not alone Robespierre's menacing passion had determined the temporary retirement of the young actress; her feeling for Talma was another motive. She saw him tortured by his affection for her, and she hoped that a few months of separation might calm his mind, the idea of the formal divorce of his wife being still repugnant to her. Upon her return, however, an incident took place which altered her resolution, which made further resistance impossible, and which satisfied her that their marriage was decreed in heaven.

In a piece written by Collot d'Herbois, where the heroine has to be carried off the stage, the actor to whom this business was intrusted missed his footing, and fell, with Madame Petit in his arms. His whole weight was upon her, and not only was she bruised severely and almost suffocated, but it happened also that a long pin ran right into her breast. The accident was a serious one, and the sufferer was carried to her dressing-room, while doctors and surgeons were immediately summoned to the spot, and the whole theatre was in commotion, for the actress was a general favorite. The doctors, consulting, said the wound did not bleed freely as it ought; and one among them, raising his voice to silence the general agitation, said:

"The wound must be sucked; it is the only way to avert a fatal end, and there must be no delay. Talma, I think you will not refuse this office; her life must be saved."

Talma, pale before, turned crimson as he rushed forward to obey the doctor's bidding. He was the saviour of the life he loved.

After this event the feeling became general that the marriage must take place, and, accordingly, the first wife was duly divorced, and these two were married on the 16th of June, 1802. Some happy years followed their union; but Talma was a man to whom enduring domestic peace was an impossibility. Excitement seemed a necessity for him; he plunged into it to get outside of his own mind, which teemed with painful images. There were days on which he surveyed his wife with evident distress. On one occasion he told her that, though he knew she was beautiful, he looked for her beauty in vain—he could see only her skeleton. This idea frequently possessed him; he saw death, skulls, dust, bones, and worms while he sat among his living friends.

Some ascribed these hauntings of his imagination to his early residence in the climate of London; others, to the anatomical studies of his youth. He sometimes rushed from them to the gaming-table, but it was only in the pursuit of his art that he ever really found rest. Here, always vigilant, always sober, he exercised his great faculties with unceasing delight. His whole spirit was subdued to the will of his muse, and so long as he was actually studying a part he was completely under the dominion of his judgment. He and

his wife worked and acted for a long period harmoniously together—in the tragedies of "Œdipe," "Othello," "Agamemnon," and "Andromaque," they were especially successful.

Talma had in him that combination of the highest qualities of art with far-reaching and exalted passion, which justifies the use of the word sublime—a great word made so ridiculous by frequent misapplication as to be a terror to a conscientious writer. It is nevertheless true that this word best concentrates the force and majesty of Talma, to which the grace and pathos of his wife made a delightful accompaniment. They were the objects of many ovations, they were overwhelmed with engagements, poets addressed enthusiastic strophes to them, crowded houses rejoiced at their union, and managers in the principal towns of Holland and Belgium put down large sums to engage their services; but the Théâtre Français remonstrated, and said, "We cannot do without you."

There is a phrase in the French language, become too common now, which was invented for Madame Talma. A critic, trying to convey an idea of the emotion she excited, found this expression: "*Elle a des larmes dans la voix.*" It has become popular as a fashion of describing tenderness, and not unfrequently British novelists bestow such a grace upon their heroines and talk of tears in the voice, but it would be well to leave the distinction to its first owner; and even with regard to her, or to any actress equally sympathetic, it requires explanation. It must not be supposed to mean a weeping voice, but a voice whose tones alone, without further effort on the part of the artist, could produce weeping in others. Actual weeping should be rare on the stage, and when an actress thinks that her audience will cry because she herself cries, she is greatly mistaken. Only in exceptional cases are tearful tones sympathetic. A crying voice is generally nasal—the nose is pinched, the passage of the voice from the chest is obstructed, and the whole effect is eminently disagreeable.

Some readers may perhaps be disposed to ascribe Madame Talma's singular influence to the divine gift of such a voice, and it is true that so capable an instrument is a precious endowment for a player; but it is also true that the power she acquired over this instrument was the result of great vigilance and labor. She has left to posterity a volume containing an exact account of her work, and of the effects produced by it, some portions of which may be extracted in these pages; but any one interested in dramatic art should determine to possess the book itself, for it is full of valuable information and penetration, conveyed with ease and simplicity.

One of Madame Talma's favorite exercises was the ejaculation of the monosyllable "Ah!" with an infinite variety of notes to affect the mind of the hearer in different ways. She used to shut herself up in her room and imagine situations of horror or affliction, in which she was herself the principal. She was sometimes about to be dragged to the guillotine, or her children were being torn from her, or she was deserted by her husband, a prey to jealous anguish; her emotion never failed to follow these fancies, and her exclamations were sometimes so agonizing, that the reflection of them back upon herself almost exhausted her consciousness. Her expression was purposely confined to the simple ejaculation "Ah!" for she thought it desirable to acquire a complete command of tones before practising more complex forms of meaning shaped into words. Another of her exercises consisted in the various utterances of the short, seemingly insignificant sentence of "*Bonjour, monsieur.*" She used to imagine a quarrel with a friend, and then a constrained meeting, all which her "*Bonjour, monsieur*" should indicate; or a concealed disgust, or a hidden passion, or a cold disdain; and these phrases she repeated till she was

certain that they must convey the intended feeling to any hearer of average sensibility.

Here is an example of that patience of genius which Carlyle has spoken of as its very essence. There are probably many young people entered or entering upon the stage, and believing themselves clever, who will laugh at the idea of these solitary, arduous efforts of Madame Talma's; they will say, "How ridiculous to imagine yourself being dragged to the guillotine; how absurd to spend hours in giving expression to such a phrase as '*Bonjour, monsieur*';" and no doubt if the great artist were living still, as her reputation is, these persons would proceed to "quiz her" according to their own notions. They might do that, and she, certain of her art, might advance with her modest dignity to the centre of the stage, face her audience, speak a few appealing words in her tender, faultless articulation, and meet the answer of fast-falling tears from every man and every woman present; for she never failed to reach the hearts of her hearers.

The feeling with which she went through the self-imposed tasks here mentioned has been described by Macready as "induced feeling," and Madame Talma gives a careful analysis of this kind of emotion and of the qualities required to support it. "In what," says she, "does dramatic impulse (*erve théâtrale*) consist? Can it be acquired by assiduous endeavor? I am forced to admit that study, a determined will, and even the utmost perseverance, will do nothing if nature does not second you. It is possible to be an intelligent, a meritorious, and a justly-applauded artist, and yet never to command that dramatic impulse which can intoxicate, which can transport, which can dominate an audience. The divine spark (*feu sacré*), the dramatic impulse" (words which I look on as synonymous), "are nothing less than a fever, a vibration of the nerves, a kind of malady favorable to the person who is possessed by it." She goes on to say that great labor on the part of the artist is required to regulate this state of exaltation, and to master completely the gradations of passion, till by restraint in some passages he can in others command that prodigious force which deserves to be called sublime.

No tragedian ever acquired a more supreme command over the fire that raged within him than Talma. Yet Talma himself—the great Talma—his widow tells us, had an extraordinary difficulty in exerting this empire over himself on first nights, especially when he played a part belonging to the classical *répertoire*; he could then scarcely control his alarm, his trepidation, his extreme agitation. But the first representation once over, his presence of mind returned to him, and he then arranged his effects with precision and certainty, so that he could unfailingly reproduce them, and whatever part he played, he seemed always to overtop it.

Madame Talma warns young players against too much faith in tradition—a warning not at all needed in this country, where we have no dramatic tradition; and perhaps not much required at the present day in France, where there exists, even at the Théâtre Français, a more general disposition to rush into the affected negligence of a new school, than to contemplate with admiration the great models of the past. Admiration, however, is well fitted to raise the mind of the artist, and when Madame Talma deprecates tradition, her intention is merely to put down direct imitation, which she justly holds to be fatal to the progress of art. Talma used to feel almost paralysed in certain passages which the genius of Le Kain seemed to have appropriated. The character of *Orsmane* in "*Zaire*" was antipathetic to him for this reason: at the famous line, "*Zaire, vous pleurez,*" he used to sweat drops of agony, and yet missed his effect, impeded by the knowledge of what Le Kain before him had done with these words. In the part of *Othello*, where a similar passion works, but in which he had no traditions to interfere with him, he had his audience completely under his sway.



MADAME TALLIEN.

He was a subtle thinker, and introduced many new ways into old characters, not in order to have it said "Talma is original," but because the changes were evidently right. A good instance of this is afforded by his delivery of the well-known speech in "*Œdipe*":

"J'étais jeune et superbe et nourri dans un rang
Où l'on pulsa toujours l'orgueil avec le sang,"

which his predecessors used to say in a grand manner, with

swelling pride, but which he, looking further, gave with a totally opposite expression; meditating on the preceding and succeeding lines, he felt that *Œdipe* at this moment is very far from boasting of his advantages; that, on the contrary, he is deploring the errors of his youth, and lamenting his love for what is worthless. He gave the lines, therefore, with an air of self-abasement, and he seemed to reproach himself as he spoke; this version was at once accepted as

true, and is generally admitted now as the just interpretation of the poet's meaning.

In the Emperor Napoleon I. Talma had an affectionate and constant supporter. When Buonaparte was a lieutenant of artillery they were warm friends. Talma never abused this friendship, and the First Consul and the Emperor were no less devoted to him than the little officer of the Republic. But while the imperial favor was undoubtedly of use to the tragedian in a worldly point of view, it was dangerous in a moral one. It inspired him with new cravings after luxury, glory, and violent emotions; and being surrounded in the imperial circles by beautiful women, who, excited by his genius and distinction, were ready to fling themselves into his arms, he yielded to this fascination, and became "*un homme à bonnes fortunes*." If, however, Talma was guilty of neglecting his domestic ties, he was still faithful to his art; his devotion to it suffered no change, and was rewarded by the homage not merely of his own countrymen, but of all nations; artists and peasants, princes and poets, young women and old men, were all equally enthralled by him. John Kemble and Macready were both very much his admirers and friends. Macready's record of his acting, published in his "*Reminiscences*," may be quoted here; for probably there is no other English account of it so forcible as this. "*Sylla*," by Jouy, was the tragedy in which Talma was acting, and Macready says:

"His entry on the stage in the dignified ease of his deportment bespoke a consciousness of power that arrested at once the attention and interest of the beholder. In his attitudes and manners there was nothing of the rigidity and visible preparation of Kemble, his address was that of one to whom the tone of command was too familiar to need strain or effort. His pride, too lofty to be betrayed into violence, displayed itself in his calm disdain of the Romans déguisés. To the dependent kings, the mutinous people, or the infuriated Valerie, he preserved the same unperturbed demeanor. . . . It was only when arraigned at the bar of his own conscience that he appeared to feel and confessed the insufficiency of greatness to give peace. In the disturbed sleep, haunted by the visions of his slaughtered victims, which followed his soliloquy, he awed the audience into a death-like stillness . . . and his dignified utterance of the line—

'J'ai gouverné sans peur et j'abdique sans crainte'

was a fitting climax to the character so nobly and consistently maintained."

The great English tragedian saw with the eye of an artist and of a passionate student the extraordinary power and the perfect skill of Talma; to his testimony may be added that of a lady well-known for her penetrating and much cultured intellect, who writes in a letter to a friend about this same representation of "*Sylla*" in the following words:

"I can never forget his delivery of two or three lines in speaking of his dealing with the Romans:

'Je les ai jugés sans haine ainsi que sans pitié.'

Again, at his abdication, I make bold to say that no person of feeling who heard it can ever forget his delivery of

'J'ai gouverné sans peur et j'abdique sans crainte.'

"Though it was not emotional or loud, the emphatic, cold, incisive dignity of it was so great that I, a girl then not seventeen, found myself standing up with tears running down my face, and people round me in the same condition."

It is remarkable that Talma's passion not only invested his own poets with a vitality which made them live for all nationalities, but that he was able to play Shakespeare, fettered as it was by the rhymed translation and absurd alterations of Ducis, in a manner which reached the heart of Englishmen; there are those who even now turn cold at the recollection of his look in *Hamlet* when he came upon the stage after a dream of his father's ghost; and his *Macbeth*

and *Othello* were by all critics, whether foreign or French, looked upon as masterpieces. He had the advantage of knowing English as well as his own tongue, and besides this he had a powerful intellect. He was with such means at his command able to penetrate the inmost thoughts of the poet; his glowing imagination supplied the great spirit, and rushed through the boundaries of frigid words.

Whatever the demerits of Ducis' translations, some respect is due to them, for the French, chained to academical rules, were not then in a condition to taste Shakespeare in his native force. He had to be cooked for the Parisian palate; offered thus under the auspices of Talma, the people became conscious of a new intellectual food, and they were led on by degrees till, in the year 1830, Shakespeare's name was enrolled on their banners as the chief of poets, and the young Victor Hugo challenged to mortal combat the whole French classical school with the name of the great English dramatist for his war-cry. The reason why no play of Shakespeare is now attempted at the Français is this, that the artists have a strong sense of the deficiencies of all French translations hitherto published. Their feeling of poetical beauty rejects a bald, a weak, or a rough translation; and this being the case, it is difficult to imagine that the Shakespearian drama will ever be acted in the French tongue. The difficulty of a satisfactory translation of the one language into the other is apparently invincible. What French play has ever been rendered in English without being, if not vulgarized, at least *coarsified*? What English poem has ever been done into French, without being weakened? And this is true of prose as well as of poetry; although not in an equal degree. It is then a proper respect, and not a contempt, for Shakespeare, which, for a time, determined the company of the Théâtre Français to abstain from his plays. Perhaps if another Talma appeared they might give way; but no other Talma will ever come, for genius does not repeat itself in form—it takes new shapes, and leaves the images of the past to the reverence of memory.

This reverence grows when the object of it is removed, and no longer capable of exciting jealous fear and its attendant hatred; let no living actor imagine that any one of the great gone-by has ever won the imperishable wreath without unflagging opposition. Talma, after those early days when he was cast for third parts, after he had obtained his most signal victories, was still the subject of continual attack from the critics of the press, one of whom, Geoffroy, a distinguished writer, by his persevering enmity, incensed the actor to such a degree that he, on one occasion, forgot his own dignity, and entering the critic's box at the theatre, struck him with his fist, saying, "*Ah, te voilà, je t'ai cherché!*" A scuffle ensued, and the two had to be forcibly separated by their friends. This was the only time in his life that Talma was betrayed into any outburst of passion off the stage. As an actor, the faults with which he was charged were sounds in his voice of such depth that they seemed to proceed from a cavern, and alternations too sudden from tones so low as to be hardly audible, to vehement shouts of exultation.

The poet Le Brun, comparing Le Kain and Talma, says that Talma, more supple and less robust, had rather the passion of the tiger, and Le Kain that of the lion. This was probably intended as a disparagement to Talma, but it has no significance now, when the two men stand side by side equally honored by all who esteem great art.

Geoffroy was connected with an actress named Volnais, whom he wished to see in Madame Talma's place, and though he censured Talma with sufficient severity, Madame was the object of his special detestation.

Partly influenced by this critic, and partly by a fancy of his own, Napoleon withdrew his favor from the wife, and actually forbade her from appearing before the *parterre des rois* at Erfurth, to whom it was his pride to see Talma play.

That parterre was blown to the winds, and Napoleon's sun was setting at St. Helena, when Madame Talma, still in the fullness of her remarkable powers, retired from the stage, on the 20th of July, 1816. Her domestic life was troubled, and the pursuit of her art even had been embittered to her. Her farewell to the stage was, however, a subject of regret to all Paris, and in her retirement she commanded general respect and sympathy. She devoted herself to literature, which she had always assiduously cultivated, but among her writings the only volume which is valuable to posterity is that of her "*Etudes sur l'Art Théâtral*," published in Paris in 1853.

Talma died at the very climax of his fame, in the year 1826, at the age of sixty-three. He had by that time acted down antagonism; all Paris attended his funeral, many orations were spoken over his grave, and tears watered the flowers with which it was covered. His widow in due time married the Vicomte de Chalot, a Belgian gentleman, whose social gatherings under her auspices were remarkable for good taste and intellectual culture.

M. Guillard, the present librarian to the Théâtre Français, remembers Madame de Chalot, who was fond of visiting her old haunts, as a "*vieille femme charmante*," but without a trace of her former beauty, with "*la figure toute ratatinée*," yet full of life and spirit, with a fund of interesting anecdotes.

Those writers who pretended that Talma was upheld only by the favor of the emperor, were answered at the time of Napoleon's downfall, when the great tragedian still held his own. The same actor could move a Bourbon, a Bonaparte, and a Vergniaud.

Under the Girondins, in the Reign of Terror, during the Empire, and at the Restoration, Talma still firmly held those heights which his genius had won, though every inch of his ground was disputed, and his position was continually assailed, often with talent, and always with malignity. The turbulence and rapid revolutions of his time so far affected his art that they influenced his mind, but his performances went on the same through all changes; on one occasion, appealing to the public when there was a violent demonstration made against him by a section in the pit, he said: "Citizens, I have lost all my friends upon the scaffold!" This was on the 21st of March, 1795. His words were true, and theyaved the house into silence.

The Girondins had been the great actor's first friends. They were all swept away. It was at a social meeting with some of the leaders of that party that he first conceived the idea of making stage monarchs speak like living men. He completed the reforms begun by the famous Baron, and gave ample freedom to tragedy. In the character of *Orestes*, and in others where an immense passion was to be expressed, he dared to utter inarticulate cries, but he distributed them with careful thought; he was exact as to the how and the where. Self-command, an exalted imagination, an educated and comprehensive intellect, with an unalterable belief in himself, distinguished him as an artist, and to these qualities he added physical strength.

HAWKING.

[Suggested by Monginot's picture, "After the Hunt."]

It is amusing what importance the pleasures of the great acquired in the olden time. England and France try to keep up some of the old spirit of the chase; but in these days of railroad and printing-presses, field sports sink by their own weight. It is as impossible to save them from extinction as it would be to drive steam out of modern works.

Yet, what an institution Hawking was! Under Louis XIV., the Grand Falconer took his oath in the hands of the king. He controlled royal forests, named to a host of minor

offices, sent yearly certain birds to neighboring monarchs, received the birds sent in state by the Grand Master of Malta; and, of course, when majesty galloped out to hawk, this exalted officer had the right to place the bird on the royal wrist, and to present to him the head of the quarry struck by the royal bird.

The sport, as a royal one, dates from the thirteenth century. It was in its height during the Middle Ages. At the beginning of the last century it fell into disuse, and, like many other usages of the past, was swept away forever in the shock caused to Europe by the French Revolution. The birds used in hawking were high-flyers, such as the eagle and falcon, which soared above their quarry with proud head and eye, and then pounced down with deadly beak and talon. The heron, kite, and hare, sometimes the fox and gazelle, were their sport. These were held by a lure; those carried on the hand, as the sparrow-hawk, flew low and with the wind, and lacked the fine wing, the curved beak, the black eye of the nobler birds.

The bird even showed rank. To be seen bearing a hawk stamped one as of gentle birth. The gyrfalcon was appropriated to the king; the falcon-gentil to a prince; the falcon of the rock to a duke; the merlin to a lady. A yeoman could not presume to go higher than a goshawk.

Gentlemen rarely appeared in public without a hawk on the wrist, and they are constantly thus represented in portraits. In the fifteenth century they were even taken into church by their owners. When thus carried, the bird was hooded with a cap of leather or velvet surmounted by a tuft of feathers.

The great authority on the subject in England was the work of Dame Juliana Berners, whose rules for the difficult training and use of the birds were decisive.

In the houses of princes the hawks were under the care of pages, youths of the noblest families; and a scene such as Monginot draws was not uncommon. The two youths are evidently impressed with the importance of their office. The birds, who have evidently well earned their meal, are gathering to receive the delicate slices of beef, mutton, or pork, well cleared of fat or sinew, which are royally presented on a metal dish. The quarry, proof of their skill, lies at the foot of the castle steps, to be taken in when the birds have been fed. A young deer, wild geese and ducks, a pheasant, would do well for a morning's hawking.

HEDGE COURT.



It was a fine old place, with an aristocratic air about it that one felt without understanding as soon as the first turret appeared in sight. The grounds were extensive, and so artistically cared for and cultivated, that they had become as a matter of curiosity as well as interest. I had visited for some time in the neighborhood of Hedgecourt, and the gardener at the western gate had come to know my face so well that he always greeted my appearance with a kind "Good-day, miss; hope you will have a pleasant ramble;" and his wishes were always verified; for, of all the lonely, romantic spots on the face of the earth, Hedgecourt Woods took the lead.

It was seldom I ever approached the house; but one morning, rambling nearer than I intended, my attention was attracted by the sound of a girlish voice, and, looking up, I beheld a dazzlingly beautiful young lady, dressed in a green cloth riding-habit, and black velvet hat, with long, graceful ostrich feathers, standing by the side of a noble-looking horse, apparently endeavoring to coax him into mounting submission.



"AFTER THE HUNT."—FROM THE PAINTING BY MONGINOT.—SEE PAGE 303.



HEDGE COURT.—"I WAS VERY MUCH ENGROSSED WITH MY THOUGHTS, WHEN MY ATTENTION WAS AGAIN ATTRACTED, THIS TIME TO A YOUNG MAN LYING FLAT ON HIS BACK, TO ALL APPEARANCES FAST ASLEEP."—SEE PAGE 303.

"What are you trying to do with that horse, Queen?" came in angry tones from the piazza; and, looking out from my green-leaved hiding-place, I saw an old gentleman rise from a huge arm-chair, and limp along to the scene of action. My first thought was of Bluebeard, such a cross, strange-looking old fellow was he, and I found myself wondering what possible relation he could sustain to the bright, sweet-faced little fairy, just then so busy trying to conciliate the splendid animal by her side.

"I'm whispering to Duke, and telling him if he will mind his P's and Q's, and promise not to break my neck, he shall have a whole saucer-full of sugar when we get back; and he says he will, pa, so I'm off."

"Queen, don't you mount that horse to-day. I tell you he's got the demon in him," interrupted the old man, limping a step or two nearer; but his words of command made no impression. With a light bound, Miss Queen was in her seat, and throwing a grimace in the parental direction, said:

"I have become so accustomed to his Satanic Majesty, that when he comes in the shape of a brute I am not in the least afraid of him;" and with these words, evidently pregnant with meaning, the minx galloped away. The old gentleman resumed his seat, and I resumed my walk.

I like mysteries, and there was enough here to furnish me with food for contemplation for an unlimited period. I

might have been talking to myself about this queer little episode—at any rate, I was very much engrossed with my thoughts—when my attention was again attracted, this time to a young man lying flat on his back, to all appearance fast asleep; but as I attempted to pass without awakening him, he sprang to his feet, and said, earnestly:

"I beg your pardon, miss; I didn't know as there were any visitors in the park to-day," and, picking up his hat and book, strode hastily away.

"A fine-looking man!" was my mental critique of the gentleman's *personnel*. I noticed that he was tall and slight, that his features were good, and his hair worn quite long, and inclined to curl. He might have been twenty-five or thirty-five, for all the information of this kind one could gather from his face.

A day or two after the above episodes, I found by a morning paper that the services of a lady music-teacher were required at Hedgecourt—that said teacher must have the best of references, and come prepared to live with her pupil during the course of instruction. I knew that old Captain Heatherstone (you see I had made some inquiries about the family since that morning) had written this advertisement. I knew it from its imperious, dictatorial tone, but prepared to answer it in person, notwithstanding its unnecessary and very suggestive sternness.

Music-teaching was my profession. I had been for a long time idle, and was now prepared to go to work in earnest. If the terms suited me, Hedgecourt would do as well as anywhere else. So, on presenting myself at the house, I was, as I had anticipated, immediately ushered into the presence of the lord of the manor.

"Come in answer to the advertisement, I suppose, miss?" was the first question, without a "good-day," or "pray be seated," or anything of the kind. "Where are your references?" Which I produced, and he carefully examined. "These read very well," he replied, and then proceeded to the financial part of the business. The terms mentioned were more than satisfactory, but the hardest part was to come.

A servant was ordered to show me to the music-parlor where my skill was to be exhibited, and Harry (who under the sun Harry was, I had no conception, unless, indeed, it was the handsome fellow I had accidentally stumbled upon in the park, and the very thought of this set me in a cold perspiration) was sent for to decide upon my fitness for the position I had applied for. My first thought was to walk straight out of the hall-door, and let the proprietor of Hedgecourt find another music-teacher; but common sense triumphed, and as coolly as possible I waited the arrival of the gentleman who was to pass upon my musical ability.

He lounged into the room. (Sure enough "Harry" was the same individual whose day-dream I had so inadvertently disturbed.) The old man hobbled in after him, and said:

"I have brought you down, Harry, to hear this young woman play. Queen has cut up so about her teacher that I was obliged to give him his walking papers. I thought I'd try a woman this time, and see how that would work."

Not a word of introduction. I stood trembling and blushing, too mortified to glance even at my companion, and I scarcely know what the result would have been had not the young man relieved my embarrassment by saying:

"But, Cousin Heatherstone, you haven't even told me the young lady's name."

"It's Lester, I believe—Miss Lester. Mr. Stafford—Miss Lester!" and, with a grunt of relief, the old bear dropped into a seat. Just then I heard a light step approaching, and, looking up, recognized my young equestrienne of a day or two previous.

"Now, this is too bad," said she, advancing to my side, and extending her little jeweled hand very cordially. "I saw you come in, and understood just what you were here for; but I was dressing, and have hurried myself almost out of my wits to spare you this mortification. And now, Miss Lester—I heard pa mention the name as I crossed the threshold—you will just please come to my room, and tell me whether you think you can like us well enough to remain."

"But—" I commenced to say, when she interrupted me with:

"But there are no buts in the case. I shouldn't like to be stuck up on exhibition the first time I entered a house, and for that reason I don't mean you shall be. It is too bad, Harry," with a little mocking laugh, "that your anticipated musical criticism should be spoiled; but just call in the old cat, and set her to mewing. She'll do just as well to practice on."

I saw at once that it was no use to oppose this sovereign will—saw, too, that, however much she might be ruled in large matters, in small ones she carried everything by storm. So I followed my leader without a word, and was shortly after domiciled in the young lady's private sitting-room.

"There," said she, after removing my hat and shawl, "I'll order some lunch to be sent up here, and we will have a real nice talk"—and so we did. A half-hour sufficed to put me in possession of everything worth knowing about this most

remarkable family. "Harry" was Queen's intended—they were second-cousins—and their wedding was to take place in a year. They had been betrothed ever since Queen's birth, at the request of the girl's mother, who, for reasons Queen did not understand, felt herself under some obligations to the parents of the young gentleman.

"Oh!" said the beautiful girl, with a sigh, "it's a horrible mess, any way you look at it. I hate him, and he hates me; in short, we hate each other cordially. This is all there is about it. I have one year's grace, and, during this time, although compelled to do some hard studying, I intend to show my intended husband the kind of metal I am composed of, and if this don't sicken him, nothing will."

"But," I ventured to suggest, "if your father knows that you really dislike each other, how can he insist upon your marriage?"

"Oh, my dear," she replied, wearily, "I believe it to be a question of money. From the beginning of my life, I have never heard anything but money, money, money. The fortunes must be kept in the family; and, should we oppose this arrangement, we will both of us be left as poor as church-mice. I shouldn't care for myself—but it would be simply horrible for Harry to be disinherited. Oh! how I wish I was in your place—in possession of my freedom, with ability enough to earn my living!" and the poor child burst into tears, and walked crazily up and down the apartment.

"Does he know how you feel?" I asked.

"He? Harry? Yes—why, of course," she answered, stopping short in the midst of her walk. "All the comfort we take is comparing notes, to see which is the most miserable, and devising ways and means to make pa uncomfortable."

At this juncture lunch was brought in; and with a world of sympathy in my heart for my little companion, I promised to try the position for three months, and see what could be done with it.

Three months! A great deal can be done in three months, as everybody knows who has drank off the froth from the cup of life, and tasted the concentrated draught that lies beneath. Everything went on well at Hedgecourt—more than well, everything was charming. Queen, so capricious, so full of hauteur, so untamable, was as gentle and sweet with me as if she were incapable of anything but gentleness. She put me in the place of the mother she had never known, the sister she had always longed for, and poured into my lonely life the wealth of her pent-up, passionate nature. We were singularly happy in thus giving and receiving, and in the tender atmosphere that seemed to pervade the house, even Captain Heatherstone softened perceptibly. Harry was our constant companion out of study-hours, and, indeed, he was often in the library, lounging in an alcove, pretending to read, while Queen was taking her music-lesson, and neither of us minded him; so were we all *en rapport* with each other.

We were all in the park one morning, enjoying to the full the delicious air and sunshine. Queen and I had seated ourselves under an immense maple, and Harry was a few yards off, lying on his back, reading Tennyson.

"I don't know what ails us all," said Queen, confidentially, slipping her little hand into mine. "We are just as happy as birds or kittens. If things could go on this way, and I never need think of marrying Harry, I should be the blessedest girl in the universe. I don't see why people ever need to get married, and spoil everything."

"Marrying Harry?" Why did these words thrill so strangely the chords of my inmost soul—chords that I little understood, and of whose presence I had never been aware? What was it to me how soon Queen married Harry, if she could be reconciled to the event? She had never mentioned the subject since the first day at Hedgecourt, and I

had not seriously thought of it in our harmonious life. Harry caught her last words, and springing to his feet, sauntered up to us, in his lazy fashion.

"What's that, Queen, you were saying?"

"I was saying that if we could always live in this delightful manner, and have no marrying or giving in marriage, we could easily imagine ourselves in heaven."

"And, pray, what put marriage into your head this exquisite day? And why must you spoil the most perfect morning of my life with talking about it!" and the imperturbable Harry walked off in a state of bearishness perfectly incomprehensible to poor Queen.

"Oh, dear!" sighed she; "if it turns out that Harry is ill-tempered, there's no hope for me. His amiable disposition has made me think that it might be possible to get on together without much love; but how horrible cross he is this morning! Oh, Miss Lester, what a dreadful thing it must be, anyway, to always live with a man, and be bound to him, in spite of all your wishes to the contrary, in case you should wish to get away, you know! Well, I'll have my own way, or there won't be much peace in the house, I'll assure you that, Mr. Harry."

"Now, Queen, you are ill-natured," said I, seeing for the first time in weeks the flashing of the old insubordinate spirit.

"I don't care; I can't help it. It makes me bad, the thought of this marriage. I don't believe it is right. I never thought much about it before; but it can't be right to make such sacred vows to one's cousin, who seems just like one's brother, and is no lover at all. Now, is it right, Miss Lester?"

"Darling," said I, swallowing a sob, though I couldn't tell why I should feel such emotion, "it isn't for me to decide for you. You must let your own heart tell you what to do."

"But my own heart does tell me that I never ought to marry my cousin; it doesn't tell me, though, what I ought to do. Ought I to obey my father, or say I will not marry without love, whatever the consequences may be? Tell me, Miss Lester, dear friend—tell me what to do."

"Tell us both what to do, Miss Lester, dear friend," said Harry, suddenly appearing. "I am in deeper trouble than little Queen, for I love another. Don't look so surprised, Queen—it is true. I have already played you false; and thank God that my heart spoke before its voice could perjure me more deeply."

"I can tell neither of you what to do," said I, with sudden coldness; "only, you had better inform Captain Heatherstone of the situation as speedily as possible. It doesn't seem to me desirable to deceive him any longer."

I started for the house. Queen caught at my dress, to detain me, and Harry called after me, in tones of entreaty; but I did not turn or slacken my pace till I was safe in my room.

Then I locked the door, and sat down to think.

I loved this man! Yes, I loved him. I would not spare my heart. It should tell in words the wretched secret that it had been so deftly hiding—hiding so securely that I had not guessed it. Harry Stafford loved somebody else, and I loved him, and Captain Heatherstone meant that he should be married to his daughter. Great interests depended upon it, and the old man would be insane with anger if he knew. What a miserable complication! What could either of these two children do without a penny?—for Harry probably loved somebody as poor as himself.

I had reached this point in my meditations, when there was a series of loud, impatient raps on my door, and Queen's voice fairly shrieked:

"Let me in! let me in! I won't go away till you do, if I pound all day!"

I opened the door, and the child threw herself into my

arms, quite out of breath, and between gasps and sobs and laughter, she at last managed to ejaculate:

"He loves you! Oh, Miss Lester! dear Miss Lester! he loves you! Harry loves you, do you hear?"

"Should think she might hear, if she's got any ears!" said a terrible voice in the entry. "Who is it Harry loves? What's all this nonsense about? Out with it, girl!"

Queen had left the door wide open, and the old man walked deliberately in, and seated himself in my armchair.

"Oh, papa! don't be so dreadful. Harry loves Miss Lester. Don't look so; she isn't to blame."

"I'm not to blame," said I, thoroughly roused; "and I leave this house to-morrow morning. I shall not stand between you and your wishes, Captain Heatherstone."

"Harry! Harry! Harry!" screamed Queen, "come up here! Miss Lester says she'll leave the house. Oh, Harry! do something—say something to papa."

Harry came up the stairs, three steps at a time.

"Captain Heatherstone," said he, with great coolness and dignity (he seemed to have grown from a boy to a man in the last hour), "I love Miss Lester, and I positively refuse to marry your daughter. I have never spoken one word of love to the lady in question, and am in utter ignorance of her feelings toward me. You shall not do her injustice, whatever you may think of me."

"You are all fools. Do you know that the estate upon which you are living now goes out of this family at my death unless you, Harry Stafford, marry my daughter? If you persist in this mad decision, you are both beggars at my death, and up to that time dependent upon me."

"Not beggars," said Harry, proudly, "while I have this strong right arm."

"Stuff! nonsense! We shall see what your right arm will do. Queen, do you agree to this insane proceeding?"

"Yes, papa, with all my heart. I never wanted to marry Harry, and now I will not."

Captain Heatherstone was silent. He rose, with a gesture of despairing resignation that touched us all.

"Dear papa, don't be angry! We can't help it. We—"

"Go away, child—I wish to be alone!" said the old man, as he went unsteadily from the room.

We looked at each other in a sort of consternation. But that feeling soon gave way to the sense of relief, and in a moment Harry had my hands in his, and was pouring out a passionate story of love. Queen had slipped out, and we were alone. I need not tell you how it all ended. Captain Heatherstone yielded to the inevitable, and Harry began studying law. I kept on with Queen till she was sent to Paris for a year's finish, and then I went to my dear old aunt's, to "get ready."

Harry and I have been married a year now, and I was stirred up to tell all this by a walk that I have just had in Hedgecourt, and a delightful talk under the veritable maple where our troubles and our joys began.

Queen is the same Queen, only she is in love and desperately, too, as becomes Queen; and her lover is rich; so there was no great harm done, after all.

SUFFERING.—Suffering comes to us through and from our whole nature. It cannot be winked out of sight. It cannot be thrust into a subordinate place in the picture of human life. It is the chief burden of history. It is the solemn theme of one of the highest departments of literature—the tragic drama. It gives to fictions their deep interest; it wails through much of our poetry. A large part of human vocations are intended to shut up some of its avenues. It has left traces on every human countenance over which years have passed. It is to not a few the most vivid recollection of life.



PEARL ISLAND.

BY MAUD I. CRIMSON.

THE isle of Pearl! the isle of Pearl!
That sleeps within the placid West,
How beautiful in its rounded shape—
How perfect seems its rest.

Oft in my dreams this isle of Pearl
Hath loomed in beauty on my sight,
And silvered o'er with magic rays
The sky of Fancy's night.

Oft have I sailed in fairy boat
Around its shores, the blue sea through,
And woke, in sorrowed thought, to find
My giddy dream untrue.

And oft I think, as twilight falls
In crimson curtains down the West,
I hear the thrilling strains that float
From out this isle of rest.

I long to live with those who dwell
Upon this little isle of Pearl,
I'd lie with them in coral caves,
And watch the blue seas curl.

And fancies, charged with rapture's fire,
Before my mental sight should roll;
Oh, what a depth of gleaming thought
Would fill my uncurbed soul!

But I can only note afar,
The glistening of its silver strand,
And wonder mutely, oft and oft,
If that's Utopian land.

I sigh and slowly turn away—
Oh! would I might such heights attain!
How many sinful souls of earth
Take up this sad refrain.

Oh, lift your heads! be sure you will,
Some time, attain that isle of rest;
Gaze often on its pearly banks,
Calm lying in the West,

Until your soul its pure hue takes,
Until your hidden wings unfurl;
Then shall you wend your airy way
Unto that isle of Pearl.

"PARSLEY" PEEL.

THE founder of the Peel family and the father of the first baronet, kept a skilled mechanic in his cotton-printing establishment, for the purpose of carrying out his ideas in the improvement of machinery. This man, we are told by Sir Lawrence Peel, was kept concealed in the private house of a Mr. Haworth, at Brookside, near Blackburn, where he worked in secret, as if he was engaged in some mysterious wickedness.

In the course of his experiments Mr. Peel also introduced some improvements in the printing of the cottons; in connection with which a story is still current in the Peel family.

This ingenious manufacturer was in his kitchen one day, making some experiments in printing on handkerchiefs, and other small pieces, when his only daughter, then a girl, afterward Mrs. Willock, the mother of the postmaster at Manchester, brought him in from their garden of herbs a sprig of parsley. It was some proof of taste in so young a girl (says Sir Lawrence) that she could discern beauty in a common pot-herb, which is generally regarded as created only for a garnish or a fry. She pointed out and praised the beauty of the leaf, and looking, by the habit of the remarkable family to which she belonged, naturally to the useful side, she said that she thought it would make a very pretty pattern.

Her father took it from her hand, looked at it attentively, praised her for her taste, and said that he would make a trial of it.

She, delighted not to be pooh-poohed, as discoverers among young folks often are, lent her aid with all the alacrity of a girl of fourteen. A pewter dinner-plate—for such was then the common dinner-plate of families of their degree—was taken down from the shelf, and on it was sketched, or scratched, a figure of the leaf, and from this impressions were taken.

This was called in the family "Nancy's pattern," after the little girl who invented it. It became one of the most popular patterns in cotton cloth ever designed, and was at one period as widely known and as universally used as the "Willow pattern" in crockery-ware.

It may be said that it had no small share in laying the foundation of the fortunes of the Peel family.

In the trade it was everywhere spoken of as the Parsley-leaf pattern, and alliteration lending its aid, the fortunate father of the shrewd young lady became known by the nickname of Parsley Peel.

A good word is an easy obligation: but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.



"PARSLEY" PEEL.—"A PEWTER DINNER-PLATE WAS TAKEN DOWN FROM THE SHELF, AND ON IT WAS STETCHED A FIGURE OF THE LEAF, AND FROM THIS IMPRESSIONS WERE TAKEN."



THE GIRL DETECTIVE.—"A FEW MINUTES SUFFICED TO CONVINCE ME THAT THE STOVE HAD BEEN MOVED OUT, AND THE ELBOW OF THE PIPE HAD BEEN REMOVED."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE GIRL DETECTIVE.



HE door of Rufus Markham's counting-room was securely closed, and the proprietor of the large, flourishing cotton factory talked earnestly with a gentlemanly-looking man of middle age, whose face was as impassive as a wax mask.

"Five thousand dollars!" said the individual. "It was a large sum to leave exposed."

"Exposed!" said Mr. Markham. "It was in my private desk, to which no one has access but myself and my nephew, Fred Tryon."

"Would it be possible the young gentleman—"

"Sir," said Mr. Markham, indignantly, "my nephew is not a thief. If he needed ten times that sum he knows I would freely give it to him. He will be my heir, and is as dear to me as a son. It is simply absurd to connect him in any way with this robbery."

"Just state the matter again, briefly as you can, and allow me to take notes, will you, Mr. Markham?"

"Certainly. I drew five thousand dollars out of bank yesterday, to meet a note that was not presented for payment. Retaining it until after the bank was closed, I concluded to lock it in my desk until this morning, and did so. At nine o'clock this morning the expected note was presented, and I opened the desk. The money was gone, and with it a small memorandum-book that was in the same roll."

"The lock was not forced?"

"No, sir; the desk was apparently exactly as I left it."

"And Mr. Tryon has the only duplicate key?"

The old gentleman frowned. He was evidently displeased at the turn the detective's suspicions seemed to be taking.

"My nephew certainly has the only duplicate key."

"H'm! yes. You have the numbers of the notes?"

"Yes. The roll consisted of ten five-hundred dollar notes."

The list of numbers being taken, the detective made a searching examination of the apartment, and prepared to take his departure. As he stood near the door, Mr. Markham suddenly said, nervously:

"I think, Mr. Vogdes, if you make any discoveries, you had better report to me privately before making any arrests."

"Certainly, sir, if you desire it. Will you grant me one favor? Do not mention the robbery to Mr. Tryon, if you have not done so already."

"No one has heard of it but yourself."

"Very good! I will call again when I have any report to make."

"Fred! Fred!" the old gentleman said, in a low tone, when he was alone; "Vogdes evidently thinks it is Fred! It cannot be! It is impossible that my nephew would rob me! I cannot believe it. And yet he knew the money was there. He was here when I handed Arnold the check, and here when he returned with the money. He knew that Johnson's note was not presented, and Fred alone has a duplicate key. Oh, if it should be! Anna's boy, that I promised to love as my son. Have I not kept my promise? Where have I failed? And why should he steal from me, when all I have is his? I cannot, I will not, believe it!"

"May I come in?" asked a bright, pleasant face at the door, and permission being given, Fred Tryon entered the room.

Looking into his handsome young face, bright and frank,

with well-opened brown eyes, and curls of nut-brown hair, it was hard to connect it with any idea of roguery, ingratitude, and theft. His manner toward the uncle, who had ever filled a father's place, was the perfection of respectful affection, and before he had been an hour in the counting-room, Mr. Markham's uneasy fears were entirely gone.

They were talking of a certain dark-eyed little maiden, who was soon to be Mrs. Tryon, and when Fred left his uncle, it was with a promise that he would call in the evening upon Miss Clarkson, to finally arrange for the wedding-day.

The young man, a favorite of fortune apparently, spent the afternoon with his betrothed, received his uncle in the evening, beside her, and accompanied the old gentleman to his boarding-house, receiving an affectionate farewell, when he took up his way to his own rooms in another house. For a week he heard nothing of the robbery.

It was just when Summer twilight was fading that, returning from a drive with Maud Clarkson, Fred met his uncle's confidential clerk waiting for him at Maud's house.

"I have a note for you, Mr. Fred," he said; "and as you were not at home, I thought I would wait here for you."

Something in the man's face and manner struck a sudden chill to Maud's heart.

"You have bad news!" she cried.

"Perhaps Mr. Fred had better read the note," was the evasive reply.

But Maud's terror was only increased when Fred, after reading the note, broke into a furious exclamation of rage.

"Who dares say I am a midnight burglar?" he shouted.

"Oh, Fred, what is it?" asked Maud, turning very white.

"My uncle has been robbed of five thousand dollars, and he pays me the compliment of supposing me the thief, because I have a duplicate key to his private desk. I—Great heaven!" he cried, with a sudden change in his voice, "he cannot mean it! I rob my uncle! I!"

"Mr. Fred," said the clerk, respectfully, "I only waited to see how you took the note, to speak a few words of advice. Mr. Fred, I was with your father when he was killed on a railway train; I was with your uncle when he brought you from your mother's funeral to his home. I took you to boarding-school, and brought you home for the holidays, and I've loved you, boy and man, since you were ten years' old, and that's twelve long years. I know you never took the money, but things look very ugly for you."

"But," said Fred, grasping hard the hand the old clerk held out to him, "I cannot understand it. Listen," and he read aloud the note from his uncle:

"MR. FREDERICK TRYON: I could not believe without *proof*—undeniable, positive proof—that you could rob me of five thousand dollars, taken, as you know, from my private desk, on Wednesday last. You are my sister's son, and I will never be the one to imprison or punish you, but you are no longer nephew of mine. Willingly, I will never look in your face again. Your ill-gotten gains I freely give you to start in some business, trusting you will endeavor to live honestly in future. Do not try to see me; I will not listen to any explanations I know to be false. Do not write, for I will not open your letters. "RUFUS MARKHAM."

Maud Clarkson grew white as death as she heard the stern edict.

"Oh, Fred!" she cried, "what can you do?"

"Starve, I suppose," was the bitter answer, "as I do not happen to possess the ill-gotten gains so generously presented to me. But I will not ask you to starve with me, Maud. You were betrothed to the millionaire's nephew and heir; the disinherited beggar frees you from your promise."

"Fred," she cried, bursting into tears, "how can you be so cruel?" Then, unheeding the clerk, who was discreetly looking from the window, she came close to Fred's side. "Darling," she said, fixing her large black eyes upon his

face, "if all the world believes you guilty, I do not. If all the world casts you off, I will keep my promise."

The young lover had been bewildered, indignant, desperate, but he folded the gentle comforter fast in his arms, and great tears fell on her upturned face.

"God bless you, Maud!" he cried; "I can defy the world, if you are true to me. Now, Potter, sit down, and tell me what you know of this wretched business."

"Well, Mr. Fred, I never heard of the robbery myself until this morning, when Vogdes, the detective your uncle employed to work it up, came to make his report. They did not notice me at first, and when your uncle remembered I was in the room, I had heard about all Vogdes knew. You remember there was a note coming due last Wednesday?"

"To Johnson?"

"Yes; well, I thought at the time it was curious your uncle gave him a check, when I knew the money was drawn out of the bank the day before to meet that very note. But I never knew till this morning that the money was stolen from Mr. Markham's private desk by false keys, Mr. Fred," said the old man, earnestly. "It was all in five-hundred dollar notes, and your uncle had the numbers."

"Well?"

"This morning Vogdes brought back one of the notes which you gave to T— yesterday in payment for a pearl locket."

"Stop, Potter! let me think. Where did I get that note? I have it! Arnold gave it to me to take out a hundred dollars I lent him some time ago. And Arnold— Potter, Arnold borrowed my keys last Wednesday night to open his trunk! Potter! huzza! We know the thief!"

"Not so fast, Mr. Fred—not so fast. It will not be an easy matter to prove this. Were there any witnesses present when Arnold borrowed the keys?"

"No; I was alone in my room, half undressed, when he knocked at my door, and said he had lost the key of his trunk. I lent him my bunch of keys, which he returned before I was out of bed the next day."

"And you were alone when he paid you the money?"

"Yes; I thought he was very flush, for you know as well as I do, Potter, that a note for five hundred dollars is not a daily visitor in Arnold's pocket."

"He is a cunning scoundrel. He wants to ascertain if the notes can be identified before he tries to get rid of them himself. Mr. Fred, will you leave it to me for a few days—only a few days?—and if I do not catch the thief, you may try!"

"But my uncle?"

"Wait till you can prove your innocence before you see him. Only a week. Give me only a week to watch Arnold. And, by-the-way, you will give me an additional chance if you will leave the city. Throw him off his guard by letting him suppose you are banished for his crime."

"Run away," flashed Fred, "like a coward?"

"Only for a week. You see, the probability is that Arnold has the money in his possession yet. He will wait to see the fate of what he has given you before putting any more into circulation; but he has probably hidden it very securely. You he will watch; but if you are willing, I will take your room while you are gone, and do a little private detective business on my part."

It was not easy to persuade Fred to consent to Potter's plan, but Maud's persuasions being added to the old man's, he finally consented to leave the city for a week, and return in that time to vindicate his own innocence in case of Potter's failure.

Before night Fred was on his way to visit another city, and his landlady had agreed to allow Mr. Potter to occupy his place during his absence.

Fred had been gone two days, when the old clerk called upon Miss Clarkson to report progress.

"I am completely baffled," he said, in answer to her inquiries. "You see, Arnold knows me, and evidently suspects me. He is so affectionately desirous of keeping me in sight, that I cannot get a peep in his room; and whenever he is out, he locks the door and gives the key to the landlady. I cannot force his door yet, and by the time Fred returns, I am afraid the money will be smuggled away. I am sure it is in his possession now, he is so careful about his room. Nobody gets in there but the landlady. I did think of bribing the chambermaid to let me in when she was at work there, but unfortunately she left to-day."

A flash of light seemed to pass across Maud's face, but she only said, demurely:

"Your landlady is a German, is she not?"

"Yes; her English is very imperfect. Have you ever seen her?"

"No; I have heard Fred speak of her. My mother, you know, was German."

"But what has that to do with Fred's case?"

"I will tell you. Vogdes has tried to find the thief, and failed. You have tried, and failed. I mean to try, and succeed!"

"You! What can you do?"

"Come to-morrow, and I will tell you."

Punctual to the appointed time, Potter made his appearance. With dancing eyes and flushed cheeks, Maud met him.

"Well?" he asked, certain from her looks that she had good tidings.

"I told you I would succeed!"

"And you did? Huzza! I feel as young as Fred himself!"

"To whom I have telegraphed to return. He will be here this evening, and you must bring Mr. Markham, Mr. Vogdes, and the proper police authorities, to meet in his room. Then, Mr. Potter, go to Mr. Arnold's room, and remove the pipe of the stove at the elbow. In the joint you will find Mr. Markham's memorandum-book and the missing notes."

"You are sure?"

"Listen! This morning, in a calico dress, sunbonnet, and pair of coarse shoes, for disguise, I applied for the place of chambermaid at the boarding-house where Mr. Arnold has a room. I braided my hair in two long plaits, and convinced your landlady that I was a recent importation from Germany, unable to speak a word of English. She agreed to take me for one week on trial, and before I had been two hours in the house, I was sent to tidy Mr. Arnold's room. Never was a room tidied so quickly; and, seeing my mistress on her way to market, I shot the bolt, and took a survey of the premises. The trunk was locked, the bureau-drawers wide open, the closet-door ajar. I felt a reluctance to overhaul any private depositories; though I should have done it," she added, resolutely, "if I had been driven to it! I rummaged a little, when, on the closet-floor, I espied a shirt, apparently scarcely soiled, except one sleeve, and that was black with soot. 'What is he doing at the fireplace in Summer?' I thought, and went to examine. A few minutes sufficed to convince me that the stove had been moved out, and the elbow of the pipe removed. I repeated the process, to find a roll of five-hundred dollar notes, and a small note-book, with the name Rufus Markham on the first page. I replaced everything carefully, and came home. Now, Mr. Potter, he must be taken by surprise, or he may say Fred put the notes there."

"You are a brave girl!" cried the old man, looking with admiration at the beautiful, animated face, "and Fred will owe you more than his life."

"He can repay me by coming to tell me the good news when he is clear."

Eight was striking by the city clocks when Doctor Graham Arnold, dressed in the latest fashion, and with a fragrant Havana between his lips, strolled leisurely into his own room.

He had been in the parlor of his boarding-house for an hour, watching Mr. Potter with some anxiety, but wholly unaware of the little party of four who, in Mr. Potter's temporary apartment, awaited his return to his own room.

Once inside the door, the *nonchalant* look left the handsome face of the young man, and he muttered, fiercely:

"I must get out of this! Potter suspects me, and may yet communicate his suspicions to Mr. Markham. I will be off to-night as soon as the house is quiet."

robbery of Mr. Markham's private desk upon his nephew has failed. It means that the five thousand dollars stolen from that gentleman is now in your possession, excepting only one note given to Mr. Tryon in payment of a debt!"

"It is a lie!" cried the prisoner; but his white face, faltering voice, and shaking limbs were no proof of innocence. "Search my trunks, everything I have."

"No, gentlemen," said Mr. Potter. "Draw out the stove, if you please, and look in the elbow of the pipe."

With a cry, Graham Arnold fell senseless to the floor, as Vogdes put his hand upon the stove.

Mr. Markham turned to Fred. There was no word spoken. Hand clasped hand, and each read forgiveness in the other's eyes.

Mr. Graham Arnold spent some weeks in jail ere his trial



MISS WHEELER, THE HEROINE OF CAWNPORE.—MISS WHEELER KILLING THE SOWAR.

He opened a small traveling-satchel as he spoke, and was rapidly filling it with necessities for a journey, when he was interrupted by a knock at the door.

Tossing the satchel into the closet, he cried.

"Come in!"

But his face turned livid as his call was obeyed, and a party of five entered the room.

Two policemen stationed themselves on his right and left, while Mr. Markham, Mr. Potter and Fred Tryon followed them.

"Now, Mr. Potter," said one of the policemen, with the face and voice of the detective Vogdes, "will you tell us where to find those missing notes?"

"What notes?" cried Arnold. "What does this outrage mean?"

"It means," said Mr. Potter, "that your plan to throw the

and conviction; but before his sentence was pronounced Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tryon were crossing the ocean on a wedding tour to Europe, and only Mr. Potter and Fred ever knew of Maud's first and only appearance as a Girl Detective.

MISS WHEELER, THE HEROINE OF CAWNPORE.

THE terrible massacre at Cawnpore was the stunning blow of the Sepoys in their revolt. The English, till then, had viewed the matter lightly. Indeed, on the very day of the massacre, an officer in the beleaguered hospital wrote deriding the revolt.

When the attack began, and Nena Sahib came from Bit-hoor, not to relieve the besieged but to aid in their slaughter, it became evident that escape was impossible. General



THE WILLOW SWITCH.—"SUSIE CAREFULLY PLANTED THE WILLOW SWITCH JUST ABOVE THE LITTLE SPRING."

but a device to draw them to an exposition. The boats were fired upon, and all on board killed or taken. One boat escaped several miles, but was pursued and brought back. The unfortunate women were then divided.

One heroic girl, Miss Wheeler, the youngest daughter of the general, as she was taken from the boat, was seized by a sowar, or cavalryman, and carried off to his house. She went quietly, as prisoners afterward declared, but at night rose, and getting hold of the sowar's sword, avenged the slaughter of her family by killing the sepoy, his wife, son, and mother-in-law, who were sleeping in the house. She then went and threw herself down the well.

In the morning the neighbors were horrified at the spectacle, and could not explain it till some one looked down the well, where, dead and swollen, lay the corpse of the young heroine, who, preferring death to dishonor, died not idly, but inflicted ere she went just retribution on the murderers within her reach.

THE WILLOW SWITCH.

THE FIRST STORY THEREOF.

ABOUT forty years ago a large part of Central New York, that is now fast becoming a garden, was almost a new country, and people talked of "moving West" when they emigrated from the banks of the Hudson, or the Mohawk, to those of the Genesee. Still, one of the cities on the line of the Erie Canal was even then a town of some importance, and boasted much of what then amounted to wealth, and even aristocracy.

Of this latter class had been the family of Judge Morton, but sundry unlucky speculations had made it impossible for him to retain his accustomed position among his old neighbors, and he was about to seek a new field in one of the younger settlements, a few days' easy journey to the southwest.

The movement was one regarded by the steady folk of that time about as a move to Kansas would be now, and quite a colony of sympathizing and regretful friends had gathered to bid good-by to the family who were so rashly or adventurously bent upon sundering old ties and associations.

Everything had long been prepared, the wagons were laden, the adieux for the most part had been said again and

Wheeler might have fought his way out, but he was unable to do so with nearly two hundred women.

They therefore fought steadily on, losing indeed, but inflicting such terrible retribution, under the lead of the gallant Ashe, Moore, and Halliday, that Nena Sahib at last agreed to let them evacuate, and embark in boats on the river. This was, however,

again, and a part of the cavalcade was fairly under way. The heavier goods, indeed, had been started two or three days before.

The ladies of the party, as well as the gentlemen, had decided to attempt the journey on horseback, well aware that the condition of the roads, even though Spring was now well advanced, could not safely be depended upon. Our mothers and grandmothers were far more familiar with the saddle, and certainly with the *pillion*, than are their living representatives.

Apart from the rest, mounted on a stout and quiet-looking pony, sat a young lady of some eighteen Summers, in whose rosy cheeks and bright black eyes the excitement of the occasion seemed to have almost overcome its soberer suggestions. Still, something like a shade was on her face, as she leaned forward in her saddle and conversed in low tones with a gentleman whose arm was thrown carelessly over the neck of her pony.

"Never mind me, Charlie; why, it's only three days' riding, at the very worst, and that won't hurt me."

"But me, Susie—I am ordered off for a long cruise, and I cannot tell when I shall see you again."

"But you *will* come back?"

"Yes—but when? And will you—"

"Will I what, Charlie?"

"Wait a moment, Susie."

And the young man, who was in the undress uniform of a naval officer, sprang off to the side of the road, where some willow trees were growing in untrimmed luxuriance. Catching hold of one of the gracefully bending boughs, he cut therefrom a long and pliant slip, with which he quickly returned, stripping off the leaves as he came.

"There, Susie, that will answer for a riding-whip, but do not wear it out on your pony, even if the roads are bad."

"Why not, Charlie?"

"Because, at the end of my cruise I shall come back to claim it. Will you keep it for me?"

A very soft light stole into the black eyes, but she said, in a low voice:

"Yes, Charlie, I will keep it. But are you sure you will come to claim it?"

"If I live, Susie."

"Ah! then it is good-by sure enough, now," said Susie, "for father is calling me. Good-by, Charlie! Good-by!"

There was a most passionate earnestness in the young officer's reply, and he stood gazing after the pony and his mistress long after they were hidden by a turn in the road. We cannot follow him, however, by land or sea, for our business is with the willow switch. If Susie's pony suffered on the road, it was not from any excessive application of



THE WILLOW SWITCH.—"SHE WAS PROCEEDING TO SEVER THE SLIP SHE WANTED. AS FOR HER GIRLISH COMPANION, SHE HAD SANK DOWN UPON THE GRASS, AND COVERED HER FACE WITH HER HANDS."

Charlie's queer memento, and on the third day, about noon, Judge Morton rode up to the side of his daughter, and announced that they were nearly at their journey's end.

They were nearly at a fork of the road, at the foot of a gently-sloping hill, and, just where the two ways met, a little spring bubbled up, and wandered off into an adjoining meadow. There were more signs of improvement than Susie had expected, but enough of wilderness remained to add more than a little to the rural beauty of the spot.

"Our new home," said the judge, "will be on the top of this knoll, when it is built, and our present quarters, such as they are, will be a little further on."

A sudden thought seemed to have entered the brain of Susie.

"Father, won't willows grow from slips?"

"Yes, my dear; that is the usual way of setting them out."

"And they want water, don't they? Is this one fresh enough to grow?"

"I should say it was."

"Well, then, maybe we can have something growing here to remind us of our old home."

In an instant Susie was down from her pony, and the willow switch was carefully planted, just above the little spring. It would have all the water it wanted, at all events. And then Susie and her father rode on to their new home, but there was a warm flutter at the young girl's heart, and a blush on her cheek, as she wondered:

"Will it ever grow?"

The new settlement was a good one for the judge, and Susie's willow prospered famously. Even the rude farmer boys had learned how it came there, and respected it religiously, while a little paling kept off other intruders. Susie's heart throbbed high with hope and faith, at times, as she noted the wonderful vitality and prosperity of her leafy favorite. It grew as if it had a duty to perform, and was determined to do it well. And the little spring bubbled up more briskly from under it, and seemed to murmur softly:

"He will come! He will come!"

Still, one year, and another, and another, went by, and Charlie did *not* come, and letters were terribly uncertain, and far between. All around the world he had been sent, and Susie's heart at times grew sick and weary, in spite of the willow.

But she had other suitors, for her beauty seemed to grow every day, and her father was getting along well in the world once more. Truth to tell, Susie had something of Mother Eve in her, and was by no means averse to admiration and attention.

So it happened that one day in June of the fourth year of the residence of the Mortons in their new home, just as the sun was setting, Susie found herself taking a stroll along the shaded roadside, accompanied by the handsomest and most favored of her numerous train of worshipers.

They did not seem to be in a talking humor, but walked slowly along until they came to the forks of the road, and paused a moment by the spring. Here, at last, the young man seemed to have found his tongue, and he pleaded eloquently and passionately for the half-reluctant hand which he had seized in both his own.

Still Susie was silent, and it may be that the bubbling spring and the sighing willow were talking to her; but just then they heard the sound of horse's hoofs coming at a quick pace up the road, and in a moment more a rider drew his rein beside them, and asked politely if he could be directed to the residence of Judge Morton. The young man had dropped Susie's hand, and, half-vexed at the interruption, was proceeding to give the desired information, but his words were not listened to.

The horseman was leaning forward in his saddle, and had

fixed a gaze of earnest penetration on the face of Susie Morton, on which the blushes had given way to a deadly pallor.

"Susie, I have come! The willow——"

The light came back to Susie's eyes in an instant, and, with a long sigh of relief, she pointed to the lithe branches which swept her shoulder, and answered:

"Here it is, Charlie; it has been growing over since you went away."

Susie's other companion was not obtuse enough to linger longer in the shade of such a tree as that, and, before she returned to the house, Charlie had reclaimed his gift. The song of the spring only changed enough to sound like, "He has come! He has come!"

THE SECOND STORY OF THE WILLOW.

THIRTY years went by, and the Morton willow kept on growing, until it became a well-known landmark, towering high in air above the little spring at the forks of the road. But thirty years work changes in other things besides trees, and a slip from the willow had been dissevered to grow above a low mound in the village graveyard, for the judge slept, like a true American, *not* with his fathers. Everything else had undergone changes, if not always improvement, and at last came the fearful changes of the war of the rebellion.

It was not many days after the Gettysburgh fight, and a matronly lady, in deep mourning, supported by a fair young girl similarly clad, walked slowly and feebly down the sloping road to the spring.

"If there is a bough in reach, dear, I would rather gather it myself, and then, if I can find where they have laid him, I will go and plant it with my own hands."

One long, sweeping branch of the willow-tree seemed, as she approached it, almost to be held out to her with sympathizing purpose, and, with a pale face and quivering, she was proceeding to sever the slip she wanted, unmindful of the rattle of coming carriage-wheels. As for her girlish companion, she had sank down upon the grass, and covered her face with her hands. The good lady's trembling fingers almost refused to perform their duty, and the carriage drew within a few paces of her just as she had severed the slender rod.

"Well, mother, I hope that you are not cutting that for me," said a cheery, but somewhat feeble, voice from the carriage. The young girl sprang to her feet, but only just in time to save her mother from falling, though she did not quite faint, and recovered quickly.

"Oh, Charlie, my boy!—my boy!"

"Here I am, mother—hurt, sure enough, but in no need of a willow yet; am I, father?"

"Not by any means" said a hale and hearty old gentleman, in naval undress, who now sprang out of the carriage; "and they've given us both a furlough, though mine is a short one. This willow was always a tree of good omen."

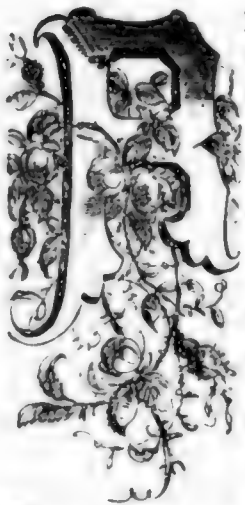
And again the spring seemed to bubble up softly:

"He has come! he has come!"

And the old lady, and the young lady, too, sobbed and laughed, and kissed the returned warriors, till the good mother, with the bit of willow still in her hand, knelt down in the shade of the memorial tree to pour out her thankfulness to Him who had made her prosperity to grow with its growth, from the day when she sprang from her weary pony to plant it.

TIMES of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunder-bolt is elicited from the darkest storms.

AN UNDERGROUND WONDER.



RELIEF comes to us often from curious sources, at least judging from our own knowledge; but perhaps none of us have experienced it coming under quite such novel circumstances as those of our fellow-creature away down in Pennsylvania; for he was poor, and had scarcely the wherewithal to clothe himself and family, and having the usual accompaniment of a poor man's life, a poor man's blessing. Now, our friend, although he was poor, was honest, at least so the story goes, and it is believed that because he *was* honest this relief was sent him. *He* says so, at all events.

The story came to me through three or four persons, and I send it to you, believing that it will likewise be of interest to you, as it was to me.

I was at the time enjoying a trip through the beautiful country traversed by the Pennsylvania Railroad. The stories, though differing slightly, were essentially the same, but the party from whom I first heard it seemed better posted than the others. I met him on the train just after leaving the station. He was unmistakably a Yankee, and, as I afterward learned, had only recently taken up his abode in the locality. A Yankee of the talkative, confidential type, a regular "blower," his story was altogether the most humorous of any, and I am led to believe was as authentic as the rest, so I give it as nearly as I can remember in his own words.

As I said, I was traveling on the Pennsylvania Railroad at the time; my trip was one of business, and I was obliged to stop at the different stations for a day or two at a time. I had just stopped on the train at Thompsettown, and intended to ride as far as Lewistown, where I expected to remain one or two days. I stepped into the car, and, as luck would have it, the only seat not in close proximity to some exasperated infant, or woman with a handbox, was by the side of one of those gushing, communicative sort of individuals one seldom meets excepting in a railroad car. He was exercising his propensities in his peculiar line, when I entered, in trying vainly to pacify the evident injured sensibilities of a stout old lady who had capsized over his rather too promiscuous foot, although he had been sitting at the time on the window side of the seat.

Well, I concluded to take the sitting, thinking that if I should commence immediately to read my paper attentively he would let me remain in peace; but no, he must, at least, welcome me with "How air ye, stranger?" and from that he jabbered on to many other things, until finally reading was almost out of the question. He seemed to be a real good-natured sort of a fellow, though, and I could not exactly have the heart to snub him, and put a damper on his careless but hearty manner, although it *would* have been much more to my pleasure to have continued my reading. But, finding that he was carried away by his own kind feelings, and his earnest desire to enlighten me on the various subjects of "poultry keepin'," "dairy farmin'," and a host of others, including "whittlin'," I slowly, in despair, folded my paper, and consigned it to my pocket, whereupon he kindly expressed himself—"Don't let me keep you from readin', stranger," which was so supremely amusing that I was forced to smile.

Now, as there was nothing better to do, I joined my friend, and we conversed on different subjects. I found him not so silly, after all, and his humor really was some-

thing quite uncommon, although it was not of the brilliant stamp.

At last there came a sudden turn to our conversation, that brings us to the story in question. The train had stopped, and was just wheeling away from Perrysville, when, with a quick motion, he nudged me, driving his sharp elbow three or four inches into my ribs, and, at the same time, pointing out of the window, exclaimed:

"D'ye see that codger?"

My eye followed the direction of his finger, and had just time to observe the object of his gaze—a rather tall man, with a light coat. I nodded.

"Wul," said he, "that feller hes made more money out of a hole than you could shake a stick at in a week."

"A hole?" said I, inquiringly.

"Sartin—a hole," he repeated, "and a hole that was struck all by chance."

"Indeed?" I remarked, rather amused. "But was it a key-hole, or a knot-hole, or a—"

This question amused him in return, and he smiled "openly."

"Oh, no, stranger," he interrupted, "he ain't that sort of a man. I wouldn't state that he ever made anything by a key-hole in his life, cos he ain't that sort of a man; and I guess nobody ever made much out of a knot-hole, did they? No, but honor bright, stranger," continued he, speaking in a lower tone, and looking quite serious, "that feller struck a hole on his farm that fetched him in a pile of shinplasters."

"A woodchuck hole, I presume," suggested I, with equal seriousness.

A broad grin, which literally spread all over his ruddy countenance, followed this remark, but he shortly found his tongue again.

"I reckon you're a Varmounter, ain't ye, stranger? I've seen jest sech fellers as you down in Varmount. I cal'late you're from them parts, ain't ye?"

Now whether he had really detected any resemblance in my manner to the usual demonstrations of his countrymen, or whether he had merely made a happy hit in guessing, is to be conjectured, but he certainly had presumed rightly; for, although I had been "city-bred," I originally hailed from the Green Mountain State, and I freely admitted it to him.

"Thar! I reckined so from the start. Give me yer paw, stranger; I cum from them parts tew." Here he swallowed my hand up in his, and shook it as if he desired to exterminate the powers of that member at once and for ever. "I tell you, thar's a sartin resemblance between all the daown-easters, and yer can't fool me when I once set eyes on 'em." Perhaps he intended to compliment me by the above vain remark, but its effect was rather to the contrary, as he was anything but a handsome man himself, his expression being the only redeeming virtue in his whole angular physiognomy. "I swar," he continued, "it's good for sore eyes to see a feller-native 'way daown here in Pennsylvany. Whar was you born?"

I answered this and a host of other like questions, in as few words as possible, not being desirous of giving the entire number of passengers the benefit of my family history. Having gratified his curiosity as far as I was concerned, he next spun out, unasked, a lengthy discourse on his own family affairs, and what he chose to style his "pedigree." He dwelt lengthily upon his maiden aunt Hephzibah, thence to a glowing account of his fourteen brothers and sisters, and there's no knowing how long he would have continued, had I not at last interposed, as soon as I saw my chance, to get in one or two words edgewise.

"Yes, my friend," I interrupted, "I am very glad to hear of your family and friends, and to see your devotion to them; but you must remember that you left me in some

suspense in regard to that other subject of which you were first speaking—that *rat-hole*, or some other kind of a hole, that some fellow *struck* on his farm."

It is needless to remark that I had imagined what the nature of this "hole" must be, but, knowing the humorous character of my friend, I liked to surprise him with my silly speeches, and watch their effect on his good-natured countenance.

"True, stranger," he began again; I was so mighty concentrated on them dears to *hum*, that I quite forgot what I was goin' to tell ye. Naow, you're pesky full of fun about this 'ere hole, but ye hain't guessed right yet. It *was* a hole in the ground, stranger, but it was a *cave*!—a *whulin'* big *cave*, stranger, full of long pints stickin' down from the top, jest like any of them *big caves* way daown in Kentuck, and all a-tricklin' with water. I tell *you*, stranger, ef you're goin' to visit raound these parts much of a spell, you'd better go an' see it yourself. It's only a leetle distance aout of Lewistaown, and we will be *thar* in nigh on to a half-hour."

I informed him that I had expected to stop there, and told him that I certainly would make it a point to see it.

"Wal," he continued, "and the way that feller cum acrost that *thar* cave was pleggy funny. I calculate he was nigh on ten surprised him-

self when he first struck it. You see, the country all araound these parts is chuck full of *limestun*. Wharever ye see a rock, it's sartin to be *limestun*, and some of the natives about here sez that even old tree-stumps has been known to turn to *limestun* out of sympathy. Naow, stranger, when these codgers told me this, I gave 'em to understand they couldn't *come* it on a Varmount Yankee in *that* style—not *much*; but when they went and fetched me a stick with the bark on, and the hull lot of it turned to *stun*, *stun* *clean through*, I had to cum daown. I tell *you*, stranger, everything about here turns to *limestun*. Why, they tell me that a chap had his very *boots* turn to *limestun* on his feet

jest while walking over a meddy with a *limestun* wall araound it. But I'm from Varmount, and that was a leetle *ten* much to get into me."

This last remark was accompanied with peculiar emphasis. Raising his closed hand from his lap, he placed the extremity of his thumb to his pointed nose, and then spread out his long, slender fingers, which he gently moved; a wink and a squint followed closely, and he once more continued:

"Wal, ye see, that codger who struck this cave went out one fine mornin' to blast on a little ledge of *limestun* on his farm. He knew there was plenty of *limestun* *thar*, but wanted ten see how the quality of it was inside; at least, I

cal'late that was his idee. Wal, he sunk a hole in the pesky *stun*, and stuck in his slow match, and the way them pieces did fly was a caution; and when he cum to look where the ledge of *stun* was, it was gone to thunder, and an all-fired big *hole* left in its place, big enough to drive a yoke of oxen through, stranger.

"I reek'n he was a leetle surprised. They tell me that then the first thing he was given to do was to fill the hull thing up with powder, and blow her up skyhigh; but finally a wise thought struck him, and he concluded to explore; so, he sent his dog in first, with a lantern tied to his tail, and he, with a few other natives, follered with candles,

and found a reg'lar *cave*—an all-thunderin' *cave*, jest like them they hev daown in Kentuck," he repeated; "with great things that look like roots of teeth comin' daown from the ceilin', and the floor all covered with puddles of lime-water.

"Naow, when that codger found that it really was a cave, he went ten work in jest my style. In less time than three hours after he came aout, he had the opening boarded up like a little hut, under lock and key, and put a tariff of twenty-five cents a head for goin' in, and made 'em pay in advance. And that's the way, stranger, he made his nice little pile; only if I had been in his place, I'd made 'em pay



AN UNDERGROUND WONDER.—THE CHAPEL CAVE NEAR LEWISTOWN, PA.—SEE PAGE 315.

before comin' aout, ten, or else kept them thar till they did. *That* would a been my style, only it *wouldn't*, you know. Wal, all the natives in the neighborhood heard tell of it—folks *miles* away walked over jest to get in the darned old hole. It's quite a sight, though; and if you take my advice, stranger, you'll git and see it, and if you ain't a pleggy site pleased, I'm no Varmounter, that's all."

I thanked my good-natured companion for his valuable information, and we spent the few minutes now remaining in chatting on other questions, until at last the train wheeled up to the platform at Lewistown, when my arm was once more threatened with immediate disintegration, as I hurriedly bade my friend good-by. Before taking final leave of him, however, I inquired his name, which he gave me as "Nate Beers," and I think I shall always remember it.

Notwithstanding his peculiar manner, he had, nevertheless, left a favorable impression upon me, and I had really begun to like the fellow, he had seemed so hearty and genial.

Lewistown Station is about half a mile from the town itself, and as I had now a few minutes to spare before the "stage," which was always in readiness to take passengers "over to town," would be ready to start, I employed this time in seeking for further information concerning the "cave" which our Yankee friend had described. I found

two or three persons who knew something about it, and from whom I obtained other stories concerning it.

I resolved to take the first opportunity on the morrow and visit it, which I did; and as I am rather fond of sketching (after my own fashion), I went prepared to make a few sketches of the scene, if I found it as interesting as had been de-

scribed to me. The cave is situated on the Milroy branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, of which Lewistown is the junction. I took the noon train, and after a very slow ride of about forty miles, arrived at the object of my journey. I was told to wait, that the "girl" would be along soon," having been notified by a signal from the conductor as the train passed her house, which was situated near the track.

I waited, but improved my time trying to get a glimpse of the whereabouts of the curiosity I had come to see. I finally came across it, a little rising ground having at first obscured it from sight. It was anything but imposing. There was the "little hut" of an entrance protruding from a hollow in the side of the bank, just as it had been described to me, and the hillside, or rather mountain-side, studded with lofty pines rising far above it.

The country was truly plentiful in limestone, and the ground was strewn with fragments of a limestone character; several of these pieces looked as if they might be petrifications, but they were not unmistakably so. I did succeed, however, in finding some specimens which were positive examples of petrified wood; and it was while collecting these curiosities that the "girl" before alluded to came trotting up, all out of breath, with her bunch of keys in her hand. Closely behind her followed a man and two or three boys, who were evidently as much interested as I to be let into the mysteries of the chasm whose entrance was so nearly before us.

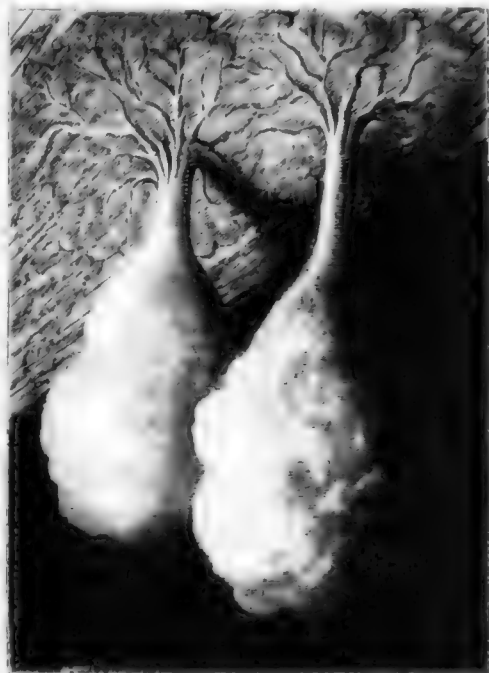
The door was soon opened, and after a few moments' time, during which the girl prepared two or three lights for us, we entered, she taking the lead as our guide. A large fissure, scarcely wide enough for two to pass in side by side, and with a height of ten feet, constituted



AN UNDERGROUND WONDER—ENTRANCE TO LIMESTONE CAVE.



AN UNDERGROUND WONDER.—THE OLD MAN OF THE CAVE.



AN UNDERGROUND WONDER.—A CURIOUS FUNGUS.

the cave's opening; and as we approached it, we felt its icy cold breath surround us, and a most chilling, penetrating breath it was, too—cold as death itself, but we buttoned our coats closer about us and proceeded. At each successive step the fissure enlarged, and as soon as I could get my feet firmly planted, I paused to look about me.

Everything seemed wet and dripping. No stone was visible, its surface being entirely covered by a gray, warty deposit of lime. The floor or surface on which I stood was likewise covered with these calcareous formations of the most eccentric shapes.

Here arose a conical, corrugated mass, with an ugly knob on its extremity; and there stretched out a long lump-covered ridge, presenting all sorts of possible contortions, while just below me a little misshapen pool, with thin, elevated edges, presented itself.

It was a strange sight to me. I had read accounts of these limestone caves—the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky and others—but had never before entered one.

Having gratified my first curiosity, I now carefully proceeded to join the rest of the company, who were by this time several feet in advance of me. Each step that I took revealed new wonders to me, till at last I found myself in a large, open space, which my light could not penetrate. How large it was I was unable to tell. I tried to place my lantern in such a position as would enable me to see, but the darkness was too deep, too dense, to be penetrated by the small light I held. I did not have to wait long, however, before a bright blaze illuminated the interior, and every nook and corner was presented to my astonished view in a brilliant light.

A large ball of wicking, saturated with kerosene, had been ignited, and sent up a broad tongue of flame, converting the hitherto unfathomable darkness into a brilliant grotto, whose walls everywhere glistened as if set with diamonds, and whose ridged pillars shone like polished marble. Long, sparkling stalactites hung from the arches overhead like huge icicles of stone, while from their tips the liquid diamonds gathered and fell, leaving, as it were, silver threads in their paths, and ending their short existence in a thousand pointed stars, as they met with their fate below on the stalagmite's homely summit. Everything was dazzling in the firelight. The sound of trickling water was ever present, and all the tiniest sounds echoed and re-echoed through the weird chamber like fairy whispers.

The floor was sunken full of little pools of the most fantastic forms. Thin edges were raised above the sounding level as crystallization gradually took place around them, and each was brimming full of the purest liquid, which ever and anon would receive its crystal bead from above, and cause its little face to smile as if in gratitude. This was, at all events, the way it struck my imagination, and I took great pleasure in watching the little rings gradually die away from the ruffled surface of these pools.

In the joyful surprise I had experienced I had quite forgotten my pencil and paper, and my intention of sketching, and I now endeavored to accomplish a little toward that end. The light was gradually dying down, however, and I could do but little, until the guide kindly added a little more kerosene to the flame, thus enabling me to succeed in obtaining a few guiding lines, but nothing more; yet even these, with the additional help of my memory, would enable me to complete a passable picture of the scene.

As we traced our steps, the guide inquired if we would like to see the "Old Man." We, of course, assented, and she pointed it out to us. Our lanterns were held up high above us, and a most grotesque sight met our eyes. A hideous face peered out from between two layers of stone, as if it had been caught there and made fast during the convulsion of nature when the cave was found. It was certainly a

striking-looking object, and one would scarcely believe it could be the mere chance formation of a calcareous deposit. I succeeded in obtaining a fair outline of this also. There was now little else to be seen that we had not observed, but there was much of interest within the cave that I cannot possibly describe here. The pictures will fill out what I have omitted.

After we had passed out, and spent a little time together discussing the treat that we had all enjoyed, I found that I had three or four minutes to spare before the train was due for Lewistown; so I took a hasty sketch of the "Entrance," thinking it might be also of interest as well as the rest. The sketches I have worked up from memory, and hope that they can be used, as they give a passably clear idea of this underground wonder way out in —.

I send also a drawing of a most singular specimen of Fungal eccentricity which was taken from the interior of this very cave, although at a different time, and not by myself. It was obtained by a friend of mine, and had been found, with many others of its kind, growing in a cluster on the fast-decaying remains of an old wooden staircase, which may be seen in the sketch of the cave's interior. It was, when I had seen it, in a rather dilapidated condition, but this curious fungus had not then made its appearance, or my constant, habitual watchfulness and love of objects of natural history and botany would certainly have led me to discover it. The gentleman who furnished me with the drawing, and who is himself a sort of naturalist, by-the-way, sent me with it a letter containing an amusing account of the manner in which he became possessed of this interesting specimen, and I take the liberty of quoting this part of his communication.

He was at the time whiling away a few weeks' vacation in the picturesque borough of Lewistown, after a hard Summer's toil in the city, and during his rides and rambles through the country had previously come across many interesting objects, botanical, geological, and otherwise, and had sent me a number of entertaining letters in regard to his discoveries.

At the time of obtaining the fungus here pictured, he was out on a hunting trip; all alone by himself to be sure, only with the company of multitudinous beetles, butterflies, and bugs of various kinds, pinned promiscuously all over his broad-brimmed hat, and a box containing as many different species of caterpillars and chrysalids stored away in his gamebag; but even with this evident success, he was soon enabled to secure another still more valuable addition to his day's collection. He did not happen to find this himself, as he did the others. How he succeeded in getting it he can best tell, and I will end by a quotation from his letter:

I had just turned a sudden curve in the road which was taking me homeward, and then, one or two hundred feet in front of me, I spied two little darkey children of the "Day and Martin" sort. I soon observed that they were both much excited over something which one of them held in his hand, while the other was giving vent to his high spirits in all manner of gymnastic evolutions and yelps, such as only darky children can belch forth. As I neared them I was able to see the cause of their excitement in the shape of a pendulous white mass of about seven inches in length, somewhat resembling an oblong ball of cotton; it was hanging from a fragment of wood which the black urchin held out at arm's length with one hand, holding in the other a stick of larger size, evidently, by his manner, for the purpose of self-defence. He was grinning from one ear to the other, and dancing fantastically on one leg when I came up to him.

"What have you got *there*, my young friend?" I inquired.

He turned quickly around, and, still holding the object out at arm's length, replied:

"A bat."

And he kept his eyes almost constantly upon it, evidently for fear it should start to fly.

"A bat?" I repeated after him, wonderingly.

"Yes, sah; it are a white bat. He bin hangin' to dis yer stick mor'n two hours."

His manner and the ridiculousness of his remark forced me to smile.

"Where did you get him?" I next asked.

"Ober dar in dat ar cave," said he, pointing with his stick to the hillside, in the direction of the cave's entrance. "It ar all full on um. Ise seed um dar lots o' times, and dis time I jes' see dis yer feller roostin', and I jes' bruck him off on dis yer stick, and fetched him out. He ain't woked up yet, and when he do I spees like enuff he's gwine to fly fur my har; but him jes' better not, 'nless he want to get a right straight clubbin'."

This was said with an air of triumph that was supremely ridiculous; and as I had by this time discovered the true nature of the white object he held, and therefore realized more keenly the needless excitement the little fellow had experienced, I gave myself up to a good hearty laugh, whereupon he excitedly vociferated:

"You jes' better laff. I guess you get um in your har once, and um get tight in, and um neber cum off; den I guess you no' laff s' much."

"Are they, indeed, so ferocious as all that?" I inquired.

"Dey no haf so fly in de day as dey am in de nite, 'caus dey no woke up; but in de nite-time day jes' flies right straight fur everybody's har, if dey don't hev no hat on."

"What a very strange beast he must be!" said I. "What are you going to do with him?"

"Ise gwine to drown um in de ribber," replied the little black urchin, showing the white of his eyes extravagantly. "Ise drowned a heap on um; dey no fly when dey is under de water, and dey gets died afore dey knows it."

"It always kills them, does it?" I inquired, scarcely able to control myself.

"Yes, sah; you jes' guess it do. I ties a stone to um, an' dey go down, an' dey neber comes up again, dey gets died so quick."

The absurdity of the whole thing here perfectly overcame me, and I laughed as I had never laughed before. I soon recovered myself, however, and persuaded the little fellow to hand the offending object to me, which he did; but had no sooner released his hold of it than he started at full speed with his companion, and they did not lessen their pace until they were several yards distant, when they both secreted themselves behind a large pine-tree.

Here was more ridiculousness, but I had been hardened to it by this time. I tried in vain to convince the little black imps that the thing was not alive; but my extreme caution in holding it, and my unwillingness to handle it, they construed as fear on my part, and not being willing to disfigure a good specimen for the sake of enlightening the two little heathens, I allowed them to go to their homes uninstructed. The object thus left with me I now examined closely. It was a growth of wondrous beauty. Such delicacy I never before saw in any form, and snow was never whiter. Its shape, as well as its other peculiarities, are perfectly represented in the drawing I inclose, excepting its feathery softness, which no picture could ever indicate. I have found in my rambles many species of fungi, but never one so peculiar as this. I am unable to classify it, simply knowing that it is a species of mold. I have never heard of a similar variety, and cannot discover in the works I have read on the subject any species whose description corresponds to it.

Thinking that its pendulous character might be a mere freak of nature in this individual, I concluded to satisfy my mind on the subject, and consequently visited the cave of

which I have written you, and in which this queer plant had been found. I did so, and, to my great delight and astonishment, discovered an immense cluster of the same growth, all adhering to an old framework of a staircase, which had long since seen its better days. I procured several more fine specimens, and, although they withered to almost nothing within a few hours, I still preserved their dried spores on a piece of paper, and hope yet to place them in such conditions that they will vegetate, and give me another chance to admire them in their perfection.

A CURIOUS PETITION.

THE following is a veritable petition, signed by sixteen maids of the town of Charleston, S. C., and presented to his Excellency, Governor Johnson, of that province, in the year 1733:—"The humble petition of all the maids whose names are underwritten: Whereas we, the humble petitioners, are at present in a very melancholy disposition of mind, considering how all the bachelors are blindly captivated by widows and our own youthful charms thereby neglected, the consequence of this, our request, is that your Excellency will for the future order that no widow presume to marry any young man till the maids are provided for; or else to pay each of them a fine for satisfaction for invading our liberties, and likewise a fine to be laid on all such bachelors as shall be married to widows. The great disadvantage it is to us maids is that the widows, by their forward carriages, do snap up the young men, and have the vanity to think their merit beyond ours, which is a great imposition on us, who ought to have the preference. This is humbly recommended to your Excellency's consideration, and hope you will permit no further insults. And we, poor maids, in duty bound, will ever pray."

A HARVEST FESTIVAL IN POLAND.

IN the palatinate of Sandomir, situated on both banks of the river Vistula, on Assumption Day, and after the crops have been harvested, the reapers, dressed in their best and decked out in ribbons, assemble to celebrate the harvest festival. A rustic crown of straw entwined with flowers, bay leaves, and wheat-ears, and ornamented with nuts and berries, is placed upon the head of a young girl who is the belle of the community. The villagers all follow her as she makes her way to the church, where she deposits her crown upon the high altar. After the conclusion of mass the priest blesses the crown, when the whole party, with songs and music, start for the house of the mayor, who attaches a young rooster upon the top of the crown. If the cock crows, the delight of the procession is unbounded, and they give way to the most positive expressions of joy, for they feel assured that the harvest will be most abundant for the coming year, and that they will be cordially welcomed by their employer. If, on the other hand, the cock fails to crow, and does not peck at the grain in the crown, the multitude are depressed, and accept it as an evil omen, and an indication that the crops will be scant and their employer's welcome frigid. It is needless to add that great care is taken to select a young and lusty rooster.

The procession next make their way to the chateau of their employer and chant in concert as follows:

"Open your doors! We have harvested your grain, and it is more numerous than the stars in the heavens."

"Come out of your castle and accept the crown which rests upon this young girl's head, for it is the crown of crowns, and is of pure gold and not of wheat!"

"We deserve to be received in your palace, for our heads are burned with the rays of the sun, our hands are cut by

the sickle, our knees are weary by contact with the cart, our backs are bent by toiling in your fields!

"Let the contents of your larder and your cellar be given us. Remember, lord, that roast beef is good for a weary back, mutton for tired knees, veal for blistered feet, geese,

The lady of the castle removes the crown from the girl's head and places it in the centre of a table spread with a white cloth, when a considerable sum of money is presented to the queen of the festival.

The villagers are liberally entertained, and the tables



HARVEST FESTIVAL IN POLAND.

chickens and ducks for bruised hands, and brandy and ale for heads parched by the scorching sun."

Then follows an address in prose, or verse and music, when the lord of the castle and his wife and children come forth and make presents to those who have been conspicuous for their industry and assiduity.

groan under the weight of beef and mutton; and brandy and ale are also freely dispensed.

After the repast there is dancing. The entertainer opens the ball with the village queen, his wife giving her hand to the orator of the day, and the merry-making oftentimes continues until daybreak.



A CONCERT OF AMATEURS.

A WOMAN'S WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REPENTED AT LEISURE," "LADY GWEN," "DOLINE'S DREAM," "REDEEMED BY LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

(Continued.)

S Margarita drew the writing-materials together she was thinking all the time what she could do to prevent the dispatch of the letter.

"Now I will dictate to you," said Miss Cameron. "'Dear Lord Rylestone.'" And, like one in a dream, moving mechanically, Margarita wrote, "Dear Lord Rylestone." The very letters of the name seemed to look up at her

with a smile. Presently a sense of burning anger and burning indignation came over her as she reflected that she was writing to her own husband at another woman's dictation.

"I am sorry to tell you that I have sprained my wrist," continued Miss Cameron, "'but a lady friend has consented to write this letter for me.'" Margarita set down the words.

"Now," said Miss Cameron, "I am quite sure that nothing could be more severely proper than that." And then she went on with the business details about Luck's Farm and the Home Farm, followed by numerous particulars about the court, the park, the deer, and other matters, until Margarita looked up and said, gently, "My hand aches, Miss Cameron."

"It is a long letter," said the heiress, complacently, "but then I know how Lord Rylestone loves Walton. He never

tires of reading about it. Give him my very kind regards. Thank you. I will just read the letter to see that there is nothing omitted."

Margarita thanked heaven that she had written just what she had been told. Miss Cameron read the letter through attentively.

"It is quite right," she said. "Just touch the bell, dear. Now let me see it sealed, stamped, and addressed, and then my mind will be quite at ease."

Margarita did as she was told, copying the address and sealing the letter, and then the footman came in.

"Bring me the post-bag, please," said Miss Cameron; and in less than two minutes he returned with the post-bag in his hands.

Miss Cameron produced a little key, opened the bag, placed the letter in it, locked it, and gave it into his hands before Margarita had time to think.

"Let Gregson take that at once," she said; "he will be in time for the Lutdale post."

Margarita grew distressed; a sense of the irrevocable seized her. What could she do? What should she do?

Quick as thought she seized pen and paper and wrote about three lines, addressing them at random—she hardly knew to whom—and then she looked up at Miss Cameron, and said, quietly:

"Will you lend me your key to put this letter into the bag? I had forgotten it."

Miss Cameron gave her the key, not noticing how her hand trembled or how ghastly white her face had grown; and, with the key and the letter, Margarita hastened into the hall and saw the footman closing the door.

"Where is Gregson?" she asked, breathlessly.

"He has just started with the post-bag," the servant replied.

With a low cry of anguish and dismay, she opened the hall door and hastened out into the cold, dark, snowy night.

She ran as though she were running for dear life. She heard the sound of a horse's feet at the end of the avenue.

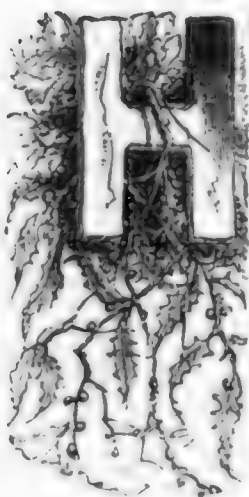
"Stop!" she cried, in a voice so full of agony that it frightened herself. "Stop!" And the next moment, breathless and gasping, she stood by the side of the animal.

"Give me the bag," she said; "there has been an important letter forgotten."

The man placed the bag in her hands. She opened it, put in her own letter, and drew out the Canadian one.

"Thank heaven!" she said to herself. "If that had gone, I must have killed myself!" And that same night, standing by the fire in her own room, she burned the letter.

CHAPTER XXXIII.



OW Lady Rylestone hated herself as she destroyed Miss Cameron's letter! She had entered on her plan with the sole idea of helping her husband, of solving a mystery which she felt was in some vague way prejudicial to him, of trying if her woman's wit could not find some way out of the difficulty that surrounded him, let it be what it might, which had not occurred to him; but she had not thought she would have to practice such deception, to engage in such intrigue. She was not perhaps cast in the noblest mould; as she had said of herself, she had a leaning towards expediency; she lost

sight of the means in her great desire to reach the end. She hated herself now for the duplicity she had been compelled to practice with regard to the letter; but how could she have avoided it? She longed for the time to come when she should have done with it all, and be once more at rest. She began to think seriously when that time would be. She had been some time at Walton now, and she was no nearer the wished-for discovery than she had been when she had first come; she had however confirmed all her suspicions—they were no longer doubts, but certainties.

What was she to do? How could she find out that which was so well hidden? Miss Cameron was kindness itself, but she never showed the least inclination to confide in her; she never told her any secrets or hinted, after the fashion of young ladies, that she had anything to conceal. She was kind, cordial, affectionate, but not confidential. Margarita found herself greatly disappointed; she had thought it only needful to be at Walton, where she honestly believed that everything must come out—that she would discover the secret easily, and soon be able to help her husband. She had been four long months with Miss Cameron now, and she was no nearer the secret. Adelaide had never hinted at it, and Margarita felt discouraged.

"I must do something soon," she said to herself; "I must take more active steps. I am looking on passively and doing nothing."

Of late, too, she had grown more anxious. When she had first decided on coming to Walton, she had been so engrossed with the idea of doing her husband good and of rendering him some important service that she had entirely overlooked the fact that he might view her conduct with displeasure—that he might think she had done him some great discredit, had disgraced him by making her way into his house in an underhand fashion.

"But surely," she thought to herself, "when I tell him that it was all for his dear sake, he will forgive me. If he wishes it, we can still keep our secret, and in the course of time, when it becomes known that I am his wife, people will

think he has married Miss Cameron's companion. He cannot be very angry. I have done it all for him."

But the thought of what he might say had made her cautious. She did not go out, except when she was absolutely compelled; and when it was in her power to avoid visitors she did so. There were few who had even seen Miss Cameron's companion.

"I have never seen any one of your age dread strangers as you do," said Miss Cameron one day. "I believe you would prefer a desert to any other place."

And there was some little truth in the accusation. So Margarita set herself to work to study harder, to listen more attentively to every word, to watch every action, lest, after all her efforts, the secret should escape her.

She was much struck by one or two observations that she heard. Lady Langham, who was spending the Christmas holidays with them, said one day to Miss Cameron:

"I should make the school-feast an annual institution if I were in your place;" and the heiress had laughingly reminded her that the term of her residence at Walton Court must be a very short one.

It was the first time that Margarita had heard her mention such a contingency, and, when they were once more alone together, she said to her:

"You do not intend remaining here for years?"

"How can I?" asked the heiress, laughingly. "It is Lord Rylestone's home, not mine. My agreement is for two years, and the two years expire next June; after that, I cannot answer for any movement of mine."

"Then the future is uncertain for you?" said Margarita.

"More, I think, than for any one in the wide world. I may be almost penniless in two years' time—poor, that is, in comparison with my present wealth."

A happy smile came over her face, a tender light shone in her eyes.

"I should be happier than I could say if at the end of the two years I might lose my fortune. The day the money ceased to be mine would be the happiest day of my life."

Her voice took the clear ring of sweet music. Margarita looked up at her in surprise.

"You would be happy," she said, slowly, "if you lost all your money! Then you do not love money?"

"Indeed I do not," replied Miss Cameron, promptly. "I like what money buys. I like to be able to relieve distress, to help my friends, to indulge my taste for all that is beautiful; but money for its own sake I do not love; and I repeat, honestly, it would give me the greatest happiness to lose what I at present possess. Your eyes are asking me questions, Margarita; what are they saying to me?"

"I was wondering," she answered, "if you care so little about it, why you have so much."

The fair face grew burning red.

"I never ought to have had it," Adelaide returned, hastily. "I would not say as much to you before, but it never ought to have been mine."

"Why did you take it then?" asked Margarita; and again the flush deepened on the heiress's face.

"I could not help it. Do not talk about it, Margarita. I hate to think of it. It is the one business of my life to forget it."

And then she went away; but the conversation had made a deep impression on Margarita, and increased her perplexity. It was evident that Adelaide had not intrigued for the money. She did not care for it. Lady Rylestone longed more than ever to find out the secret of the will. What could it be? The money had been left to Miss Cameron almost against her will, when she really did not desire it; while Allan, her husband, could not take his place in society for the want of it. The mystery seemed to deepen, not to clear.

When Christmas was over, and the first pale snowdrops were peeping above the ground, Miss Cameron accepted an invitation to Combermere, the residence of Lady Edgerton. She would not hear of Margarita's remaining behind—she must go with her.

"You ought to see something of the world," she said; "if I allowed you to have your own way, Margarita, you would be a perfect recluse. You must come to Combermere. It is useless disguising the fact that you are exceedingly beautiful, with a beauty that far surpasses that of Englishwomen—just as the soft downy beauty of the peach eclipses that of the plum."

Margarita laughed at the comparison.

"You do not know what bright future may be in store for you," continued Miss Cameron.

"I know what my own future will be," said Margarita, gravely; "if I were in the midst of your world forever, it would not alter it."

"I hope it will be a happy one, Margarita."

"It will be ten thousand times brighter than I deserve."

She yielded to Miss Cameron's wishes, and went with her to Combermere, and there amongst a large party of guests they met the Marquis of Hedington, who last season had been so attentive to Miss Cameron.

He was all anxiety to renew his suit, he was more deeply in love than ever; but all his efforts were vain—Adelaide only laughed her bright happy laugh, and evaded him whenever she could.

Combermere was filled with guests—Miss Cameron, the great heiress, was one of the most important visitors there; but even she did not receive more attention than fell to the lot of her beautiful companion.

When the Marquis of Hedington found that he could not make any impression on Miss Cameron, he tried to win her companion, so that she might speak in his favor. Gradually Margarita became interested in his love-story; it had the true ring about it. He was terribly in earnest, and she could sympathize with a lover who was true and tender. People smiled to see the young marquis, repulsed by the heiress, seek refuge with Margarita; the eloquence that he dared not pour out to Adelaide was lavished upon her, and she grew warmly interested in a love-story that lacked none of the elements of romance.

"If she would but care for me even ever so little—if she would but smile on me, and give me one ray of hope for the future—I should be happier. She only laughs at me; and when I do find a chance of speaking one word to her, she listens with a half-amused smile, the smile of some sweet or pleasant memory, and I know it is not for me."

"Still I do not see what I can do to help you," said Margarita, gently.

"I would not ask you to betray her confidence—it would be unmanly—but I wish you would tell me if you think there is any one else, any one for whom she cares as I begin to think she will never care for me."

"No," replied Margarita, "I do not really think there is; so far as I have seen, Miss Cameron treats every one alike. I have never seen her give one single smile of preference to any of the gentlemen who admire her. I feel sure that you have no rival."

It was wonderful and pitiful to see how his face cleared.

"If that is really the case," he said, "there is so much the greater hope for me. Miss Avenel, you are always kind and considerate, always thoughtful for others; will you say just one word to Miss Cameron for me, and see if you think there is any hope?"

"Would it not be better for you to do so yourself, my lord?"

"Yes—I would not yield my prerogative, for I love her very dearly. I meant, would you, as it were, prepare the

way for me? I remember the old adage, 'It is a great thing to have a friend at court.' Be that friend to me—say some few words for me that will induce her to look on me with more favorable eyes, that will soften her heart. You can do that, Miss Avenel."

The earnestness of his pleading touched her.

"I will do as you wish," she said, gently; and the Marquis of Hedington, when she promised, seemed to think his suit half won.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

It was a fine clear Spring day. The air seemed full of the promises of life. The green buds were springing on hedge and tree, sweet violets were peeping out from their green leaves, crocuses of the color of flame looked like huge golden drops, the snowdrops, "nuns of the garden," gave promise of still fairer flowers. A lark was soaring aloft, filling the air with floods of song, the sky was bright, and the gleaming Spring sunshine lay like a smile over the land. Most of the visitors at Combermere had gone out, some driving, some walking. Adelaide, who loved the Spring with its fresh fair flowers, went for a long walk through the park, and Margarita, seeing there would be some chance for what she wanted to say, asked permission to accompany her. The two ladies set out together, and walked to one of the prettiest parts of the grounds—the coppice.

"We shall find plenty of flowers here," said Adelaide. "I want some violets."

"Are violets your favorite flowers?" asked Margarita.

The dainty bloom on the fair face deepened—a far-off look came into the gentle eyes.

"No," she replied; "I love mignonette best."

Margarita was quick enough. She noticed the deepening color, the brightening eyes, the changing glow on the fair face.

"She loves some one," thought Lady Rylestone—"some one who likes mignonette."

They sat down on the low stile that led from the coppice to the fields, and then Margarita thought the time had come when she could speak of Lord Hedington. She looked at Adelaide's face; the look upon it was bright and warm as the Spring morning itself. She began the conversation by speaking of Lady Edgerton, then of the visitors, and so, gradually and cleverly, brought it round to the young marquis. With one so frank, frankness was best. She looked up at Adelaide with a sudden, bright smile.

"Does not his great devotion touch you in the least?" she asked. "I have never seen any man more romantically in love."

"He is very good," Adelaide acknowledged; "but I cannot say that I have noticed much romance about the marquis."

"I call his love for you a romance," said Margarita. "I think he will never be the same if you are unkind to him."

"What do you mean by being unkind?" asked Adelaide, laughingly.

"I mean refusing to marry him," replied Margarita.

"That I shall most assuredly do, if he asks me," said Adelaide. "I hope he will not make so great a mistake."

"Why should it be a mistake?" asked Margarita.

"Because he must have seen from my manner that I do not care for him in that way at all. He is very good, and I have great respect for him; but love and marriage are very different matters."

"I know you will not be angry with me," said Margarita. "Why must it be a mistake? He is very good, this young marquis; he is rich and handsome, and talented in some degree."

"My dear Margarita, if he had the wealth of Croesus, the

beauty of an Apollo, and the talent of all the talented men in the world put together, he still would not interest me."

"I am sorry for him," said Margarita, pityingly.

"It will not hurt him," observed Adelaide, smiling; "love—when it is true love—always ennobles. He will be a better man, dear, for having loved me."

"But that is poor comfort for him—he would rather be happy than ennobled, I should say. I must not ask indiscreet questions—but will you ever be able to take an interest in him?"

"Not in the way you mean, Margarita." She looked far away over the hedges where the green buds were springing, over the tall trees just renewing their sweet life, the fair, smiling earth seeming to grow doubly fair in that moment. "I have not, and never shall have, any love to give away."

"Perhaps," observed Margarita, "it is all given."

A soft, sweet laugh like the silver chime of a bell, and a brighter blush on the fair face, were the only reply.

It was one of the prettiest pictures possible to imagine—the tender Spring light with its flushes of gold, the tall, arching trees with their green springing buds, and the two girls so beautiful, yet so different—the one fair, bright, and radiant, with golden hair, delicate dainty bloom, and clear-cut, aristocratic face—the other dark, bewitching, beautiful, with the richest coloring, and the most seductive style of features. They were so utterly different, yet both were young, beautiful, and charming.

Presently the golden head drooped over the dark one.

"Margarita, I will tell you a secret, if you will keep it a secret."

"That I faithfully promise to do," was the grave reply.

"It is a secret," she continued, "for, do you know, Margarita, although it has filled my heart and my soul—although it has been part of my life—still I have never even whispered the words to myself? But I am in love—in love with a shadow."

"With a shadow!" exclaimed Margarita. "How can that be?"

"It is so. I half loved my shadow—shall I call him so?—before I saw him, from what I heard of him—for he is the most noble and generous of men. I used to hear little anecdotes about him, and mused over him. I made a hero of him long before I saw him. Without my knowing it, he filled the whole of my thoughts and dreams even before I had seen him."

"And when you did see him?" interrupted Margarita—for the girl had paused, with a smile on her lips.

"When I did see him my whole heart went out to meet him, and I knew the love of my life had come to me. I knew that—let it be for weal or for woe—my fate was there. Still, I call it loving a shadow, for he whom I love does not love me."

No suspicion of the truth occurred to Margarita. She looked into the shining depths of the beautiful eyes.

"He must be hard of heart not to love you," she said, gently.

"Ah, no! He is not. He has never spoken one word of love to me, but I have the shadow of a hope. He may, perhaps, care for me in time."

"Are you sure he does not care for you now?" asked Margarita.

"Quite sure. He would have said so if it had been the case. He does not love me. Margarita, you are not horrified to find that I care for one who does not care for me?"

"I am not horrified at all," said Margarita.

"Well, he has not the least idea of it. It is only a dream."

"Why have you the shadow of a hope, if it is only a dream?"

"Because, when I saw him last, he was kinder to me than

he had ever been before, and he said that whenever he saw a spray of mignonette he should think of me. I think that when a man in his thoughts begins to associate a girl with a flower he loves her, or at least he is beginning to love her. What do you say?"

"It is probably true," said Margarita, wondering in her own mind if Lord Rylestone had ever associated her with any flower.

"You see I am right in saying that I love a shadow. When I look back on all the interviews I ever had with him, when I think over every word that he has ever said to me, I must honestly say there is not one which shows that I am anything more to him than the rest of the world. Still I cannot divest myself of the faint hope."

"But," said Margarita, "suppose that it is never realized; you will have wasted your life for a shadow."

"I shall be content. I could not learn even in the course of long years to care for any one else. I shall live my life happily enough, although in place of love it may be filled with a passionate yearning and a passionate regret. Right or wrong, for weal or for woe, all the love I had to give I gave him, and there is none left for any one else."

"I am sorry," said Margarita, in a pitying voice.

"There is no need for sorrow, dear. I do not know if I have ever looked for any return for all that I have given. I think not. I am happy because this great love of mine has changed all the world for me—has made it fairer, brighter, better—has opened my heart, given me greater sympathy and greater joy—has made me think more of others. It has ennobled me, and, if I have no return, I shall cherish my love in my heart of hearts, and carry it with me to the grave."

"It is a romance," said Margarita.

"Yes; and the prosaic side of the romance is that I shall probably live and die an old maid."

"You, with your beautiful face and charm of manner, live and die unloved! I do not believe it," cried Margarita.

"My beautiful face, as you are pleased to call it, will shine only on one man, dear. If not for him, then it will never brighten any other home. I do not say that I shall never be loved, but I have no love to give in return, save to him who will perhaps never claim it—my shadow."

She rose as though the pain of her own words was almost greater than she could bear. She stood looking at the far-off woods and the bright river in the distance.

"I cannot tell you all, Margarita," she continued; "perhaps you will like me even less for what I have said. I know what people say when a girl gives her love unasked; but I have not given mine in that fashion. He knows nothing of it, and he never will. I would not stoop to intrigue and manoeuvre—for a fortune I would not try to win his liking; it is only the shadow that I love, after all. But, Margarita, something terrible happened once to my love—something that should have made him hate me—something that seemed to outrage the girlhood and modesty within me—and, because he did not hate me then, it seems to me that he must in time love me."

For the first time a faint glimmering of the truth came to her, and she looked into the girl's fair face with troubled eyes.

"Why did you think he would hate you?"

"I cannot tell you that—I must not. But I shall know soon whether he does or not."

"How will you know?" asked Margarita, who began to feel interested.

"That I cannot tell you. Next June will decide my fate. It may see me the happiest of the happy, or content to live without love."

"Next June," repeated Margarita; and then her half-formed suspicions died away. It could not be her husband—it could not even concern him—for he was far away, and would not return until June had long passed by.

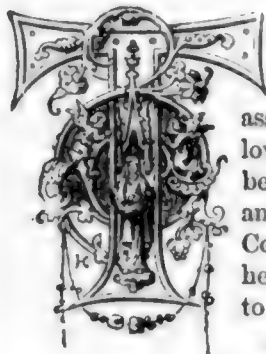
"You will keep my secret, Margarita?" said Adelaide, as they walked slowly to the house.

"Yes, I will keep it, and I shall hope some day to see this hero of yours."

But Adelaide rejoined, sadly:

"I do not know. I do not think it is likely that you will."

CHAPTER XXXV.



HE Marquis of Hedington had been dismissed with all possible kindness and sympathy, but with the firmest assurance from the lips of the lady he loved that all further importunity would be useless. He was wretched enough; and Adelaide pitied him. He had left Combermere, and soon afterwards the heiress and her companion went home to Walton Court.

Lady Rylestone had received several letters from her husband, and had answered them, sending her replies to Marpeth, and having them posted from there. For many days after the receipt of those letters Margarita was very happy. It seemed to her that the world grew brighter because of them; and in the last Lord Rylestone said he hoped to be home by the end of November.

"Then for the new life, Margarita!" he wrote. "No more hiding in a village for my beautiful wife! I have worked hard during these two years, and I shall have my reward. Social success and fortune will both be ours, and I shall prize them doubly because I have won them for you. The Earl of Barton has told me that he will have at his disposal next Spring an excellent appointment, and he has promised it to me. So, my darling, I shall come home to you the happiest of men. I shall see the face I love at the window, as I saw it last. Does the world contain another so happy as I?"

She read that letter under one of the great spreading oaks at Walton Court, and when she had finished it a sudden pain seized her—a dreadful doubt as to whether she had done right or wrong—as to what he could say when he knew all—that he knew all—that the wife he loved and honored had stolen under false pretence into his home. Would he be angry? Would he think that she had disgraced him?

"It was for his sake, after all," she thought. "It was to try whether by some means or other I could not get his lost fortune back."

He did not seem now either to think or to care about this fortune. He seemed almost better pleased that he had been left to carve out his own fate. He seemed to have forgotten the bitter repinings about leaving home and leaving her.

Still he could not be angry; she had done no harm, and it had been all for him. It was true he said nothing in his letter about his disappointment, but it must be as keen as ever, and, if she could lessen it—if she could find some means of restoring his wealth to him—he would be so much the better pleased to see her.

So she took heart again, repeating to herself the magical words, "It is for his sake"; and then she looked at the matter in its worst aspect. He would return in November. Early in November she must go to her own home and be there to meet him; and then she must tell him what her love for him, her anxiety for his interests, had caused her to do. If she had good news for him, she would gladly tell him it; if bad, she must own it; and then after a time she could go with him to Walton, and the worst that the few people who had known her as Miss Cameron's companion could say would be that in marrying a "companion" Lord Rylestone had married beneath him. It was not so terrible

after all. Another thought occurred to her. If she was to find out the secret of the will before her husband returned, she must find it out soon; she had but little time left, and she must make the best of it.

There had been some slight sensation about the lost letter, but not so much as she had feared. Miss Cameron had in due course of time received an epistle from Lord Rylestone, asking why she had not answered his questions, and she in her surprise read it to Margarita.

"The letter must have been lost," said Miss Cameron; "and yet in England our postal arrangements are so good that I cannot see how that can have occurred."

"It must have been mislaid—something must have happened to it," said Margarita, dreamily, remembering vividly the torture of the hour when she had written it.

Just as they were discussing the matter Mrs. Grame entered the room, and Adelaide, who had not only a kindly affection for, but also great confidence in, the old housekeeper, told her how disappointed Lord Rylestone was at not having received a letter that she had written.

"Lost!" said the old lady. "No, ma'am, with all respect for you and to his lordship, I do not believe it. Her Gracious Majesty looks after those kind of things too well. She pays those who knows their business. I do not believe it was lost."

As she spoke she looked at Margarita, whose face flushed, and then grew pale beneath her keen glance.

When she left the room, Mrs. Grame went at once to Gregson.

"Did you not tell me a story some time back about Miss Avenel's running after you on a dark night, to put a letter in the post-bag?" she asked.

Yes, he remembered the incident, and told the story over again for her gratification.

"Ah!" she said. "I was struck at the time. I am even more struck now. I have my own thoughts."

"What are they, Miss Grame?" asked Gregson, humbly.

"They do not concern you—they are for your betters," was the sharp answer; but, as the man moved away, she said to herself, "I shall track you yet, my lady! I shall track you, and hunt you down! If you are not a spy, my name is not Martha Grame!"

To Margarita's great relief, no more was said of the lost letter, and she believed that it was forgotten. It was then May, and she thought often of what Miss Cameron had said, that in June her fate would be decided.

"Perhaps this man for whom she cares is coming then," she said to herself; and she felt some curiosity about him.

She had lived so long with Adelaide now that she could not help feeling some affection for the girl she had once believed she hated; and she hoped, with all her heart, that this strange love-affair would end happily. She remembered too what Miss Cameron had said to Lady Langham—that she might, probably, in two years' time, lose all her money—so that, almost unconsciously to herself, she began to look upon June as a critical time.

She could see how its approach affected Miss Cameron. She was unsettled—sometimes gay and brilliant, at other times low and depressed. She tried to control herself, but her efforts were vain. Margarita saw that she suffered keenly. More than once she found her with traces of tears.

"I wish you would trust me a little more," she said one day to Miss Cameron. "I see you suffer, and you will not tell me why."

"I cannot, Margarita. That you may know I have something on my mind, I tell you frankly that the end of June will see me either happy as my brightest dreams foreshadow, or as wretched as I hardly dare to imagine. Be patient, dear; I cannot help it. It will be all over when the last June

roses blow; but how I shall live until then I cannot tell—I do not know."

"But surely you can trust me further than this," said Margarita.

"I cannot, dear. If the secret were my own, I would. We must say good-by to our quiet life very soon; Mr. Beale and Sir William Morton are coming, and we must do our best to entertain them."

"Will you not tell me more of this strange story of yours?" inquired Margarita. "I begin to feel as though I were in an atmosphere of mystery. Is there a mystery at Walton Court?"

She asked the question with assumed gaiety, but she narrowly watched Miss Cameron's face the while. There was a slight tremble of her lips.

"Mystery? No, none; but there are secrets—every house, every home, every heart has its secret. Even you, perhaps, Margarita, have yours."

It was a home-thrust, and Margarita could make no reply. Presently she smiled.

"I think," she said, "that you and I are like two cautious generals; we reconnoitre, advance, and retire. If you will trust me with all your secrets, I will tell you mine."

"I cannot," replied Adelaide. "I must be a cautious general for some little time longer."

"Yet you are naturally frank," observed Margarita.

"So are you," returned Miss Cameron. "Perhaps the time will come when we shall be frank with each other, but it seems to me that it will not be just yet."

The last words that Miss Cameron said to her that night were said laughingly.

"Now, Margarita, away with all mystery—forget all about secrets, and make a conquest of Mr. Beale."

"I should not do for a lawyer's wife," she remarked.

"Why not?" asked Adelaide.

"I should get interested in all his business and weave romances out of it," she answered. And, if Margarita had married Mr. Beale, that would have really happened.

CHAPTER XXXVI.



THE month of blossoms was gone, leaving the sweet odor of May flowers behind. The first day of June dawned bright, warm, and beautiful. Heaven was smiling upon earth; the flowers looked their fairest and best. Lady Rylestone stood alone on the broad white terrace that overlooked the garden.

The morning sun fell upon her tall figure with its perfect harmony and subtle grace—upon the superb face with its exquisite coloring. It showed clearly the troubled look in the dark eyes; for a terrible fear on this bright June morning had fallen over her—a fear that had robbed the earth of its brightness, the sun of its light. What if her husband should be seriously angry with her—should fling her from him as one disgraced and shamed?

She had lived lately in an atmosphere of clear light. Adelaide Cameron was in herself so true, so entirely honorable; her thoughts were so entirely noble, her sense of honor was so keenly sensitive, that no one could live with her without loving all that was pure and upright more.

Margarita was beginning to see more clearly. She had genius, fire, passion, good principle, but there was some little deficiency in her sense of honor. Adelaide Cameron could never have endured the idea of entering another person's

house in disguise, of seeking to find out by underhand means what had been purposely withheld; she could no more have done it than she could have put her hand into her neighbor's purse. Margarita, on the contrary, lost all sense of possible wrong in the end to be attained—her sense of honor did not recoil from it; yet she pleaded that she had acted entirely from a wish to serve her husband, to find out if there was not some way of retrieving his ill-fortune; and the end to be obtained seemed, in her eyes, so weighty that she forgot the means to be employed.

Her unhappiness arose from a conversation she had had on the night before with Adelaide. They had both been reading the same story, and they were busily discussing the hero. Adelaide approved of him. He had given up, even at the risk of breaking his heart, the woman he loved, because he had found her guilty of a mean and dishonorable action—an action that she had performed entirely for love of him. He could not pardon it. To him it was like the canker in a flower, the worm in fruit. It had destroyed his ideal, and he gave her up. Adelaide said he had done right, and Margarita raised her beautiful face in dire dismay.

"Right?" she repeated. "Why, he was cruel and unjust! She did it for his sake—for him. How could he be angry? How could it be wrong?"

"It was dishonorable," asserted Adelaide.

"Dishonorable! It seemed to me heroic. It might have been mean or base if she had done it for herself, but it was for him."

"I do not see how that affects the action, Margarita. She committed a mean, dishonorable deed. Does it affect the nature of that deed whether it was undertaken for lover, brother, husband, sister, or friend? The deed remains the same."

"But the end to be attained?" interrupted Margarita.

"Did not justify it—could not justify it. No true code of either honor, or morality, or religion can make the end justify the means."

"That seems a hard doctrine," said Margarita, gently.

"It is a clear one," rejoined Adelaide. "How else could the common laws of honor be kept? If I wanted to obtain some information from you that would be valuable for a good purpose, should I be justified in listening at your room-door? If I wanted money to relieve distress, even to save life, should I be justified in stealing it from you? If I wanted intelligence, even for the weightiest purpose, should I be justified in slyly reading one of your letters? Ah, Margarita, you are only jesting! The laws of honor seem to me so plain that a child may understand them."

"But, surely," said Margarita, "all people do not think so—are not so severe?"

"There can be but one thought on the subject amongst men and women of honor," decided Adelaide, calmly. And then she looked at the beautiful, pale face and the dark, troubled eyes, and smiled. "Why, Margarita, you look half frightened! If I did not know you so well, I should be tempted to ask whether you had ever undertaken anything, believing the end justified the means."

"But," persisted Margarita, "would all men think so? Suppose that a woman who loved a man very dearly did something perhaps not quite honorable to serve his interests, would he dislike her for it?"

"That is the very question at issue. I should say, if he were an honorable man himself, he would never forgive her."

"No matter how much she loved him?" interrupted Margarita, with trembling lips.

"Certainly not. The love might palliate the offence—it could not excuse it. If one has to choose between love and honor, surely there can be no hesitation. Honor before life, love, or anything else!"

And, as Miss Cameron spoke, the noble face had a light upon it that did not seem all of this world. The eyes grew deeper and more tender, a smile played round the perfect lips. It was as though a beautiful soul shone through a beautiful face. In that moment Margarita Rylestone did homage to a superior mind.

It was the remembrance of this conversation that darkened the sunshine for her, and blotted out the fairness of the flowers. What if her husband, Allan Rylestone, should think the same?

She had walked to the edge of the terrace, and stood looking over the stone balustrade.

When her husband came home and discovered what she had done—knew that she had gone in lowly disguise to his home, and had won by fraud knowledge that he had withheld from her—what would he say? Would he do as the hero of the story had done—fling her away and love her no more?

A passionate cry came from her lips—she loved him so truly, so dearly. She bent her head amongst the fragrant, clustering roses and wept bitter tears. Presently she raised it with feverish energy. She must make the best of the difficulty. If he was likely to be angry with her, there was all the more need for good news to lessen his anger—all the more need that she should be able to give him intelligence which would disarm his anger and make him pleased with her—all the more need that she should see the will and find out if her woman's wit could not remedy the evil done. She must discover the secret—and yet, dear Heaven, how powerless she was.

She had been in Walton for months, and was no nearer than when she first came. If she asked even the least question that could lead to the subject of the will, Miss Cameron seemed to put on an armor of reserve which she could never penetrate. As for papers and letters, she had read them, but none alluded to the matter nearest her heart; the secret of the will was impenetrable. She had with her all her woman's wits. And yet she could not discover it.

* * * * *

June was come, and Adelaide was in a fever of suspense. She could hardly tell why she had a faint hope, yet she had one. There had been such a pleasant exchange of letters between Lord Rylestone and herself—since he had left her he had been so kind that it was possible he had changed his mind. She was not sure if, after all, she had done wisely in trying so hard to send him abroad. She believed that, if he had remained with her a little longer, he would have loved her—it seemed like it. In a fever of suspense and despair she watched each day of the bright month pass. She knew that the last day would bring her news on which all the rest of her life depended.

The 29th came, and Mr. Beale arrived from London, and Sir William Morton from Tatham, with Squire Segood. Margarita began to hope. From one or another she gleaned that they were all there on business concerning the will—what it was she did not know. She learned that Mr. Beale was the family lawyer, and the other gentlemen trustees; and then she grew more puzzled than ever. No matter what the business was, it could not concern Allan—of that she began to feel quite sure. How could it concern him when he was so far away?

The three gentlemen spent the evening in the drawing-room with the ladies, and it was not until Margarita had retired that any conversation between them took place; and then Mr. Beale congratulated Miss Cameron on her management of the Court, and spoke of the perfect order in which he found everything, adding, from the depth of his heart, that it would be a thousand pities if she ever had to leave it. Adelaide smiled sadly.

"I shall be ready to go when Lord Rylestone returns," she said; and then the shrewd little lawyer murmured something about the possibility of "happier circumstances."

"We shall have a letter from Lord Rylestone in the morning," said Sir William. "I should imagine that he has attended to the matter."

"A matter of fifteen thousand per annum—it would be odd if he did not attend to it!" exclaimed the squire.

"I mean," explained Sir William, "that he will have made all arrangements for the letter to reach us tomorrow."

"Yes," said Mr. Beale, "we may rely upon that. Lord Rylestone is the soul of punctuality; he will not have forgotten."

* * * * *

Adelaide Cameron made no attempt to rest. She never even thought of sleep. She took the flowers from her fair hair, the jewels from her dress and neck; she threw a shawl round her, and opened the window. The moonlight lay on the flowers and trees, on the sleeping woods and the wide fields. Ah, when the moon should so shine again, she would know her fate—when the coming day's sun had set in the western skies, she would know!

The two alternatives lay clear enough before her. Either he would write and ask her to be his wife, or he would write and formally renounce her. She stretched out her white arms to the moonlit skies. Was it right to pray for human love? Ah, if Heaven in its mercy would but give her this! If she might but be happy in her own way—if she might but have this great treasure of his love!

"I would be so good," she murmured. "I would not make earthly idols for myself; my happiness should only draw me nearer to Heaven—not take me farther from it."

She bent her fair face on her hands, and prayed. The love that filled her heart was so great, so noble, so pure, she was not ashamed that Heaven should know it, although she was too proud to reveal it to the eyes of men; she prayed for it as the one gift that would make life happy—as the one treasure that was above all price.

If the love she yearned for came—if her feeble words could pierce these moonlit skies, and plead for her—she would hear her great happiness as nobly as she would a sorrow. She, out of the abundance of her own gladness, would gladden the hearts of others; she, from the superabundance of her own joy, would lighten and brighten every heart that beat near her. If it was not to be—this happiness for which she prayed—then she would do the best she could with her life; no other love should enter it; she would use her money for the well-being and happiness of others, and she would live patiently.

So she thought and mused while the dew lay on the lilies, and the breath of the roses perfumed the air.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It seemed almost as though the scene of the reading of the will was to be repeated; the June sunbeams lay again on the floor, brightening the quaint oaken furniture and gilding the ponderous volumes. But there was this great difference—no shadow of recent death made the house gloomy—the hangings were drawn back, the windows were open, sunshine, fresh air, and fragrance entered and the figure that had been most conspicuous before was wanting now. Lord Rylestone was absent, and, as the little group gathered silently, each one was thinking of him.

He had in reality, before he left England, written the letter that was to be read that day; it had been left at Mr. Beale's office, with instructions to post it on the twentieth of June; and Mr. Beale knew this, although, for Miss Cameron's sake, he refused to disclose it.

The lawyer, the two trustees, and Miss Cameron took their seats. Squire Segood, in his thoughtful fashion, had suggested that Miss Avenel should accompany the heiress; but Mr. Beale, anticipating the mortification in store for her, had said, "No; as we have kept the secret of the will so strictly until now, it will be better to keep it altogether—and strangers had better not be present."

"Do you wish for Miss Avenel's company?" he asked Adelaide—and her answer was "No."

She thought to herself that, whatever she had to bear, she could bear it best alone, let it be either joy or sorrow. Besides, she did not wish Margarita to know who her lover was.

The silence was for some minutes unbroken; the wind wafted in the fragrance of the roses; and Adelaide, whose fair face had grown very pale, bent over the flowers she held in her hand.

"I have Lord Rylestone's letter," said Mr. Beale, "and I will proceed to read it."

There was a slight trembling of the white hands that held the flowers—a slight tremor of Miss Cameron's lips. Mr. Beale proceeded to make some unimportant remarks—and it spoke well for Adelaide's self-control that she uttered no sound and made no sign. She could have cried out in her agony of suspense—it was her happiness, her love, her life that was at stake; but the pale beautiful face was proudly calm.

"I will read Lord Rylestone's letter," repeated Mr. Beale—and, from his quick shrewd glance at Miss Cameron, it was evident that he had waited purposely to give her time to collect herself—and then he began:

"As this is the last day of the two years given to me in which to decide my future, I now authorize the trustees of the late Lord Bernard Rylestone's will to take immediate steps for putting Miss Cameron into full possession of her fortune. I formally decline to carry out my late uncle's proposal; and I wish Miss Cameron all possible happiness and prosperity."

"ALLAN RYLESTONE."

"A manly, straightforward letter," said Squire Segood; while Sir William made some muttered remarks that had not a very pleasant sound.

The fair face bent over the flowers had grown white as marble, but no sound had escaped the trembling lips. The very faintness of death seemed to have come over Adelaide—sorrow that had no name; her disappointment was almost greater than she could bear. She thought to herself that if a sword had been plunged into her heart the pain could not have been sharper.

Some few minutes elapsed before she recovered, and then the gentlemen gathered round her, each offering warmest congratulations.

"I wish you health and life to enjoy your wealth, Miss Cameron," said Mr. Beale.

She stood quite still, the flowers in her hand, and her face slightly bent over them, receiving with quiet, smiling grace the congratulations offered to her. She never showed a symptom of the sorrow that was filling her heart; nor did one word reveal that her life was wrecked and ruined.

"I shall be happy to receive your commands, Miss Cameron," said Mr. Beale. "There are several matters still that require attention. I think of going away for the month of July; but I shall return to London about the second week in August, and then there will be a great amount of business to get through—principally accounts to make up. If you wish it, I will wait upon you here. Suppose we appoint the last week in September to settle everything?"

With a little bow Miss Cameron signified her assent. She was almost incapable of speech just then.

"Well, I must say," said Sir William Morton, "that Allan Rylestone is the most absurd man on the face of the earth.

A beautiful wife and a splendid fortune—yet he will take neither."

"There must be a reason," said Squire Segood.

Once more Mr. Beale addressed the heiress.

"You perfectly understand, Miss Cameron, that by the terms of the will you are now free—free to marry as you will, free to spend your money as you wish, but you cannot will it away during your life."

"I understand," said Adelaide, quietly. "I thank you, gentlemen, for your kindness; and now I will say good-morning."

"She does not like it," observed the squire, sagaciously. "She would have been better pleased if Lord Rylestone had taken the money."

"I do not know—it is a noble fortune," said Mr. Beale; "and, gentlemen, as matters have ended so, I am glad we have kept the secret of the will. For Miss Cameron's sake, we are bound to keep it still."

They all agreed, and the interview terminated. The only words of importance spoken after that came from Mr. Beale. In bidding Adelaide adieu, before Margarita, he said:

"I shall be here then, Miss Cameron, in September; I shall bring with me the accounts, and a copy of the will."

Adelaide merely bowed; but the words set Margarita's heart on fire. A copy of the will! It was the very thing she had been so desirous of seeing. In September he was to bring it, and in all probability she would have a chance of seeing it. Any one looking at her might have wondered why her face suddenly grew crimson with a burning flush and a great flame revealed the splendor of her eyes.

In September! It was not long to wait; and, when she had once mastered the contents of the will she would have nothing more to do, perhaps, but might go home and await her husband there.

So far, it was plain, she could not have done anything; a copy of the will was not at Walton Court, after all.

"If I could have disguised myself as a clerk, and have gone into Mr. Beale's office," she thought, "I should have mastered it all before now."

Still the hope of coming to the end of her task was very sweet to her. She had been greatly troubled of late by doubts as to what her husband would say, what he would think. She had begun to fear that after all she might have made a mistake—that the secret did not concern him. Yet it must have concerned him, or why should he have lost the money? She lost herself in a chaos of thought and doubt and fear. One thing day by day impressed itself more and more deeply upon her mind—it was the greatness of the loss which he had sustained. She saw how needful money was for keeping up appearances—that it was the great lever of social life; and more than ever she realized his bitter disappointment. She could understand, too, that, although he loved her so well, he had made a great sacrifice in marrying her.

"Still," she said to herself, more than once, "about one thing I can be perfectly happy—it was not through marrying me that he lost his fortune."

If it had been, she knew that she could never have been happy again. Bad as the matter might be, it was not so bad as that. She shuddered as she thought of it. Marrying her had prevented his securing a fortune with his wife, but it had not prevented his succeeding to the late lord's fortune.

"I could not have borne that," she thought; "to have known that I was the obstacle between my darling and the money which ought to have been his, would have killed me."

It was not long to wait until September. All that had to follow seemed to her easy enough. She must find out where the will was deposited, and then she must secure the keys; and some night, when all in the house were sleeping, she must go down and read it.

All that Adelaide had said to her of honor and dishonor flashed across her mind as she so decided.

"Never mind," said Margarita. "She may prefer what she calls honor. I prefer advancing the interests of one whom I love. That is honor to me."

hope died. She did not know how much she had dwelt on each little detail—how she had pondered every word, until, to her, it had assumed more meaning than was ever intended.

Still she did not blame him; he had a perfect right to



THE PET FAWN.—FROM A DRAWING BY PIAUD.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ADELAIDE wondered how she lived through the days that followed the reading of Lord Rylestone's letter. She did not know how strong the hope was within her until that

please himself. All the more noble he was if, not loving her, he refrained from marrying her for her money's sake. He did not love her—there lay the sting. She loved him almost better in losing than she would have done in winning him. How few men would have acted as he had—would have

refused so large a fortune simply from want of love from the girl whose hand held it! She had cherished the hope that, on knowing her better and liking her, he might, when the time for final decision really arrived, elect to marry her. Now the hope was dead; it could not linger—it could not live again—it was past, and she had nothing to do but live her life.

"I will not be a coward," she said to herself; "the women of my race were never that. I will live my life, with Heaven's help, as bravely as though I had won instead of lost all."

She could not help the decree of fate; the fortune was hers—she could not escape it—but she would do good, not harm with it. She would not spend it on herself, or for her own personal gratification; it should go toward making sad hearts gay—toward relieving distress and sorrow wherever she found them.

Two or three days passed before Margarita ventured to inquire from Adelaide what the month of June had brought her. At length she took courage. She went up to her one day as she sat alone under the shade of a sweeping cedar on the lawn. She sat down by Adelaide's side, and laid her hand gently on her arm.

"I wish I might ask you a question," she said, quietly.

"I am willing to answer any question that you may put, Margarita," returned the heiress, sadly.

"Will you tell me what the month of June has brought you?"

Adelaide was silent for some minutes, and then, with a sad smile, she raised her fair face to the light.

"Yes, I will tell you dear—I have been intending to do so; but I thought I would wait, Margarita, till the first smart of my pain was over. June has come and gone. It found me with the shadow of a hope—it leaves me with none; it found me happy after a patient, hopeful fashion—it leaves me unhappy and hopeless; it found me with my fortunes uncertain—it leaves me wrecked in hope and love, but one of the wealthiest heiresses even in this wealthy land. My future is all settled now—there will be no more uncertainty for me."

"But your hero," said Margarita, impatiently—"what of him?"

"He has gone back into shadowland, where I may love him still, I suppose. I have lost him, Margarita. He was never near me; but now he has drifted afar off, and I shall never see him as my hero again."

"You are unhappy, then?" interrogated Margarita.

"Not quite unhappy, dear. I think it is almost better to know at once that one's hope is dead than to watch it die."

"But are your conclusions sound?" asked Margarita. "I cannot understand any one not loving you."

"I understand it," she returned; "and I think, Margarita, that he must love some one else. Do not mistake me. I do not say that I am irresistible; I am not vain enough to think every one must love me. But I am as fair as the ordinary run of women are; and I have average talent and wealth. If he cannot love me, it must be that he cares for some one else, I think."

"Yes," said Margarita, thoughtfully, "I think so, too. What will you do?"

"What can I do? I shall not part with my shadow; this shadowy love will always be the best part of my life to me. I shall do the best I can—live my life, be as happy as I can, and make every one else the same; but, ah me, if Heaven had but given me my love!"

Adelaide's pride and courage seemed to desert her. She bent her head until it rested on Margarita's shoulder.

"You will not think me childish," she said; "but these tears have been blinding my eyes for long days past. Oh, if Heaven had but given me my love!"

If, as she prayed and wept, she had known who the man

was for whose lost love she mourned—if she had known on whose shoulder her head rested—proud Adelaide would have died of shame with the knowledge.

Presently she looked up, smiling like a child through the mist of tears.

"There," she said—"that has taken my pain away. Do you know what I used to do when I was a child and felt unhappy?"

"No," replied Margarita. "You must have been such a strange child that I cannot even guess."

"I always cured myself by a simple method. If I felt unhappy, I went directly to some one else who was in sorrow, and in curing them I always grew better myself."

"Then you must do the same now," said Margarita.

"I will, Heaven helping me. Ah, Margarita, pride is very heroic, especially the pride of silence and self-control; but I am so much better for having spoken of my sorrow to you."

And the two who in reality were at war—who had given the love of a lifetime to the same man—cared more for each other that morning than they had ever cared before.

But Margarita was not always to be in ignorance as to the identity of the man whom Adelaide Cameron loved. The heiress wanted one day a particular paper from her escritoire, and she asked Margarita to get it. In the course of the search, and quite unconsciously, Lady Rylestone opened a secret drawer of which she had been in profound ignorance. There she saw a spray of mignonette, withered and faded, a bundle of letters, and a small painting, a copy of the portrait of Lord Rylestone. Underneath it was written, "In life and in death." Gazing upon these things, the knowledge came to Lady Rylestone that Adelaide Cameron, the beautiful heiress, loved her husband!

A low cry of pain and dismay broke from her lips.

"Oh, the evils of a secret marriage!" she cried. "I would have given the world to prevent this!"

She stood for a few minutes overwhelmed by the discovery. This was the love that the heiress had alluded to. It was Allan Rylestone, her husband, whom Adelaide Cameron called a shadow-love. Pity, hate, jealousy, and sorrow stirred her heart. What should she do? Should she go at once and say: "You must destroy these letters—you must think no more of him; he is mine, and never can be yours?"

That was her first impulse—prudence restrained it. Could she say anything that would put Miss Cameron on her guard—that would show her that Lord Rylestone was not to be won? No, she could not say one word without betraying herself.

She would not read the letters. She was too loyal to her husband for that. She took them in her hands, and then replaced them.

"She may love him in life and in death," she thought: "but he is mine—all mine."

Bitter, angry thoughts came to her. She wished she had never been near the escritoire, and then she would not have had the pain of this secret added to her own. Presently she roused herself. What would Miss Cameron think of her absence? She must go back to her or she might suspect.

Miss Cameron looked up with a smile as Margarita re-entered the room.

"My dear Margarita," she said, "where is the paper?"

Lady Rylestone had forgotten all about it in the agitation and excitement of the discovery. She had not even remembered for what she had gone. Adelaide looked in wonder at the pale face.

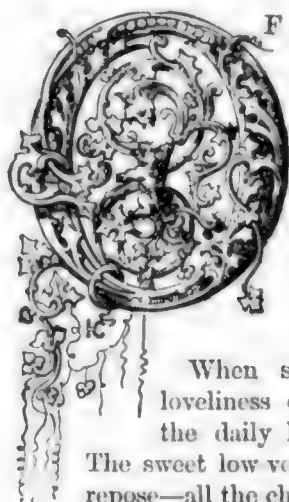
"Have you seen a ghost?" she asked, with a smile. "You look frightened and hurt. Has anything happened to vex you?"

"No," replied Margarita; "but I am sorry that I forgot the paper. I will go back again for it."

"No," said Adelaide, kindly, "that you shall not. I am sure something that you will not tell me has put you out. See—your hands are trembling! Sit down; I will go for the paper myself."

And, trembling in every limb, Margarita obeyed her. When she was alone she asked herself if the mystery she was seeking to unvail was worth all the trouble, suspense, misery, and regret that it had brought upon her.

CHAPTER XXXIX.



ALL the pangs of jealousy that Lady Rylestone ever had experienced none could equal the anguish that she endured after her unhappy discovery at Walton Court. She said to herself by day and by night:

"Adelaide Cameron loves my husband! She does not know he is mine; she has made him her hero, and she loves him!"

When she looked at the fair high-bred loveliness of her rival's face, every detail of the daily life she led was a torture to her.

The sweet low voice, the grace of manner, the calm repose—all the charms that made Adelaide one of the fairest of women, were as so many tortures to Margarita.

She was always trying to remember what Adelaide had said of her love. The words were never out of her mind, yet she knew there was no real cause for jealousy. She knew that her husband had been as loyal to her as it was possible for man to be. The girl who loved him said that he had never uttered a word or given her a look that in the least degree told of love. The faint hope that had died such a sudden death was caused only by his kindness. Margarita knew that her jealousy was absurd, because there was nothing to cause it. She knew that Lord Rylestone was as true to her as the needle to the pole, yet she dreaded the fair loveliness of her rival's face and the sweetness of her voice.

It was not Lord Rylestone's fault if Adelaide had made a hero of him; still, Margarita could not bear to think that any one else loved him who was all the world to her. It had come upon her like a terrible shock. It was in vain she tried to reason with herself, to keep calm and cool—the passionate heart was all aflame, the spark of Spanish fire was fanned into a blaze. Sometimes she would watch the calm face of Adelaide Cameron, with the tender light in her eyes and the sweet sad smiles playing round her lips, knowing well that the girl was thinking of her shadowy love—the love that had no foundation, no reality; and then the impulse would be strong within her to tell her the truth—to tell her that she was married to Lord Rylestone, and that no thought of another's must be given to him—an impulse so strong that it was hardly possible to resist it. The only thing that prevented her speaking was the idea that, if Miss Cameron once knew who she was, all chance, all hope of her ever finding out the secret of the will would be at an end.

"It would indeed be a woman's war then," she said to herself, "and that, at present, I do not wish. I must, for Allan's sake, for my own sake, discover now the secret of the will."

But, though she did not tell her, she grew so strange in manner that Miss Cameron could not understand her. She would step hastily forward at times and seize her hand, as though she had something very important to say to her, and then drop the hand, murmur a few unmeaning words, and leave her. Adelaide thought it strange—but then her companion's manner always had been strange; so she said nothing

about it. The torture of jealousy seemed to be slowly and surely eating Lady Rylestone's life away. The beautiful face lost its color, and grew thin and pale; an anxious, troubled look came into the dark eyes and never left them. She grew silent and sad; all the music seemed to die from her voice; it was as though some slow, sure fever were consuming her life.

More than once Adelaide spoke to her young companion of what seemed to her the signs of declining health, but Margarita always gave some evasive answer. Nothing ailed her, she declared—she wanted nothing. Yet strangers, when they looked at the beautiful restless face, wondered what hidden fever was burning within her. It was strange, almost painful, to see her, whether out in the sunshine amongst the flowers or in the magnificent rooms, always with the same restless face, and dark, troubled eyes. So many fears haunted her; her life seemed to be spent in fighting with shadows. The fear lest, when Lord Rylestone returned, he should be angry about what she had done; the fear, lest, after all, she should have run her terrible risks in vain; the fear lest something—she could never tell what—should make Allan like Adelaide; the fear lest, even if she discovered the secret, she should not be able to do anything to help the man whom she loved with such intense, passionate love; and, the crowning fear of all, the dread lest, even if her discoveries should materially affect his interests, Lord Rylestone should refuse to forgive her for what she had done—all these were ever before her.

"It was ill-considered," she owned now to herself; "it would have been a thousand times better had it never been begun."

Still, as she had embarked on a stormy sea, and it was too late now to draw back, the only thing left was to make the best of it—to do so much for Lord Rylestone that he should forget the fashion in which it had been done.

So time passed until September came. The Autumn of that year was long remembered in England as a most fruitful one. The flowers still lingered as though loth to die; the orchards were filled with luscious hanging fruit; the rich crops of corn were yellow as gold. But all the ripe beauty of the season was lost upon Margarita—her whole soul was filled with trouble.

One morning, as the two ladies sat at breakfast together—it was the second week in September—a letter came from Mr. Beale, saying that he hoped to be with Miss Cameron on the following day, when he would bring the accounts and a copy of the will with him. Miss Cameron read the letter aloud, and then she said to Margarita:

"That will be the last of the tiresome business, I hope. Margarita," she cried, suddenly, "what is the matter with you?" for the face of her young companion had suddenly grown white as death, and a great fear had shadowed the dark eyes.

"To-morrow—so soon?" she murmured.

"Soon!" repeated Adelaide. "It seems to me that the business has been very long on hand; I am tired of it. Why, Margarita, your lips have grown white! Surely you are not afraid of Mr. Beale?"

She tried hard to recover herself.

"No, I am not afraid of him. Why should I be? I have seen Mr. Beale only once; and then he barely deigned to notice me. Has he anything to do with Lord Rylestone?"

She asked the question suddenly, almost sharply; the idea had just occurred to her. Adelaide looked up laughing.

"How strange to hear you asking a question about Lord Rylestone!" she said. "It is, I think, the first time that I have heard you mention his name. Yes, certainly Mr. Beale has a great deal to do with Lord Rylestone; he is his lawyer—the manager of his affairs. He was the late lord's

confidential adviser; he knows all about the Walton estates; he has the whole history of the Rylestone family at his finger-tips. I was going to say that no one ever had more to do with Lord Rylestone than has Mr. Beale, but that perhaps would be saying too much."

Margarita made no remark. She was thinking to herself that if he had been the late lord's confidential adviser he must know the secret of the will—perhaps even had the making of it. Her heart beat quickly, and her face flushed nervously; she could not have been more moved had the will been before her.

"I am amused," continued Miss Cameron, "that you should ask such a question. I have often thought that you were not inquisitive—I am glad to find that you are human after all."

"I do not know what led me to ask," said Margarita, trying to speak carelessly. It seemed to her that she was on the threshold of the mystery that she had tried so hard to penetrate.

The question she had asked seemed to dispose Miss Cameron to talk. During all the months they had been together Lord Rylestone had never once formed the subject of their conversation. They had sat in the handsome dining-room where his portrait hung, and they had both carefully avoided looking at it—Margarita because of her great love, fearing lest she should betray it, and Adelaide from the fear that if she spoke of him her secret would escape her. But now she was inclined to refer to him. It seemed pleasant to utter his name—to hear it—and she wondered why she had never spoke of him to the lovely woman whose eyes were so full of fire.

"I think you would like Lord Rylestone," she said, looking up at the beautiful face, with its dark, lambent eyes, and sad sweet lips. "You will be sure to see him."

"Shall I? Why do you say so?" asked Margarita.

"He returns from Canada in November, and he is sure to come here," answered Adelaide.

The dark face lighted up with a sudden glow.

"Why is he sure to come here?" she asked—and something in her voice caused Adelaide to look suddenly at her.

"Because Walton is his home," she replied, "and I hope he will come to take possession of it."

"Where shall you go then?" asked Margarita; and she knew that her question was put more from a desire to see if Adelaide had any lingering love for him than from fear or anxiety about her welfare.

"I do not know. I think I should like to travel. If I go abroad, you will come with me, I hope. I should never be happy without you."

"I cannot promise," said Margarita, thoughtfully. She was picturing to herself Adelaide's surprise when she should return from abroad and find her at Walton Court, the wife of its owner.

"Lord Rylestone is sure to come straight to Walton," said Miss Cameron. "I shall be curious to know what you think of him."

To herself Margarita was saying that he should not come there. She would go home to the pretty villa at Marpeth, and she would keep him there. He should not see the fair-faced, golden-haired girl who loved him so dearly. She might go abroad and remain there, but she should never have the opportunity of exerting her influence and the power of her charms over him.

"I hope when he comes," continued Adelaide, "that he will be pleased with the few improvements I have ventured to make at the Court. Ah, Margarita, you have a dreamy far-off look in your eyes! You are not listening to what I am saying. Your dark eyes look at me with serene calmness. You do not take any interest in my friend Lord

Rylestone. I think it is because so few things interest you, and because you are so given to dreaming, that I love you so much. Now I must go and give orders about Mr. Beale's room."

"Will he stay here long?" asked Margarita, abruptly.

"I cannot say—perhaps two or three nights—not more. Sir William Morton has to meet him here." And with those few careless words Miss Cameron went away.

CHAPTER XL



MARGARITA RYLESTONE stood on the broad western terrace with Miss Cameron when the approach of Mr. Beale was announced. It was a fine clear September day; the sky was blue, the golden gleam of the sun lay over the flowers and trees, the red-brown leaves were falling, the Autumn foliage was at its richest and best. They stood watching the carriage, Adelaide thinking how soon she should be gone from Walton, and how little she should see of Mr. Beale or Lord Rylestone afterwards; Margarita think-

ing of a thousand things—of Mr. Beale's surprise when in her he should recognize Lady Rylestone—of the coming home that would one day be hers—of the reception that would be given her when she came to Walton Court as Lord Rylestone's honored wife.

Presently she saw the small, slight figure of the lawyer; she noted the shrewd face, the keen eyes, the iron-gray hair. In his hand he carried a blue bag. At the sight of it her heart gave a sudden bound. Perhaps in that very bag lay the will, the secret of which she had imperilled so much to know!

She watched him enter the house, and she raised her face to the sunlit skies. The time was come in which she had to accomplish what she had so long contemplated.

"Heaven help me!" she cried inwardly. "May I have the strength, the courage, the wit, the skill, to baffle those who have robbed my husband of all!"

And then her eyes fell on the fair face of Adelaide Cameron, and her heart misgave her. She, the fair young heiress, who had wasted her life on a shadowy love, was no enemy of Lord Rylestone's. Margarita had thought so once—she knew better now. She knew that Adelaide Cameron would ask nothing better than to give her fortune to Lord Rylestone, and deemed nothing more precious than his love. She could not be called his enemy. With whom, then, was she—Lady Rylestone—going to war? Not, surely, with the dead! She pressed her hand against her throbbing temples.

"I shall go mad," she said to herself, "if matters continue as they are. I am half mad now."

Slowly and mechanically she followed Miss Cameron into the house. She never remembered how the early hours of that day passed; they were like a dream to her. She roused herself at last, thinking that she must watch and listen, in order to discover where the will was deposited.

There had been one little circumstance which made her feel sure she was on the right track after all. Adelaide, who never would receive or entertain visitors alone, asked Margarita to go with her to meet Mr. Beale. He laid his locked case on the table in order that his hand might be free; and then he looked at it with a smile.

"In that case is the copy of that important will," he announced.

"The most cruel will that was ever made!" exclaimed Adelaide.

"Few people to whom a will had given so large a fortune would say that, Miss Cameron," observed the lawyer.

Seeing an expression of wonder on Margarita's face, Adelaide said to her :

"That will gave me a fortune, Margarita, yet I would give my life for it never to have been written."

"You speak in riddles," returned Margarita ; and then Mr. Beale interposed with some questions about Sir William, and the conversation closed.

But Margarita remembered it, and she was puzzled more than she had ever been before. Why should Miss Cameron hate a will which had given her a fortune ? It could not be because she loved Lord Rylestone so dearly, that she grieved to see him deprived of it. If that were the case, she would not speak of it openly as she did.

The time came to dress for dinner. Mr. Beale and Sir William were both present at the meal ; and both were great admirers of the beautiful heiress—they did not think she was to be equalled in beauty. But they looked up in wonder when the superb figure of Margarita Rylestone stood before them. She did not know why she had taken such pains with her toilet ; she had no notion of impressing them—no wish that they should admire her. But she had chosen for herself a dress of rich, deep crimson, not costly in texture, but shining and light ; and with it she wore a few gold ornaments.

Looking up as she entered the room, the gentlemen saw a magnificently beautiful woman, with crimson flowers in the thick coils of her dusky hair, and a face that was like an artist's dream. They rose involuntarily. The thought that shaped itself in Mr. Beale's mind was that after all there was nothing like brunette beauty ; while Sir William wondered silently what had induced Miss Cameron to choose so beautiful a woman as her companion.

"She is plainly not afraid of rivalry," said the baronet to himself.

The little dinner-party went off well. Adelaide was in her usual good spirits, and Margarita exerted herself to talk, though in reality she could do little but listen—listen with her soul in her ears for one word about the will. But it was not spoken ; and she felt disappointed—so bitterly disappointed that she could not eat. Sir William, who was watching her intently, saw that, although she did not refuse the dishes that were offered to her, she ate nothing. Sir William had a hearty, healthy appetite, and he looked with grave suspicion upon those who had not. The first of the long train of circumstantial evidence that was afterward brought against Margarita was that she sat down before a well-arranged dinner and ate nothing.

When the gentlemen were alone, they expressed their ideas one to the other on the subject of the heiress's beautiful dark-eyed companion. Sir William disclosed his mind very plainly.

"I do not quite understand that young lady," he said to the lawyer. "She is not at all the kind of person that one generally imagines a companion to be. She is like a youthful member of some noble family. And I do not think that I have ever seen a handsomer woman in my life."

"Nor I," agreed Mr. Beale ; "but, like yourself, I am just a little suspicious of her. I cannot see what should bring a beautiful woman like that here."

"Perhaps she is poor, and has her living to get."

"It may be so—I do not dispute it ; but I cannot help having the idea that she is playing a part. She gives me that impression. She converses and seems to be interested, yet I can see that she is listening. I know it by the intent expression that comes into her eyes. What can she be listening for ?"

"I hope Miss Cameron has been careful about references and all that kind of thing," said Sir William.

"I can hardly doubt it ; but, if I saw any real ground of suspicion, I should at once advise Miss Avenel's removal from here."

"The lady would meet with little mercy at your hands," observed Sir William.

"My hands would incline to justice, and my first thought would be for Miss Cameron," said Mr. Beale, and then the gentlemen went to the drawing-room.

Although their better judgment was slightly against her, they could not help owning that they were charmed with Miss Cameron's companion. Sir William began to think that he must have been mistaken in his estimate of her ; but shrewd, keen Mr. Beale detected beneath all her brilliancy the keenest anxiety.

"Why is she anxious ?" he thought. "Why does she listen so intently to me, watch me so earnestly, hang upon every word, when I speak to Miss Cameron ? There is a mystery, and I must fathom it."

Margarita's patience and perseverance won their reward at last. Mr. Beale went to Miss Cameron, and, believing himself unheard, said to her :

"I had better put the copy of the will, with the rest of the documents, in the iron safe."

"Yes," she agreed, "that is the general repository of all my treasures. All my jewels and money are kept there."

"Hush, my dear lady !" he said, with all a lawyer's caution.

She looked up at him laughingly.

"How prudent you lawyers are ! There is no one to hear me."

But he had caught the brightening of the dark eyes, and, though he did not understand it exactly, he felt sure that Margarita had heard what Miss Cameron said—that she had tried to hear it, and that the hearing had given her satisfaction.

"You have the key of the safe, I believe ?" interrogated Mr. Beale.

"Yes," and Miss Cameron produced a small bunch of keys. The one that opened the safe was small, and of peculiar design.

"That is it, Mr. Beale," she said, and the lawyer, looking at her, said :

"I hope you are careful about your keys, Miss Cameron. There have been some strange jewel robberies lately."

"We are very systematic about the Walton ones," she replied, with a smile ; "we have a solemn ceremony that is never omitted. Every night Mrs. Grame brings the keys to my room ; and I do not think she would sleep in peace unless they had been given into my hands."

"Mrs. Grame is an invaluable person," he continued. "I do not think any one will be able to wrong you while she is here."

"Wrong me !" echoed Adelaide. "Why, who would think of such a thing ?"

"You cannot be too careful," observed the lawyer. "I have heard so many strange stories lately that I should not be surprised at anything."

Miss Cameron laughed.

"I think we are safe at Walton," she said ; "I do not feel alarmed. But I am always glad of advice, and I promise to look carefully after my keys."

That night, as Mrs. Grame, with her basket of keys, was going down the corridor that led to Miss Cameron's room, she met Margarita, who spoke to her half laughingly, yet with a strange hectic flush on her face and a strange light in her eyes, saying :

"I am going to Miss Cameron's room ; shall I take the basket for you, Mrs. Grame ? It will save you a few steps."

The housekeeper raised her eyes.

"No, thank you, Miss Avenel," she replied. "I prefer

placing them, according to custom, in my lady's own hands."

"As you like," returned Margarita, haughtily. "I merely thought of saving you fatigue;" and without another word she passed on.

Mrs. Grame looked distrustfully after the retreating figure.

"My mistress may trust you as much as she likes," she said, "but you will never be trusted by me!"

CHAPTER XLI.

TEN minutes later, when Margarita returned to Miss Cameron's door, she found it fastened, and she knew there was no further hope of getting the keys that night. It all seemed plain and easy to her now. She had but to get the keys by some stratagem or other, and then open the safe, read the will, and put it back. But what then? A dreary, almost hopeless feeling came over her as she asked herself the question—What then?

She did not take long to reflect; she decided that she must then go to some eminent and trustworthy lawyer, take advice, and see if it were not possible for her to do something to invalidate this will, and help her husband to regain his lost fortune.

Her difficulties seemed almost to have vanished. The work she had given herself to do lay plainly enough before her. The only question was, How was she to get the key of the safe? She had read distrust and defiance in the housekeeper's face, and she knew that in Mrs. Grame she had an enemy who would baffle her if possible.

She arranged in her own mind that on the night following she would go with Miss Cameron to her room; she would wait there until the basket of keys was brought in, and then quietly abstract the bunch she wanted. She could afterward wait until the whole house was quiet, and then go down to the library and read the will. As for the giving back of the keys, she felt no inquietude about that. If she could but once read the will, all would be well; under the pretence of asking her some question, she could take the keys into Miss Cameron's room early in the morning and replace them.

That night she slept, it seemed to her, as though some terrible weight had been taken from her mind—she slept as one exhausted by long watching. She was never to experience the same deep, calm rest again.

The next day Sir William Morton left, and it was decided that on the day following Mr. Beale should return to London. But Mr. Beale, sharp, shrewd lawyer as he was, did not feel altogether satisfied with the aspect of affairs. He did not believe in the beautiful woman whom Miss Cameron had selected for a companion. On the day intended to be the last of his sojourn he watched her more closely, and was less satisfied than ever. Her intentness of thought, her habit of losing herself in reveries, her disturbed manner, even the restless beauty of her face, all assured him that she was acting a part.

"Miss Cameron is so easily imposed upon," he said to himself. "She is so generous and noble that she is really incapable of forming a suspicion."

When he found an opportunity that day, he made many inquiries about her, and Adelaide told him how she had met Miss Avenel at Lady Davenant's.

He was surprised. If that was true—if she had been Lady Davenant's governess—then all must be right; there could be no further reason for doubting her. He hardly knew how apparent he had made his doubts until Adelaide looked wonderingly into his face.

"I believe," she said, "that you have some strange, hidden mistrust of Miss Avenel. Why is it?"

The plain, direct question almost puzzled him.

"I cannot quite tell you," he replied. "I suppose that,

like all lawyers, I am apt to suspect concealment and mystery."

"But there is no mystery about her," said Adelaide.

"I think there is," opposed Mr. Beale. "She gives me the impression of a person who is acting a part. I cannot quite tell why."

"You are mistaken," said Adelaide, warmly. "You do her an injustice."

"I hope it may be so; but I read men and women almost as easily as I read books. You are much attached to your companion, Miss Cameron?"

"Yes," replied Adelaide, "I think her beautiful, good, and charming. I like her very much."

"I cannot divest myself of the idea that she is here for some set purpose—to accomplish some design of her own."

"You are altogether wrong," said Adelaide, laughingly. "You cannot possibly make a mystery out of our quiet household, Mr. Beale—you must go farther afield."

"You are a warm champion and a true friend," observed the lawyer, with a bow; and so the conversation ended. But, despite all that Adelaide had said, he retained his own opinion still.

That night Margarita talked a great deal to Adelaide. Mr. Beale spent the evening with the ladies, and he spoke more than once of Lord Rylestone; but there was not one word said which touched on the subject of the will. Miss Cameron shook hands with the lawyer, and bade him good-night.

"I will not say good-by," he observed, "for I shall not go until noon to-morrow. I shall see you in the morning, for I want to talk over the question of the securities with you."

It seemed natural that Margarita should go to Adelaide's room—although it was what she had never done before—they were talking so eagerly—Margarita with great animation. Adelaide did not notice the flush on her companion's face, the strange, almost wild light in her eyes, the tremor that seemed to pass over the stately figure; yet she remembered afterwards that Margarita was very strange. When they reached the magnificent chamber that Miss Cameron had selected for her own, Margarita went in with her, and did not seem inclined to leave.

"I wish you would let me be your maid to-night," she said. "Send Alice away, and let me brush your hair."

"You are too stately for that kind of thing," responded Adelaide, smiling.

"You do not know how often I have longed to take those beautiful golden waves in my hand," she said. "Do let me stay." And Adelaide laughingly sent the maid away.

How little she dreamed that the fingers unfastening the shining waves of hair were trembling violently—of the love and dislike in the passionate heart of the girl who bent over her. Margarita looked at the beautiful golden hair, and wondered as she looked whether Lord Rylestone had admired its beauty—whether his eyes had lingered on it—the soft, silken, shining hair. It fell like a veil around the white neck and shoulders.

"You are like Queen Berengaria," she said, "as the maid in the fairy tale with the golden locks." And then there came a rap at the door.

"It is Mrs. Grame with the keys," announced Adelaide. "She is as punctual as the clock itself. You will never make a lady's maid," she added, with a laugh, as Margarita dropped the brush. "Come in, Mrs. Grame," said Adelaide; "I am always pleased to see you. Margarita, will you take the keys?"

But Mrs. Grame held the basket resolutely, and the two women, the one young and beautiful, the other old and shrewd, looked defiantly at each other.

To Margarita herself the housekeeper spoke no word. All

the mistrust and defiance she felt was expressed in the steadfast gaze of her eyes. She turned to Adelaide.

"Is your maid ill, madame?" she asked. It was the fashion at Walton Court to call the young mistress "madame."

"No," replied Adelaide; "but Miss Avenel wished to be my maid this evening. She thinks my hair looks so nice she wants to brush it."

Adelaide laughed as she spoke, but no smile came to the housekeeper's face. She raised her eyes again to Margarita's, and their expression said that she at least perfectly understood the manoeuvre. Mrs. Grame went up to her young mistress and placed the basket of keys by her side.

"Miss Cameron," she said, "pray be careful of those keys."

"I think you have all taken alarm about my keys," commented Adelaide, smiling. "Mr. Beale has been saying the same thing."

"Mr. Beale is a very sensible gentleman, madame, and he would not have said so much without reason, you may be sure of that."

Margarita's face flushed hotly. The indignity seemed to her almost greater than she could bear. Mrs. Grame's look was one of unutterable scorn. She evidently thought Mr. Beale had grounds for his suspicion, and had done well to open his mind. She lingered half a minute, as though she would fain say more. She looked from the fair calm face that shone from amongst the soft clouds of golden hair to the dark restless one, and then, thinking perhaps that prudence was after all the better part, she went away.

But as she went she said to herself that evidently she was not the only one who was suspicious about Miss Avenel. Mr. Beale—than whom no shrewder gentleman ever lived—was plainly of her opinion.

"And what would he think of her," said Mrs. Grame to herself, "if he knew so much of her as I know—if he knew that she had come to see the house before she lived in it, and had asked so many questions about the will?"

She half decided that it was her duty to tell Mr. Beale all on the morrow.

"And those keys," she thought—"she tried to get them last night. She may make what excuses she will, but I am sure she is staying in my lady's room to get them to-night. I saw her eyes light with fire when I carried them in."

CHAPTER XLII.

ADY RYLESTONE stood alone in her room; the hour for which she had hoped and prayed was come at last, and its coming was like the crowning act of a tragedy to her. Outside was the calm silence of the September night—the moon was hidden by clouds, the stars peeped out here and there. There was hardly a sound to break the perfect repose; only the wind rustled through the bare branches.

She had waited for this hour. There was profound silence in the stately mansion; the servants had all gone to their rooms. She had lingered with Miss Cameron until she



dared linger no longer; and then, unperceived by Adelaide, she had noiselessly withdrawn the bunch of keys that she wanted, and hidden them in her dress. She had bidden Adelaide good-night, trusting to "the chapter of accidents" that she would not discover the absence of the keys.

"If she does, and makes any inquiries," said Margarita to herself, "I shall be ruined;" but she hardly thought it probable.

She had put the basket in its accustomed place, and she felt sure that Adelaide would not examine its contents. And then she had gone to her own room, and waited there until the whole house was silent and every sound had ceased.

Midnight struck, then one, and then two. She believed herself perfectly safe; she had removed her flowers, jewels, and evening dress, and had put on a black robe, thinking it safer than a white one. In the darkness of the night, even should any one by some unhappy mischance meet her, there was greater probability of escape if she wore a dark dress. She had resolved to take matches and a taper down with her; and, when she had reached the library, after locking the door, she could procure a light.

It was two o'clock, and in the dense unbroken silence she opened her door cautiously and looked out. There was no sound, no movement; the darkness of night could not have been more friendly, the silence could not have been more profound. Yet her heart beat fast, her hands burned, her limbs trembled, her lips were dry and parched; it seemed to her in that intense stillness that she could hear the beating of her heart—and the fancied sound frightened her.

"I am not a midnight robber," she said to herself; "my errand is a just one. Why should I fear? It is all for my husband's sake."

She stepped out into the corridor and closed her door. She clasped her hands for one minute, as though asking help from Heaven, and then, noiselessly and quietly, in the darkness she made her way down the stairs. Careful as she was—lightly as she stepped—the stairs creaked, and the sound brought to her a fright as terrible almost as death.

Once she stood still for some minutes, unable to move; in the far distance she fancied that she heard a sound like the opening of a door. She listened, but all was silent again.

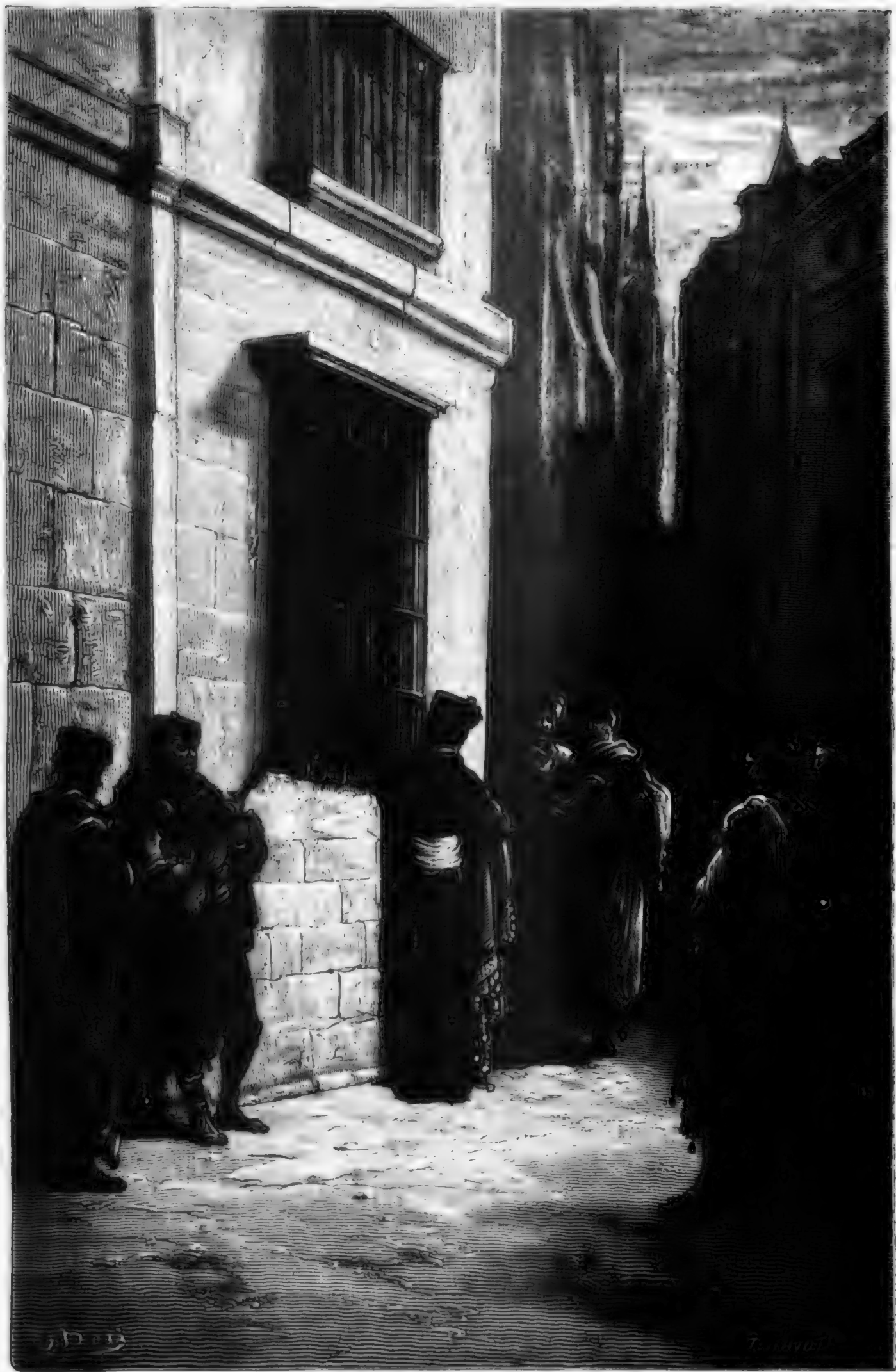
She believed that she was doing right; yet, when she reached the hall and stood for some minutes to collect her failing strength, she said to herself that not to win the whole world would she do the like again. As she stood, silent and motionless, in the darkness, she heard another sound, as of some one passing stealthily along the upper gallery. She listened, and then said, "No; it must be the trees rustling in the wind outside."

After some minutes she went to the library door and opened it. The room was in impenetrable darkness. There was not even the faintest ray of moonlight. In the darkness she made the mistake that proved so fatal to her. She closed the door and locked it, as she believed, but in reality she turned the lock while the door was still open. Going up to the other end of the long room, where the iron safe was buried in the wall, she struck a light. It did not occur to her to go back and see if she had made the door secure. The light of the taper, so faint and feeble, in that long room, only seemed to make the darkness more profound; it made such terrible shadows in the corners; it shone, too, on her face—a face so white with fear as hardly to be human.

"How I love you, Allan," she said, "to dare, even for your sake, to do this!"

And then she placed the taper on the floor and began her search. The iron safe was a fixture; it had been built as it were in the wall, and the outer part of it was so like the wall that few could have detected the difference. She drew aside the outer panel, and uncovered the iron door of the safe. She produced the key, and the next moment the receptacle was open. She gave a great gasping sigh then, one of unutterable relief; the secret of the will would not be much longer a secret to her.

(To be continued.)



A VISIT TO A SPANISH PRISON—FRIENDS WITHOUT.

A VISIT TO A SPANISH PRISON.



SPANIARD, making his tour of inquiry through England, would glean no smattering at all of English national character from a visit to an English model prison. He would merely see law and order exhibited in their severest features, and the stolid rustic, the clever artisan, and the acute man of business reduced to machines for picking oakum to some purpose, or working on the treadmill for none. He would see the plowman called, for the first time in his life, No. 1, and the fine gentleman No. 2; while the coarse prison dress, worn alike

by one and all, would show him no difference between classes.

In Spain, however, where a certain wild freedom, a certain respect of persons, is mingled with excessive oppression and tyranny, the case is far different. In a Spanish prison each inmate wears the dress in which he enters, which generally betokens his particular province, and certainly his station in life; he is called by his usual name, and he is free to do as he likes, whether his "like" be to work or to gamble, or to sleep the hours away.

Spanish prisons are of three kinds: first, the small house of detention, or lock-up, or *cárcel*; secondly, the ordinary prison, or *cárcel* proper, where those condemned to short terms of imprisonment, or those undergoing or awaiting trial, are kept; and, thirdly, the *presidio*, or prison of large size, under military law, where all those who have been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment are kept under strict watch and ward. In this last the convicts, called *presidarios*, work in chains, making government roads or renewing fortifications; some of these men are sentenced to as much as fifteen years of *presidio*. In the *presidio* the discipline is stricter; the clothes worn are generally prison garments; the inmates, from hard work and hard fare, lose much of their national characteristics, and, therefore, it is to a *cárcel* proper, or ordinary jail, that I propose to make a visit with my readers.

The prison, which was formerly a convent, is a large, square stone building of three storeys, with the usual *patio*, or spacious courtyard, around which it is built, with its modest cloisters that offer a walk sheltered from the blazing sun. Two soldiers of the line kept guard, with fixed bayonets, outside, and the same number within; in the prison is, also, close to the door, a guard-room, where a party of six soldiers, with a *cabo*, or sergeant, were dozing, or writing on the sloping tables that form the Spanish soldiers' rude bedstead, and which are used both for writing and sleeping upon.

As we entered the quadrangle, which looked bright and clear enough, the following sight met our eyes: About thirty clean, smiling young fellows, each wearing his ordinary clothes, and many of whom were smoking their customary *cigarillos*, lounging about or leaning against the wall chatting gayly enough; there was the peasant, from the wilds of the *campo*, his colored handkerchief knotted around his head, denoting him probably to be a Valenciano or Manchego, that primitive head-gear being still adhered to in those provinces; the trim artisan, in his jacket and striped trowsers; and many wearing no article of clothing save a fine flannel vest and white trowsers, the day being intensely hot. Just then a door opened, and two prisoners, called "*bastoneros*" — who have a separate room, and a few little privileges ceded to them for their good conduct, popularity, and physical strength, on condition of their acting as the *prepostores* in a public school, and preserving a rude sort of discipline

among their fellows—entered, bearing between them a huge caldron of *guisado*, or stew. This they deposited upon the ground, and, without any pressing or confusion, each member of this batch of prisoners presented his wooden platter for his share of the breakfast. The quantity of this seemed to me greatly to exceed that of the food given for one meal in the civil or military prisons of England; but it must be remembered that the appetite of the Spaniard of the lower orders greatly exceeds that of an Englishman of the same class. The Spaniard drinks little but water, but the bulk of the succulent vegetables and fruit eaten by him is surprising; half a pound of bread, an ordinary soup-plate filled with stew, and a pound or two of grapes, would be no more than an average meal.

As regards quality, the mess of red pottage presented to the prisoners was very good. The mess consisted of squashes, flour, garvanzos, tomatoes, and lumps of bacon stewed up together to something of the same consistence as old-fashioned English pease-pudding. When each man's platter was filled, one of the *bastoneros* brought in a dish of small square pieces of bacon, and meted out one or two pieces to each man. This is the usual custom of the peasantry. I have often been dining with the family circle of a fisherman or laborer, and when we had finished the stew the master would rise, with all possible gravity, bring the little pieces of boiled bacon and pork sausage in the stewing jar, and carefully, beginning with his wife and daughter, mete out an equal share of these tid-bits to us all. It offends the family much if, after eating the stew, you reject the little piece of bacon.

The daily scale of diet for the prisoners I ascertained to be as follows:

Morning, at 11 A. M., stew or pottage as above described, the ingredients being varied from day to day. Of this the prisoner has invariably more than he can eat. Sometimes it is made with rice; sometimes with *fideos* or vermicelli. Water, *ad libitum*; bread, good, 18oz.

Evening, at 5 P. M., *gazpacho*, i.e., lettuce, raw tomatoes, lumps of bread, raw onions sliced, floating in an ample quantity of oil, vinegar, and water.

But let it not be supposed that the bill of fare ends here. Each prisoner is allowed to be supplied by his relations with anything he may like in the way of food; and so at the grating of the Spanish prison one sees the dark-eyed, passionate, handsome girl giving to her unhappy caged lover half of her store of grapes, figs, or melons, or the careworn, tearful, gray-haired mother dealing out, on the same spot, morning after morning, all that, in justice to the rest of her hungry brood at home, she can spare from her basket of fruit and vegetables and bread for the one sheep of her flock who has gone astray. How often have I witnessed this sight, and heard from the mother's lips, "He is just as dear to me, for all that he has gone astray and is lost."

And so, although most of the inmates of this prison were of the lowest class, yet about one in every five supplemented his stew with a bunch of white grapes (now July) just coming into season, or a small *sandia* or water-melon, and a cigarette.

As these poor fellows took away their platters and their bit of bacon each one said to us, "Have you breakfasted, sirs? If not, eat with us; the breakfast is regular (i.e. ordinarily good) to-day."

A little cluster of them were kneeling down, I observed, in a corner of the courtyard, and when I peered over their shoulder to see what was the attraction, to my surprise they were feeding two tiny sparrows, who, they told me, had fallen out of their nest into the courtyard, and were now the pets of the *patio*! Certainly this courtyard, with its smoking, chatting inmates, cutting their melons, petting their tiny birds, their gay sashes, and picturesque costumes, lit up

by the bright sunlight, had very little of the prison look about it; and the gay laugh with which one of them addressed my companion, in whom he found an old friend, "Just a little affair of *borracheria* (drunkenness) brought me in here; I shall soon be out, and will pay you a visit," quite surprised me.

I found, however, that though there were many in the prison for grave offences, yet that they were only birds of passage, who, when sentenced, would be removed to the *presidio* to fulfil their several terms, the prisoners proper in this jail being only those whose sentences varied from one month to six.

From this *patio* we passed upstairs, and investigated the upper storeys.

The sleeping arrangements, etc., were as follows: each room was twelve feet in height, twenty-four in breadth by twenty-four, and lighted by one largish window, barred, but without glass; the floors were simply bricked, the walls whitewashed; each prisoner brings his bed with him, and this *cama*, when transferred from the rude cottage to the prison, is called, in prison slang, *petate*, a word which originally meant a mat of fine cocoa-nut fibre; when a prisoner is taken, the first thing to be done by his family is to send him his rug, or *manta*, and his bed. These rooms are called the *dormitorios*, and ten prisoners inhabit each apartment, rolling up their beds (which are simply laid on the bricks, without any bedstead, to serve as a chair by day). No chairs of any sort, no movable furniture at all, save spoons and platters of wood, is allowed within the prison walls. Many of these poor fellows, I observed, retreated to their *dormitorio* to eat their breakfast; many had a little image or picture hung over their sleeping place; some had a second suit of clothes, but not above four or five of the whole hundred and five prisoners.

A Spanish prisoner hates to be without his knife, and although they are searched if it is suspected that they have one on their person, yet now and then a knife is safely smuggled in, in the centre of a loaf of bread. Of course the aspect of the whole place is singularly bare and comfortless, but it appeared to me perfectly clean; there was no offensive smell even in the infirmary, and the closets were, for Spain, where any cleanliness in those regions is very rare, fairly clean and sweet.

These men are classed thus: in one place will be ten murderers or slayers of men; in another, ten *transitarios*, or prisoners who are on their weary march to the *presidio*, and are halted for the night at the prison of any town where they may happen to find themselves, for these prisoners, be it remarked, are marched by civil guards from town to town, carrying their bed on their back, and so on.

All the inmates are allowed to walk about the cloisters of the especial story to which they belong, and sometimes they all meet together in the lower *patio*, on days when they see their advocates. No prison dress of any sort is supplied; but should a man be a stranger, and penniless, the prison authorities supply him with a bed, such as it is, just sufficient to keep his bones from the bricks. In Winter each man is allowed an extra rug. If any man has money on his person when taken, it is taken by the *alcaide*, or governor of the prison, who enters the amount in a book, and from whom the prisoner can draw his money, at the rate of 10*d.* per diem, until all his store is exhausted.

Another liberty allowed to the prisoners is that of a separate apartment, which is yielded to any prisoner who can afford to "keep himself," or, as it is called, forego his rations. The rooms set aside for this purpose were perfectly bare, and untenanted just now; they seemed to differ from the others only in having a larger amount of light, and a good view of the busy street below. This licence certainly seems like the exhibition of the refrain, "one law for

the rich, and another for the poor;" and yet one almost shudders to think of the ribald and obscene talk which must deaden the ears of any one accustomed to a purer tone of conversation than is usual with the Spanish lowest classes. With them blasphemy, obscenity, and swearing have long since lost their pungency, and perhaps—let us hope it is so—their guiltiness, for constantly one meets with a really good and honest fellow among the lower classes, whose conversation is absolutely interlarded with oaths most awful, and obscenity most revolting.

I may here remark that no prisoner, of any sort or kind, may have wine or liquors brought to him under any pretext, except when ordered by the medical man.

The *Enfermeria*, although somewhat dark, and, of course, comfortless enough, possessed six iron bedsteads, and comfortable bedding. It seemed well ventilated, the floor and walls clean, and the two men-nurses kindly and intelligent. Only one man was there, who was suffering from inflammation of the lungs; a fine black-bearded, stalwart fellow he seemed, and very delighted with our visit. Although evidently in much suffering, when I expressed the hope that God would soon relieve his pain, he raised himself on one arm, and said, "A thousand thanks, and may you be spared bodily suffering."

The medical man receives as his salary £5 per month, and visits the prison daily; of course, out of that modest sum, he is not expected to pay for the drugs which he may see fit to order. The *alcaide*, or head gaoler, receives £60 per annum, and a house within the prison walls for his wife and himself. He should, perhaps, be dignified by the title of "governor of the prison." The six or eight *llaveros*, or under warders, receive £40 per annum, and rooms in the prison. We visited one, and found him and his wife really nice people. The chaplain visits once in the week, and once on Sundays. He says mass in the church once on Sunday, and on every feast-day, at which the prisoners attend, but rarely delivers any sermon. He also, I believe, receives a fixed salary. He also confesses those who desire it. Auricular confession, however, is, I fancy, not very much in vogue among the class of persons who are found within these walls, although the Spanish peasant, instinctively true to the traditions of his forefathers, uses the phrase, "a man who never confesses," as a term of reproach. Thus, with the usual quaint humor of his class and race a Spanish peasant said to me, in reference to a pair of savage hawks which I kept, and which made an onslaught on his fingers to some purpose, "*No me gustan; hay una gente que no confiesa*," i. e., I do not like them: they are a people who never confess.

The Church strictly enjoins confession and participation in the Holy Communion once a year, at least, as absolutely necessary, and bids the heads of houses see that their servants fulfil at least this part of their Christian duties. No one is forced to confess, nor would a Protestant, if imprisoned, be forced, I believe, to attend the public service.

We visited the kitchen, the judge's office, where the judge sits and examines the prisoner, who is presented at a grating in front of the judicial desk, looked in wonder at the mass of documents piled up on the shelves, and then visited the dormitory where the four worst cases were collected together. The warder said to me, "You shall now see four men who have bad papers; who have committed manslaughter or murder." I expected to see the villainous, low type of criminal character so common in England among those who commit such crimes, and was surprised when I walked in to see four cleanly-dressed, handsome, open-faced young fellows, two of them of enormous physical strength, who greeted me with a bright smile, accepted a cigar apiece very graciously, and asked if I would break my fast with them.

One of them, I believe, had killed a policeman; another had slain his fellow deliberately, and not in hot blood; a

third, who surely had no place in such company, had been attacked by four men, and killed one in self-defence. They shook hands with us on parting, and told me they were fairly comfortable.

All these offences were committed with the *navaja*, or clasp-knife.

Lastly, we visited the women's part of the house. Its accommodation was exactly the same as that of the men, namely, the four white-washed walls, the brick floor, a stretch of cloisters, or empty rooms, in which to take their dreary daily walk, the usual little beds, now rolled up against the wall to serve for a seat. Around the walls sat five young women, decently but poorly dressed—one, a handsome, dark-browed Cordovese girl, from the Sierra, who seemed not more than nineteen years of age, and whose magnificent black hair, neatly braided, would have reached to her knees, had a pretty little babe of nine months old playing at her feet. Her offence was that of being an accomplice in horse stealing, and as, of course, with Spanish honor, she would not betray her accomplices, she may have to suffer a long term of imprisonment.

According to Spanish law, or custom (which latter prevails more in this country), a mother may have with her in prison a baby at the breast—a good and wise regulation, we think, in a country like Spain.

The employment of these five women was sewing. The men did absolutely nothing, except four or five who took in a daily paper and conned in a dreamy way its uneventful details, and other few who knitted stockings.

One of the women was knitting a pair of garters—a useful article in Spain, where the knife is always carried in the garter when worn by a woman!

The average age of the men seemed to be from twenty-one to thirty-one. The majority were in prison for stabbing and robbery; one for forgery, one for rape, none for arson, fifteen or twenty for *escándalos*—i. e. disturbances; and about as many for drunkenness.

Among the curious customs prevalent in these prisons are the following:

Susposing a gentleman's coachman be imprisoned for a trifling offence, say drunkenness, and his master requires his services to take his family into the *campo* for an airing, he is in such a case allowed to go out for the day, his master becoming personally responsible for his coachman's reappearance.

Another curious custom is, that on Thursday and Friday in Holy Week a table is placed in the street beneath the prison windows, whereon the passers-by place their offerings of copper, silver, or gold for the use of the prisoners who have no money. This is collected, at sundown, by a warder, and distributed equally among the poor of the prison.

A tax, also, is levied on the sellers of cattle in some places, namely, the heads of all the beasts killed, to be boiled down into soup for the prison stews. In the prison of which I write this was the case. I ascertained that out of the hundred prisoners only about eighteen could read or write, or both. The faces of the prisoners, as a rule, struck me as not of a villainous type, but expressive of that uneducated, religionless phase of character so common, alas! to all Spanish poor, which they themselves describe as *bruto*—i. e. very animal!

The cost of each prisoner, ordinarily, to the *ayuntamiento* of the town is 10 cents per diem; in the infirmary, wine and *caldó* (thin soup) are allowed when prescribed by the medical man.

There is in each prison a room for the executioner, called *el cuartel de verdugo*; the hangman is called *verdugo*; the condemned man, *el reo*; the hangman's rope, *la blanca*; to go to execution, in prison slang, *andar á la blanca*; to be on the point of execution, *amarrado en la blanca* (tied in the

white rope). Hanging, however, although it has been resorted to in other days, has given place to the *garrote*, or strangling, which is the method of execution still in vogue where capital punishment is resorted to. The operation is as follows: The *garrote* is an iron collar of great strength, with a screw of enormous power of compression at the back. One turn of this breaks the vertebra of the spine, just below the head, and causes instantaneous death. The *reo*, or condemned person, is bound by a chain round the waist, and placed for a day in front of the altar of the prison chapel for prayer and reflection, a priest visiting him from time to time; he is then conducted, probably, to the very spot where he committed the crime for which he is to suffer, if it be in the town, or, if not, to some plaza of the town, perhaps to the market-square; he is attended by a priest, who prays with him all the way, and earnestly beseeches him to confess and relieve his conscience; in his shackled hands the *reo* carries a brass crucifix, or *Santo Cristo*; he is then seated on and bound to a strong wooden seat like an arm-chair, the iron collar is adjusted, the screw put on, and, in a moment, the neck is compressed into a mere elongated pulp, and the tongue and eyes loll out from the head. In some cases the body is left for some hours, in others it is removed at once. Capital punishment is not, however, as a general rule, inflicted. It is very difficult in this country, where manslaughter and murder tread so closely upon the heels of one another, where crime is so difficult of proof, and where life is set so little store by, to say when recourse should justly be had to such an extreme measure.

Two stories, one of which was on every one's lips some forty years since; the other, which is now much spoken of, shall here be recounted, ere we seek, in conclusion, to "gather honey from the weed," and glean some lessons of warning or example even from the barren courts of a Spanish prison.

Forty years ago a murderer was being taken out to execution in the precincts of the town of Sevilla; the priest preceded him, commending his blood-stained soul to the mercy of that God against whom he had sinned so grievously; in his hands the prisoner carried the heavy brass image of his Redeemer. Just as they neared the *garrote* the man said to his confessor, "Father, I will make my confession." The priest turned, and throwing the ample folds of his cassock over his own and the man's head, approached his ear to the murderer's lips; in a moment the man raised up the crucifix, and absolutely cleft the skull of his innocent confessor with one arm of the cross, and he fell dead. The prisoner got but one day's respite by this awful device, saying, "*Uno día de vida, es vida*" (one day of life is life, at any rate). Of that higher life which, even at the last hour, he might, through his Creator's mercy in Christ have won his share, if but a little share, this fellow evidently either knew nothing, or thought nothing; and, indeed, we fear that even now thousands are sunk in utter hopelessness, utter indifference to the world and life to come; to smile, and love, and eat, and quarrel; to risk life, and to take away life; such, too often, is the picture, only too fearfully true, of the Spaniard of the lower orders.

The other story is of a different kind.

But a few days since, in a town of Catalonia, two men were led out to be garrotted. They had, probably, murdered a civil guard or a policeman, offences which are still, as a rule, visited with death in Spain. The executioner despatched one, and was proceeding to fit the iron collar to the throat of the other, when he found, on trying to turn the screw, that, owing to some peculiar malformation of the neck, the instrument would not work. The wretched prisoner was in intense agony for as much as thirty minutes, when the executioner took the collar from the dead man, and endeavored to make it perform its work on the other.

In this, however, he failed; and the wretched man was taken back alive, although badly hurt, to the prison. A telegram, asking for instructions, was sent to the Government at Madrid; and, with characteristic generosity, King Alfonso at once telegraphed back a remittal of the sentence.

THE BANIAN TREE.

THIS tree, known as the *figus religiosa*, or *figus Indica*, is a native of the East Indies. It is remarkable for its prodigious size and extent, and distinguished from all other trees in this—that it never ceases growing. Its branches throw out new roots, at first consisting of slender fibres hanging in the air and growing downward. Upon reaching the earth's surface they strike in and become large trunks, in their turn sending forth branches which repeat the same process. A famous banian tree stands on the banks of the Nerbudda, a river in India, which was once capable of receiving seven thousand men beneath its shade. Though much reduced in size, its outer wing of trunks still incloses a space of two

tients, and I was often struck with the singular mixture of wisdom and absurdity in the statements and ideas of these various inmates.

On one occasion the pastor of the church of which I was a member conceived the idea that the delusions of insanity could be *reasoned* away. He was an enthusiast on all subjects which engaged his attention, and, fully mounted on this new hobby, he came for me to go over and witness its practical results.

The resident physician gave ready permission to try the experiment, and while we were conversing, a subject presented himself, in the form of a mild monomaniac. He was a tall, slender, and fine-looking man, who wandered at will through the buildings and grounds, and gave no trouble. His one delusion consisted in the fixed belief that he was Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world.

My clerical friend gave a confidential nod or two to the physician and myself, as a signal to watch his progress, and at once approached the patient. I must confess that I looked on with considerable interest, for he was a good man, and seemed to have faith enough to "move a mountain" or



BANIAN TREE IN THE BOTANICAL GARDEN, CALCUTTA.

thousand feet in circumference. The great pagodas are generally found near these trees, which the Hindoos regard as a type of the Deity. The wood is light, white and porous, and of no value. The Brahmins use the leaves as plates to eat off. Bird lime of great strength is made from the tenacious milky juice which distils from them.

MY BRIEF ROMANCE.

HAVING a comfortable competence, on the death of my father, I had not gone into any business, but had built a neat little cottage on the steep hill just above our small city, and settled myself as a gentleman of leisure. It so happened that my ornamental grounds and flower-plots were bordered and bounded on one side by a brick wall of some fifteen feet high, which surrounded the lands of the State Lunatic Asylum.

I sometimes visited the institution with friends, who, from benevolence or curiosity, wished to converse with the pa-

cure a diseased mind. Said he: "My friend, are you really Christ, the Redeemer?"

"There is no doubt of that, sir," was the grave reply.

"And have you all power given to you, on earth and in heaven, including that of working miracles and doing wonders, just as Christ had in Judea, long centuries ago?" continued my friend.

"Certainly, sir; my glorified humanity involves that necessity," was the answer.

The good minister looked a little troubled, but braced himself for the final effort, as he continued:

"Now, sir, tell me, would you not like very much to get out of this institution, and go forth in the beautiful world, unrestrained and free?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt response.

"Well, pay attention to me. Do you not know that if you were the Christ you think you are, that these keepers would be as powerless before you as the guard were before the angels at the sepulchre, and that bolts would draw back, bars melt, and doors fly open at your word?"



MY BRIEF ROMANCE.—"IN A MOMENT MORE SHE STOOD BY MY SIDE, EXCITED AND TRIUMPHANT."

I never saw so sad and yet so resigned an expression on the human face, as that of the poor man wore when he replied:

"Ah, sir, you have read the garden scene of Gethsemane to little purpose if you do not know that I must ever subordinate my will to the interests of the universe. It is evidently the pleasure of my Heavenly Father that I remain."

Tears were in the eyes of the minister, as he took the hand of the other and exclaimed:

"I fear you *must* remain, but you have taught me a lesson of humble resignation which you, perhaps, did not intend, but which I will always keep."

There was no more effort to combat delusion with reason.

The poor fellow seemed pleased with our interest in him, and when we were going away, he walked with us to the great gate. Near the graveled walk, a young woman was bending over a rose-bush, and, as I had often seen her before, and been interested in her youth and beauty, I paused to notice her occupation.

What queer vagary just then got into the head of our crazy companion, I cannot guess, but he approached the young woman, and, taking her passive hand in his, led her up to me, and joined our hands together, still holding them in the clasp of his own.

As I knew the importance of not contradicting the insane, I did not resist, and he began to talk to us, in his calm, beautiful way.

Said he: "When I was here, eighteen hundred years ago, I began my ministration at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, when the modest water owned a present God, and blushed itself to wine! Even so this day do I recognize your need of each other, and pronounce you man and wife, by my own authority and that of the Father and the Holy Spirit."

Then, removing his grasp, he raised his hands, with strange solemnity, and gave us the apostolic benediction.

I was utterly confused and astounded, and when the fair being at my side took it all in earnest, and lifted her face timidly toward mine, I stooped and kissed her, scarce knowing what I did.

Then her hand was withdrawn, and she darted away like a bird.

The doctor looked annoyed as he said:

"That woman is one of our most hopeless cases."

My friend was as nervous as I was, and took my arm with a hurried:

"Come, let us get out of here, or they will have us both in straitjackets."

I thought so, too, and made no more visits.

Some weeks had passed, and with the advance of the Spring, and the care of the plants I was removing from my hot-house to the open flower-beds, I had almost forgotten the annoying incident. One day, I was standing alone by the massive wall which divided between me and the asylum grounds, when I became aware that some one was tampering with the masonry from the other side. There was a place where one of the supports had gone through the wall, at the time the scaffolding for its erection yet remained, and the hole left by its removal had been imperfectly stopped by a brick on each side, put endways into mortar. The lime and brick on the other side had evidently been worked out, and some one was using a stick to punch the hole open on my side. Before I had time to speak, the effort was successful, and there was a small square opening clear through. I stooped down to look, only to see a pair of dark hazel eyes, and a fair, sad face on the other side. It was my crazy bride, by the gift of the maniac who believed himself divine.

As she saw me, she said, in a grieved tone.

"Now you have found me out, and will have me locked up."

I protested that I should do no such a thing, but she looked incredulous, and sat down on the grass where I could see her plainly. She was neatly dressed, and it was evident that she did not belong among the paupers in the care of the State, but was a patient whose relatives paid for the medical care she received. Despite the paleness and melancholy of the face, it was very beautiful, with the long dark fringes of the eyelids sweeping down over the large dark eyes, and the short brown curls clustering over the white brow. The form was a fine one, as revealed by the close-fitting brown dress; and the narrow collar of white linen was the proper margin of the shapely neck, and contrast to the soft tinge of the cheeks.

I asked:

"Will you tell me your name?"

"Maria Damar," said she, without lifting her downcast eyes.

"Were you trying to make a way of escape?" I continued.

She looked up, then, and answered quietly:

"No, sir. I would be crazy, indeed, to think of that—but we are so often misjudged. The wall is all solid, save in this one place, and a woman's weak hands cannot undo what the builder made so strong. I wished to make an opening, in order to communicate with some kind heart outside, but I see now how hopeless the effort was. I remember you, and when that strange man joined our hands the other day, I looked in your face to see if I could read sympathy and confidence there. You mistook my look for the whim of the insane, and kissed me. I thank you for the pity, but I wanted a friend."

I was startled and perplexed, but I had seen so much of the people there, that I considered myself quite skilled in leading to and developing the delusion which underlay all their cunning, and I began a series of what I considered rather shrewd test questions. She laughed in a pleasant way, and said:

"You are trying to detect my peculiar shade of lunacy, I see. What shall I do to gratify you? Do you expect me to howl to the moon at night, like a sleepless dog? or shall I scream, and put my hair in disorder? or do the mild maniac, and sing of my lonely cell? I should be glad to oblige you!"

That was, certainly, a damper to my self-conceit and confidence in the management of such cases, and it was with a pretty full conviction of the truth on her side, that I replied:

"I don't believe that you are any more crazy than I am."

Steadily she looked in my eyes for a little time, and then said to me:

"You speak, now, like an honest man, and not like the miserable hypocrites who pretend to believe all we say, only to quiet us. If I could once be with you in the open world, where a gentleman doubts his own honor as soon as the word of a lady, I would talk to you on that subject. But who can credit a statement where law and order and benevolence seem to contradict it, and where it is customary to disbelieve and condemn in advance. You look quite compassionate, but that is so often the mask of incredulity."

I did not know what to say, and thought best to temporize. So I said:

"Your words astonish and pain me, and I need time for consideration. I know that there *are* insane people where you are, but you may be a victim. If you say so, I will meet you here to-morrow, at this time, and talk with you fully of the matter."

She arose, and answered:

"Is that the word of a gentleman, to be kept, or the way to put off a crazy woman?"

"A gentleman's word of honor, madame!" said I, with as graceful a bow as was possible before the little square hole.

"I will be here," answered the voice again, and she was gone.

I must confess that the affair was becoming as pleasant as it was perplexing, and my first step was to go to my highest window on that side, and see what the probabilities of discovery would be on the morrow. To my great satisfaction, I saw that the most dense of the ornamental evergreens of the asylum lot formed a tangle of serpentines just at that point, and that the dampness and shade under the cedars and arbor-vitæ would keep the spot unfrequented until warmer weather.

I walked down into the city to take the advice of my pastor in the matter, but did not do it, and only called at a carpenter's shop to look at his assortment of ladders, instead.

I had no definite intentions, but I was remarkably well pleased with myself. I had always been of a somewhat romantic turn, and what could be more delightful than to become the fairy prince of the story-books, and rescue the imprisoned damsel from the grim castle of the giant Civilization?

I lay awake all that night, thinking over the matter in every form—sometimes convincing myself that I was the dupe of a crazy woman, and yet hoping that I was not.

When the morrow came, I felt that it would be a relief not to see her come at all, or to hear some disjointed story, that would, in itself, put to flight the thought of unlawful detention; and yet I found that the only fear I had was, that the beautiful girl should prove to be not of sound mind.

I was punctually at the appointed place, and had taken care to dismiss my gardener and working force for the day. With equal punctuality she came.

No mental aberration could I detect, and, in the quiet, self-possessed lady who talked to me of her own history, and manifested no excitement save an occasional expression of self-pity, or a slight curl of the lip as she spoke of deceptions sanctioned by law, I could not but recognize a mental equal and a spiritual superior. As St. Paul wished his judges to be altogether such as he was, "except the chain," so I felt that many whose sanity was never doubted might make a profitable change with her, of all save liberty.

Her story was simply this:

She had been reared from infancy in the family of two people whom she had always called father and mother. She had never been healthy in girlhood, and had been given to somnambulism. Once she remembered that exposure to out-door cold, when she had left her room in this condition, had resulted in convulsions, followed by lethargy. All this gave her the reputation of a queer child, and paved the way for the result. At thirteen years old she was visiting at a distance from home, and met with a gentleman who became interested in her strong resemblance to a lady he had known, and who asked her many questions. The chance acquaintance resulted in the discovery that the man and woman with whom she lived never had any children of their own, but had taken her on the death of a brother, who was her real father, and of his wife, who was her real mother. These had died suddenly of yellow fever in New Orleans, and the property now held by the uncle and aunt as their own, was the property of her parents, and her own just inheritance.

All this was proven by letters of friendship which her new acquaintance held, and by reference to places of record of deeds to her father, and also of the registry of the marriage of her parents, and of her own birth. Armed with copies of court records and of church registers, the child had returned home and asserted her rights. The result was, that she was subjected to corporal punishment, and all the gossip of the neighborhood was silenced by the assertion that she was of weak mind. The papers were destroyed. Her own conviction

of the truth that her parents were dead, and that the claim to her rested only on the avarice of the uncle and aunt, remained unchanged, and she attempted to secure a lawyer to procure justice for her. She also wrote letters to the town where she had been on the visit. These letters were intercepted, and her interviews with the lawyer were detected.

Again and again was she cruelly punished, and confined to her room on bread and water, while all visitors were excluded, and the tale of her mental malady spread wide. Then doctors came and went, women came to talk to her, and shook their heads and went away; and at last she was taken before a court on a formal writ of lunacy. The record of a family Bible was accepted as evidence of her birth. People swore to her parentage from general and current report. Teachers and friends testified that she was "always queer," and by solemn judgment of the jury she was pronounced insane. Then came the journey to the madhouse, her reception by the State as a private patient, to be paid for, and a life of dull monotony which was better than the home she had left, in spite of the bolts and bars, the grated, whitewashed cell, and the company of idiots and mad people.

I listened calmly, and weighed the words carefully. There seemed to be but two weak points in her story.

First. Why did not the gentleman who felt such interest in her as to unvail the mysteries of her birth and childhood, continue this interest to some definite end? And as, in default of interested or disinterested relatives, the law gives the same rights to any one who will claim to be the "next friend," to a minor, why did he not sue her guardians in this capacity?

Second. As the uncle and aunt had no children, and she, as their acknowledged child, would inherit the property from them at all events, what motive could they have to insist on more than the rights of guardians, or dispute a title which, under any circumstances, would ultimately vest in her?

Her reply was, to me, perfectly satisfactory. She said that her friend had neither charged, nor seemed to suspect, any criminal intent on the part of her surviving relatives; but had only blamed them for treating her as a child too long, and withholding facts which she was old enough to know. Her own motive in securing copies of papers, was rather to have a girlish triumph in the unraveling of a well-kept secret, than from much appreciation of its value. Then, they had always been harsh and severe with her, and she thought the papers gave emancipation and safety. Then, too, this kind gentleman was not rich, but only a traveling agent for some great dry goods house, and she had met him in the two weeks' rest which she had in the dull season of Summer. Beyond that season of rest, he might be wandering in almost any section of the Union; and the letters that were intercepted were those of inquiry after him.

As to the motives of her uncle and aunt, she could only conjecture that if they had really been her father and mother, enjoying property rightfully earned by themselves, such property could never have been taken from them by her while they lived, and even in death they could divert it from her by will, if they chose. Whereas, if it was hers, and not theirs—hers, not by will of her parents, but as next of blood—they would be accountable for its use when she came of age, and lose it absolutely in case of her marriage.

It was not yet a question of inheritance, but of possession; and if she should die in a lunatic asylum, the secret was probably buried. Should it escape the grave, they had destroyed no will—the testimony in court was that of others, who were not suborned of perjury, but only mistaken—and the matter of insanity rested on the verity of a record.

I was astounded by her clear views of the case, so logical

and concise, and I asked only one more question: "Do you think that the resident physician could have been bribed to take part in this inquiry?"

She replied, decidedly:

"No! He is a gentleman, and could not be bribed, out of a moderate estate. You read of such things in books, but they are only possible in private lunatic asylums, and never in great public institutions. He takes my story as a part and evidence of my malady, and only feels sympathy for the poor parents who are denied by their crazy child. Crocodiles are said to weep, and these wept in court till others cried for sympathy with them."

My only feeling now was shame that I had delayed and hesitated so long in so plain a duty. It would not do to wait, and make it a legal matter, for it would take months to get up the evidence and work it through the tedious machinery of the courts. In the interval, she would still be in the power of her pretended parents, with public opinion and a formal judgment to sustain them; and, even if that hideous mockery of justice, called law, did not grind out her condemnation from its millstones of precedent and form, she might not survive the hope long delayed, and the hourly contact with brains diseased. That I was a young man, who met a young girl, and made a plot through a hole in the wall, was also against me. What had courts to do with romance?

In a few brief words I explained to her that I should accomplish her release, and how. My plan of two ladders was not practical, for all the patients were locked up at night, and an escalade in broad daylight was certain discovery. I would summon my gardener that afternoon, and have a deep hole, with slanting sides, dug close to the wall. Then, at night, I would undermine the wall by a narrow tunnel, and trust to the firm cement and the earth at the sides that it would not fall, but stand like an arch, until the patients were let out the next morning for the day. The few who were mild enough to let out at all seldom came that way, as the asylum grounds were large.

She laughed gleefully at the novel idea, and said:

"I am not afraid of holes in the ground, for once while my home troubles were progressing, I was sent for three months to a convent; and while I was there I got permission to go down a new well, in the bucket, with the well-digger."

I remarked:

"The convent was about as safe as the asylum, and I wonder you were not kept there!"

"Ah!" said she, "I expected that, and would gladly have taken the veil; but, then, I could have willed my property, to the Church when I came of age."

That was plain enough; but we had talked much too long for safety, and telling her to replace the brick and mortar on her side, as best she could, I did the same on mine.

The trench by the wall was completed to my entire satisfaction, with no unnecessary conjectures as to its use; and long before daylight in the morning I began my task with pick and spade. The soil was firm, but not stony, and I succeeded in getting a place two feet wide, and as many deep, under the foundation, which did not extend over eighteen inches below the surface. Then, as the moisture of the ground had softened the mortar, I worked out bricks so as to make a triangular opening almost to the surface of the ground; and saw with satisfaction that a slight stamp of the foot on the crust left on the other side would cave it in, and leave the space I wanted.

Then came the hardest task of all—to keep my own servants out of sight of that part of the grounds. I succeeded, by devising some unprecedented errands at unprecedented hours, and had all clear, and yet my gardener within call. Time never seemed so long as when I listened to the sounds

from the great brown walls of the State charity, which betokened rising, breakfast, and the opening of doors to the mildly insane. At last came a light footstep, and I cautioned her of the pit-fall, and how to break in the crust of earth.

Her intelligence was guide enough, and soon there was light and space between us. Then, a traveling-blanket, spread on the fresh earth, kept her dress from the marks of the soil, and in a moment more she stood by my side, excited and triumphant.

I directed her how to reach a safe apartment of my house, and fell to work with all energy to shovel back the dirt. I had just succeeded in getting the bricks loosely in place, when I heard a voice that made my heart stand still. It was that of the worthy Celt who kept the asylum grounds in order, exclaiming:

"An' what does all this mane?"

I commanded myself as well as I could, and replied:

"We are very sorry, my good fellow, but we dug a hole too close to the wall, and the dirt caved in; also some bricks, as you see, came loose. You had best throw a little dirt on that side, and then come over for a little silver to pay for the trouble."

My explanation had truth in it, and I did not care to be more explicit. He was a good-natured fellow, and answered, cheerfully:

"That's all right. Sure and how is a gentleman to know dirt will fall in, an' not stand like a stun wall?"

So, as I worked on my side, I heard the welcome noise of his shovel on the other, hiding every trace of the escape. The blanket had prevented footmarks.

Just then I caught sight of my gardener, and won his supreme contempt by directing the trench of yesterday immediately closed and covered with green sod. He obeyed, as he was paid for it, but not without a hint that gentlemen had best learn their own minds.

A silver compliment satisfied him, and another thrown over the wall saved me from the Celtic visitation.

At last I was free to join the escaped girl, and I found her safely locked in, and flushed with excitement.

There was a new question. The fairy prince had released the enchanted maiden. What will he do with her? I did not throw myself at her feet, nor wait for that inevitable act of "Beauty" which transforms the "Beast."

I took her hand, and led her to the window, and, in a few words, told her of the necessity of a protector whose rights would be higher than those of the evil guardians, and whose claims the law would respect. Said I:

"There would be more of romance than of judgment, should you and I profess to love each other on so brief and strange an acquaintance. But I am heartfree, as you doubtless are, and I propose to give the world the strongest proof that I believe in your sanity, by making you my wife. If you will risk my love, that now has no foundation but your beauty and your misfortune, I offer you my hand, as a gentleman, and will spend my life in trying to win your heart."

A flush, like that of the rose-leaf, swept over her cheeks and neck as she lifted her face to mine, just as she did at the maniac marriage; but there was no doubt of her intention this time, as the sweet lips met mine; and she did not run away.

* * * * *

By eleven o'clock that day the great asylum bell gave the alarm of an escaped patient; but the brain of the Irish laborer did not connect that fact with the crumbled dirt under the wall, and I took care to meet the first inquiry on my premises in person.

I felt wonderfully self-possessed, and even walked over to the institution, and asked questions as to who it was. I even fortified the story of the fair girl by asking when she came,

and seeing that the date on the books was the one she had given from memory.

My next business was to my good little minister; and, before I was half through with the story, he was oftentimes more excited than I was, and was ready to aid me hand and

A lawyer friend had an office near by, and I gave him a supposititious case to decide on. It was not a little to my gratification when he told me how easily a friendless girl might be adjudged a lunatic; for I saw a confirmation of the story of my prisoner at home.



DON'T I LOOK WELL?

heart. Then I procured a licence from the Court of Ordinary, with no trouble beyond the usual fees, and some of the usual wit about my bride to be. As the name was unknown to the clerk, he only winked when I enjoined secrecy.

He was a little astonished, as I put the golden retaining fee in his hand, and told him to brighten up his reading for an emergency that *might* arise.

That night my little carriage, intended only for two

persons, and drawn by a powerful and spirited horse, stood at my side gate. I held the halter and dismissed the groom. Soon a light form, in my own cloak and traveling-cap, joined me, unnoticed, and I lifted her in. Then we were away.

In ten minutes we were in the parlor of my minister, with the shutters carefully closed, and no one present save his family and my astonished attorney.

A few brief words, a fervent prayer, and I was the husband of a woman for whose arrest a reward was then posted in the street.

She was much excited, and breathed quickly but said little.

It was not my intention to seek either my home or hers; but, by the advice of my lawyer, to place myself in communication with the friend who had first revealed to her the facts of her parentage, and then as soon as possible to get in the neighborhood of the places and records where the facts of her birth could be proved.

Possession of her was everything; and, husband as I was, I did not care to face the ordeal of a writ of *habeas corpus* until I was fully armed. It was a battle with pretended parents and with State authority, and the validity of our marriage was involved in the question.

In the age of telegraph it was not safe to take the cars at once, and an hour later my powerful horse was making the sparks fly from the flinty road as we sped onward in the darkness beneath the stars that winked and told no tales.

I did not know what to talk about, save the principal incidents of her past life, and so I said but little. She clung close to my side, and ever and anon I could feel that a shiver ran through her frame, although she said it was not from the night air. Sometimes I would think that she was asleep; but, on looking closely at the veiled face, I could see that the eyes were wide open, and very bright.

In the gray of morning she seemed to recognize objects that we passed, and once clutched my arm, and said:

"I used to live on this road. You are not taking me back to them?"

I assured her that I was not, and there could be no chance of recognition. Suddenly she raised herself from the leaning position, and asked:

"Am I really and lawfully married to you, and in your control, not theirs?"

I told her yes, and tried to quiet her evident and painful agitation.

She paid little attention to that, and began to say, in an excited way, that there was something she had to tell me, which it was not safe to tell before, but I should hear it all now. It began with a story, and as I thought she wished, in her unsophisticated way, to atone for the silence of the night, I let her go on. She had seemed strangely wise in some things, and a perfect child in others.

The story was of a convent, like the one to which she had once been sent. One of the nuns had filled the holy vows with reluctance and distaste, though no one had penetrated her secret, or known how dissatisfied she was. So much was she trusted by the Bishop and Mother Superioress, that she was made to preside over the interior details of the convent, and all the keys were given into her hands. At last the lonely, secluded life, and the longing for the outer world, became unbearable, and she yielded to the temptation. Her black dress was secretly exchanged for other garments, and she sought the great hall as the avenue to the outer gate. As she passed the marble image of the Holy Virgin, that stood there, she cast her keys contemptuously at the sandaled feet, and said, lightly:

"I leave you, oh, Holy Mother, to discharge my duties till I return!"

Then the gate closed behind her, and she took again her place in the gay world. There she found wealth, husband,

children. Ten years passed by, and wealth departed—husband and children died.

Weary and sick of it all, she sought again the remembered walls, and asked for the Superioress. To her astonishment, she heard her own name. Then came questions, and she found that she had never been missed. Some woman, with the keys, had filled all her duties with the fidelity of a nun and the patience of a saint. Death made a vacancy, and she was chosen the head of the convent.

The woman sought her old cell, and found her old black raiment, as if just put off. The image of the Virgin had accepted the trust, and filled it for ten years, to save the name of the sinful woman.

As she told this, with her eyes unnaturally bright, and her frame quivering with the high excitement of belief and conviction, I grew alarmed. She was not a believer in the Catholic religion, and her quiet scorn of all pretense, made her the last one to credit a modern miracle. Evidently the old story had impressed her when she heard it among the Sisters. But why revive it now, and tell it to me? I hid my feelings, however, and laughingly thanked her for the secondhand fiction.

She shook my arm in her earnestness, and cried out:

"It is not fiction—it is all true. And now comes the secret that I could not breathe while under locks and bars and fear. My name is not Maria, but *Mary*. I was the one who kept the place of the nun till she came! Ah, you did not know who was beside you all last night, going through the dark! I am Mary, the Virgin Mother of God!"

I felt a terror creeping through me, as if the marrow in my bones were ice. My voice could have been little less strange than hers, as I said:

"For my sake, for your own sake, for the Lord's sake, don't talk so! You frighten me! It is blasphemy! Don't try to frighten me—be quiet!"

She sprang up, shouting, rather than saying:

"You shall not be frightened, nor I either! I resume my power! I am the Lady of the Universe—I am the Queen of Heaven! I have chosen you, and behold, you are a king!"

I tried to draw her to the seat, but she drew violently away from my hold, and her mood changed.

"You are creeping along," she said, "and they are after us. You go slow on purpose. I never will be taken! I will drive—I will fly!" And, seizing the reins, she grasped the whip, that stood in its socket, and violently struck the horse.

Probably the noble brute had never been struck before, for he bounded almost straight up under the lash, and then caught the bit in his teeth, and dashed away like the lightning. Half frantic myself, I strove to hold her in the vehicle, and to get the reins from her hands. I was conscious of our swift motion through the dust, and that her mood became one of terror of the old days, as she screamed:

"Murder! murder! help! They will kill me! They will beat me to death! Help!"

This increased the speed only, and in another moment we were out of the road, and dashed violently against a tree. Whether wheel or body struck first, I know not, or how the horse tore loose from the harness, or we were thrown from the vehicle. I found myself lying by a log, half buried in leaves, the carriage a wreck, and the animal gone.

I arose, bruised and sore, my left arm useless, and saw my wife lying near me, insensible. In falling, her head had struck a rough stone, and was bleeding freely from a large wound. She was not dead, but might die, as I was almost helpless. There was no water near, and no help.

Sore and bruised as I was, my heart suffered worst, for the deep pity for her, blent with the accusations of conscience, that, from silly romance, I had eloped with a maniac, and, perhaps, caused her death. It was little consolation to re-

member how perfect the deception had been, and how reasonable the story. The insanity was beyond all doubt, and I, the ignorant victim, had involved her, the innocent.

Perhaps I was not so far from madness myself, when relief came in the welcome sound of wheels. A stout farmer, in a light market-wagon, drove rapidly up. The flying horse had passed his gate, as he was starting the other way, and he came to see who was hurt. He did not wait to ask questions, but helped me at once, with my insensible burden.

His house was not far off, and as we went I saw him look often and curiously at the pale face; and I asked him if he thought she was certain to die.

"No," he said, "it is not that, but she looks so much like a poor crazy girl that used to live as neighbor to me."

That was more proof, had I needed any, but I did not reply.

Carefully was she laid at last in the great white bed, and the wounds and bruises (for there were many) dressed by the farmer's wife. When the surgeon was sent for, in the nearest village, I thought I would rather face one I knew than the relatives; and so I wrote a brief note to the asylum physician. I had a strange repugnance to surrendering my charge to those who were probably—yea, undoubtedly, her father and mother.

The next day the principal physician of the asylum came, and I told him all.

He was grave and stern, but I did not blame him. One thing alone pleased me. He took entire charge of the patient; and saying that life hung on a thread, turned all away from the chamber save the farmer's wife. Even the parents, who came soon, were excluded, as any agitation might prove fatal. I only learned that the poor runaway was alive, but hardly conscious of anything.

Of course I could claim no rights under our void and null marriage, and I went to the village tavern, to await results. I did not care to be seen at home.

Days and weeks passed—two months—and nothing remarkable, save that the doctor I had summoned left the entire care of the asylum to his assistant, and watched the poor woman, day and night, keeping all others away. I knew that she lived, with some hope of recovery, but he generally paid no attention to my questions.

One day he came to my room, and said, abruptly:

"Tell me all about that again."

I did so, not to excuse myself, but as a duty. When I was through, he mused a while, and said:

"Then you think you really loved her?"

"Yes," said I. "It was hard to understand my new passion, but it was the sweetest and brightest dream of my life. It seemed as if the whim of the poor pretender to Christ's divinity had something lawful in it, and my second kiss in my own house was as sacred as the memory of my mother. I did love her, and I love her yet. I would give half of my own intellect to restore hers, and half of my life for her love. When she is out of danger, I shall go away, but not to forget. The brief, beautiful romance has died out forever; but, among the blessed and holy things of my life's memory, will be the short hours when I thought the poor crazy girl was my wife."

He bit his lips and frowned, but did not look angry. At last he said:

"She was crazy. She was so when she came to the asylum, and often undoubtedly so since. But I, too, had been affected by her story before you were; and might have thought more of it, only it was the *remaining* symptoms of the disorder. I have staid here for another purpose besides care for her life. I have found out what *made* her insane. It was the abuse she told you of, for her *story was true*."

I sprang up excitedly, but he bade me sit down, and gave me some papers to read. There was a mist over everything;

but I saw formal copies of deeds to a name that did not belong to the pretended father, and certificates of the birth and baptism of a girl child that was not his.

I leaned my head on the table and cried like a child.

The doctor did not say a word; and when I looked up, his eyes were red, but he was quietly smoking a cigar.

"Is there no hope?" I asked.

"I have fixed it all," said he. "I went to the two impostors, and told them if they staid twelve hours longer I would raise a mob and burn them in their house. They fled in the dark, and the property is all right."

With a gesture of impatience, I exclaimed:

"What is property to a brain destroyed! Can't you mend that? Is medicine all a farce, that it cannot cure what misery has made diseased?"

He smoked for a little while, with a queer contraction about the mouth, and then answered:

"I think she was perfectly sane when she ran away with you, and had been for some months. The excitement of the escape, and the night drive past the old, familiar scenes of suffering, brought it on again."

"Then, I am her destroyer?" said I.

"Not exactly. There might never have been an investigation, and despair would have brought madness or death. She is rather quiet to-day. Would you like to see her?"

"Above all things," I answered.

"Can you command your feelings, so as not to excite her?"

"Yes, and I will."

He took his hat, and led the way. I followed. Very soon we reached the old farmhouse, and I was admitted where I had helped to lay the insensible form over two months before. Time had proved a good physician to us both, for my sprained arm was quite well, and she was not only conscious, but a flush of returning health glowed on her cheek.

As I approached her, my heart gave a great bound of joy, for there was no insanity in the calm eyes that met mine. She held out her hand to take mine, and said, with a smile:

"Your little wife is not so crazy as she was. Are you going to put me back in the asylum?"

My voice failed me as I stooped over her, and I could only kiss her again and again, as a reply. She drew me to her for a moment, and then turned to the doctor, saying:

"What do you think of my case?"

He answered:

"I think you have more sense than a man who drives runaway horses, and I prescribe a pair of gentle ones for your first drive."

Again she turned to me and said, quietly:

"I know you love me, for you risked your fair name and honor for the poor stranger. Then, I have heard how you haunted this vicinity at night when I was nearly dead. The fall and the loss of blood was good for me, and your shadow stood by me all the time, like a good angel, till the dark cloud of terror that hung over my girlhood faded away forever. The doctor tells me that love and hope have been my cure. Now, if you will try me again, you won't have to dig under a wall for me any more, and I will never frighten another horse."

I fear that my promise to control myself, and not appear excited, was poorly kept. It was she who was calm, as she curled my hair over her fingers, and called me her preserver, her darling, and her husband.

In another week we took possession of the deserted house where her home had been, and it was just in time to save it from being burned by a mob, who had learned the story, and, in their zeal to punish the real criminals, could hardly be made to understand that it belonged to the victim, and not to those who had fled.

My wife had not the slightest fear remaining of the old places, and talked unrestrainedly of it all.

Our return to my house was a delightful drive, and she insisted that the same horse should be one of the pair, laughing merrily at the tragedy.

The entry into the town was triumphal, and the minister and the lawyer led the procession of Sabbath-school children, who stood under an arch of flowers at my gate.

That afternoon we walked through the asylum grounds, at her request, and the old man who had first tried to marry us did not seem to know either of us.

Love and wedded life were smooth enough after that, and I had the best and wisest little wife in the world. She would at times say :

"I am a little foolish about *you* sometimes ; but the old

decidedly primitive, as our picture shows, and this is especially the case among the negro farmers, who have become possessed of the "carpet-bagger's" promised "forty acres," but fail to own the equally necessary mule. The plow itself is rude, the stunted-looking steer feeble and ungainly, the harness clumsily constructed and awkwardly adjusted, and the whole contrivance very nearly the same that may be seen in arid Egypt or sultry Hindostan—cow or buffalo yoked in a similar manner, with but a slight shade of difference in the complexion of the drivers.

All these odd and amusing features of Southern life are destined to pass away in the coming days of the "free South," and although it is "a far step" from the rude implement of our picture to the wonder-working steam-plow, yet who can doubt that it will soon be taken, and the fair lands



SOUTHERN SCENES.—A SOUTH CAROLINA AGRICULTURIST.

terror can never come again. God and you fill my whole soul, and I know how true it is that 'perfect love casteth out fear.' "

My "romance" was gone, but the sweet reality will outlast the stars.

SOUTHERN SCENES.

A SOUTH CAROLINA AGRICULTURIST. A CHARLESTON STREET-VENDER.

Within a few decades, no doubt, the Southern States will become as thoroughly modernized as their Northern sisters, but that point has not as yet been reached by any means.

In many localities the methods of agriculture are still

of the South, under improved culture, regain their ancient fertility.

As a proper pendant to the other illustration of South Carolina life, we present a type of the street-vender of Charleston. The class he represents is, of course, almost wholly composed of negroes, of both sexes, and generally old or past middle age. The outfit consists of a broad tray or low basket, containing a melon or two (in season), corn, peas, sometimes fish, and other edibles, invariably carried on the head—after the manner of the Italian peddler of "imagees"—and announced by different descriptions of plaintive cries, all more or less hideous, and generally unintelligible, except to those "to the manner born." Very often (as in the case of the Uncle-Tom-like old gentleman with the cane), there is also a pail or bucket carried in the

hand, containing the small remainder which cannot well find place on the tray. The Charleston street-vender is certainly a "peculiar institution," and as such our artist has sketched him "in his habit as he lived."

FATAL CURIOSITY—AMERICAN PRONG-HORN ANTELOPE.

AS THE name indicates, the *Antelope capra* presents characteristics both of the goat and antelope. It is one of the most beautiful of the antelope family. Its graceful form, large, lustrous eyes, and picturesque marking, conspire to render it the most elegant of American quadrupeds. The general colors of the darker portions of the animal are a yellowish dun, deepening in the band about the throat and in the markings of the nose and around the eyes to a brownish black. The chest, under parts of the neck and body, and a large patch on the rump, are white, or nearly white, and the large acuminate ears are tipped along the edges with brown. While bounding away from the spectator at a distance, they present in a remarkable degree the appearance of a white ball of cotton bounding over the prairie. This is caused by the habit which the animal has of ruffling or raising the white hairs on its rump, so that they stand about six inches from the body.

There have been but few living specimens brought from the Far Southwest, in the great arid deserts of California and New Mexico. It has been found that the native wildness of the animal is very difficult to conquer; even the young, when taken, become furious, and exhaust their life in endeavoring to escape enforced captivity. The gait of the prong-horn is peculiar. Buchanan says: "The moment they perceive a man or other strange object producing an alarm, they bound off for some thirty or forty rods, raising all their legs at the same time, and bouncing, as it were,

from two to three feet above the ground. After this they stretch their bodies out and gallop at an extraordinary speed. We have seen some that, when started, would move off and run a space of several miles, in what we thought did not exceed a greater number of minutes. Indeed, they seem to glide rather than gallop over plains, up hills, or down steep declivities with the same apparent absence of effort.

It is said that antelopes will escape with great ease even when they have one limb broken, as they can run fast enough upon three legs to defy pursuit.

The Fall of the year is the period at which they obtain their greatest perfection as an article of food, and, indeed, they should be hunted at no other. Their liver is more highly prized than any other part of the animal by the hunter, and antelopes are often shot for the purpose of procuring this dainty morsel.

The illustration on page 352 shows the manner in which the animal is hunted. A white or red rag or handkerchief is fastened to the end of a ramrod, which is planted in the earth and tall grass, amid which the hunter lies concealed, unless, as in the print, he has, what is better, a natural embankment behind which to hide.

So clear and pure is the atmosphere of the prairies that the distant herd, perhaps a mile or more away, readily perceive

the fluttering object among the grass, that immediately excites their curiosity, which is so prominent a trait in their character. Timidly advancing, they stop, and again advance until within range of the fatal rifle, when the doom of the best and fattest of the herd announces the artifice and frightens them from the dangerous locality.

The Indians often get them within gunshot by merely lying on their backs and kicking their heels in the air, on seeing which the antelope draws near to ascertain the nature of so unfamiliar a phenomenon.

It is very necessary, however, for the hunter to keep well leeward of their prong-horns, and to use extraordinary caution in "sneaking" after them; and he must also exercise



SOUTHERN SCENES.—A CHARLESTON STREET-VENDER.

a great deal of patience, and move very slowly, and only at intervals, when the animals, with heads to the ground, or averted from him, are feeding, or attracted by some other object.

When they discover a man thus sneaking toward them they fly from him with great speed, and often retire to broken and inaccessible ground. Audubon speaks of an attempt he once made at this decoy-hunting.

"On the 21st of July, 1843," he says, giving the date probably as he extracted it from his note-book, "whilst in company with our friend Edward Harris, Esq., during one of our hunting excursions, we came in sight of an antelope gazing at us, and determined to stop and try if we could bring him to us by the trick we have already mentioned, of throwing our legs up in the air, and kicking them about whilst lying on our back in the grass. We kicked away, first with one foot and then with the other, and sure enough the antelope walked slowly toward us, apparently with great caution and suspicion. In about twenty minutes he had advanced toward us some two or three hundred yards. He was a superb male, and we looked at him for some minutes when about sixty yards off. We could see his fine protruding eyes, and, being loaded with buckshot, we took aim and pulled trigger. Off he was like a shot, as if pursued by a whole Blackfeet hunting party. Friend Harris sent a ball after him, but was as unsuccessful as ourselves, for he only ran the faster for several hundred yards, when he stopped for a few minutes, looked back at us, and then went off without pausing until he was out of sight."

There is still another way of hunting these animals, by posting oneself at the salt-licks they frequent, and shooting them as they come up. In this manner a great many might, undoubtedly, be destroyed.

The Indians formerly killed large numbers of them while the animals were swimming the Missouri.

MAXIMILIAN'S WISH.



MAXIMILIAN I., Emperor of Germany, sometimes called the "Last Knight," from his chivalrous character, was in his youth remarkable for a high courage and love of adventure which, at times, led him to feats of rash daring.

Among the many lands over which he ruled, none was so dear to him as the mountainous Tyrol. Partly from the simple and loving loyalty of the hardy race of shepherds and mountaineers who dwelt there, partly also because hunting among the Tyrolese Alps was one of his chief pleasures.

On Easter Monday, in the year 1493, the young emperor, who was staying in the neighborhood of Innsbruck, rose before dawn for a day's chamois-hunting. He took with him a few courtiers and some experienced hunters.

At sunrise they were already high up on the mountain pastures, which are the favorite haunts of the chamois, the valleys beneath them were still covered by a sea of white mist, while the golden rays of morning shone from an unclouded sky on the snowy peaks and ridges above them.

Maximilian fixed a longing gaze on the rocky summits, which stood out clear and sharp against the blue heavens. He felt the power of the fresh mountain air and the sublime scenery, and it filled him with the spirit of enterprise and daring.

"I wish," said he, "that I could gain to-day some spot which the foot of man has never trod before, and where no

man should be able to follow; a spot amid the homes of the chamois and the eagle; where the busy hum of men should be lost to my ear, and all the crowded earth should lie beneath my feet; where even the thunderclouds should mutter far below me, while I stood in eternal sunshine! That would be a fit spot for the throne of an emperor!"

The courtiers replied that his majesty had but to wish and it would be fulfilled—to such a renowned hunter and intrepid mountaineer what could be impossible?

At this moment one of the huntsmen gave notice that he had sighted some chamois; the whole party, guided by him, cautiously approached a rocky point, behind which the animals were grazing. On this point of rock stood a single chamois, its graceful head raised, as if on the watch. Long before they were within shot range, they heard it utter the peculiar piping cry by which the chamois gives notice of danger to its fellows, and then off it bounded with flying leaps toward the rocky solitudes above. Maximilian followed on its track, and had soon distanced his attendants.

To be a good chamois-hunter, a firm foot and a steady head are required, for these beautiful little animals lead their pursuer into their own peculiar domain, the rocky wastes just below the regions of perpetual snow, and there they climb and spring with wonderful agility, and if they cannot escape, it is said that they will rather leap over a precipice and be dashed to pieces, than fall into the power of man.

Maximilian had all the qualities necessary for this adventurous chase, and was generally most successful in it. Now he reached the brink of a chasm, which the chamois had passed; black yawned the abyss at his feet, while beyond the rocks rose steep and forbidding, with but one little spot where a man could find footing. One moment he paused, then with a light spring he gained the other side, while a shout, half of admiration, half of terror, burst from his astonished suite.

"That was a royal leap! Who follows?" cried Maximilian, with an exulting laugh. Then he sped onward, intensely enjoying the excitement of the chase.

For a moment he lost the chamois from view, then it appeared again, its form standing out against the sky, on one of those rocky ridges that have been compared to the backbone of a fish, but are perhaps more like the upper edge of a steep gabled roof.

To gain this ridge it was needful to climb an almost perpendicular precipice; but Maximilian, nothing daunted, followed on, driving small iron holdfasts into the rock in places where he could gain no footing, and holding on by the hook, at the upper end of his iron-pointed Alpstick. At last he seized a projecting piece of rock with his hand, hoping to swing himself up by it, but the stone did not bear his weight; it loosened and fell, and the emperor fell with it.

Breathless and stunned, it was some minutes before he recovered consciousness after the fall. When he came to himself, he found that he had received no injury, except a few bruises, and his first thought was that he was most lucky to have escaped so well. Then he began to look about him. He had fallen into a sort of crevice, or hollow in the rocks; on one side they rose above him as a high wall which it was impossible to scale; on the other they were hardly higher than his head, so that on this side he had no difficulty in getting out of the hollow.

"Lucky again," thought Maximilian; but as he emerged from the crevice and rose from his feet, he remained motionless in awe-struck consternation. He stood on a narrow ledge, a space hardly wide enough for two men abreast, and beneath him, sheer down to a depth of many hundred feet, sank a perpendicular wall of rock. He knew the place; it was called St. Martin's Wall, from the neighboring chapel of St. Martin; and the valley below it, which was now con-

ceased from his view by white rolling vapors, was the Valley of Zierlein.

Above him rose the "wall," so straight and smooth, that it was utterly hopeless to think of scaling it. The only spot within sight where a man could find footing was the narrow shelf on which he stood. The ledge itself extended but a few feet on either side, and then ceased abruptly.

In vain Max gazed round for some way of escape.

No handsbreadth was there to which to cling; no hold for foot or hand of the most expert climber—beneath, a sea of cloud; above, a sea of air.

Suddenly he was startled by a whirl and a rush of great wings in his face—it was a mountain eagle which swooped past him, and the wind of whose flight was so strong that it had nearly thrown him off his balance. He recollected that he had heard how these eagles try to drive any larger prey, too heavy to be seized in their talons, to the edge of a precipice, and so, by suddenly whirling round it, they may dash it over the brink; and how they had tried this manœuvre more than once on hunters whom they found in critical and helpless positions.

And then his wish of the morning occurred to him. How literally and exactly it had been fulfilled! And how little could the emperor exult in his lofty and airy throne! He merely felt with a shudder his own exceeding littleness in the face of the great realities of Nature and Nature's God.

Beneath, in the valley of Zierlein, a shepherd was watching his flocks. As the sun rose higher and drew the mists off which clung round the foot of St. Martin's Wall, he noticed a dark speck moving on the face of the rock. He observed it narrowly.

"It is a man!" he cried; "what witchcraft has brought him there?"

And he ran to tell the wonder to the inhabitants of the valley. Soon a little crowd was collected and stood gazing up at St. Martin's Wall.

"God be with him!" was the compassionate exclamation of all. "He can never leave that spot alive—he must perish miserably of hunger!"

Just then a party of horsemen galloped along the valley, and rode up to the crowd, which was increasing every moment. It was the emperor's suite, who, giving up all hope of following his perilous course, had gone back to where they had left their horses in the morning, and ridden round, hoping to meet their master on the other side of the mountain.

"Has the emperor passed this way?" one of them cried out. "He climbed up so far among the rocks that we lost sight of him."

The shepherd cast a terrified look at the wall, and pointing upward, said:

"That must be he up yonder. God have mercy upon him!"

The emperor's attendants gazed at the figure, and at each other, in horror. One of them had a speaking-trumpet with him, such as mountaineers sometimes use for shouting to one another among the hills. He raised it to his mouth, and cried at the pitch of his voice:

"If it is the emperor who stands there, we pray him to cast down a stone."

There was a breathless hush of suspense now among the crowd, and then down came the stone, crashing into the roof of a cottage at the foot of the rock.

A loud cry of lamentation broke from the people, and was echoed on every side among the mountains. For they loved their young emperor for the winning charm of his manner, for his frank and kindly ways, and his especial fondness for his country.

The sound of that wail reached Max's ears, and looking down, he could see the crowd of people, appearing from the

giddy height like an army of ants—a black patch on the bright green of the valley. The sound and sight raised his hopes; he had completely given up all thought of delivering himself by his own exertions, but he still thought help from others might be possible. And now that his situation was discovered, the people he knew would do whatever lay in the power of man for his deliverance. So he kept up his courage, and waited patiently and hopefully. It was so hard to believe that he, standing there in the bright sunshine, full of youthful health and strength, was a dying man, and never would leave that spot alive.

Higher and higher rose the sun. It was mid-day now, and the reflected heat from the rocky wall was well-nigh too great to bear. The stones beneath his feet became hot as a furnace, and the sunbeams smote fiercely on his head. Exhausted by hunger and thirst, by heat and weariness, he sank down on the scorching rock. The furious headache and dizziness which came over him made him fear that he was about to become insensible. He longed for some certainty as to his fate before consciousness had forsaken him, and, following a sudden thought, he drew from his pocket a small parchment book, tore out a blank leaf and wrote on it with pencil, then tied the parchment to a stone with some gold ribbon he happened to have with him, and let the stone fall down into the valley as he had done the first. What he had written was the question, "Whether any human help was possible?" He waited long and patiently for the answer; but no sound reached his ear but the hoarse cry of the eagle. A second and a third time he repeated the message, lest the first should not have been observed—still there was silence, though the crowd in the valley had been increasing all day; and now a vast assembly—the inhabitants of Zierlein and all the district round—had gathered at the foot of that fatal throne which the emperor had desired for himself.

The day wore on; the sun was fast sinking toward the West, and Max could no longer resist the conviction that there was no help possible, that all hope must be over for him. It seemed, as soon as he had faced this certainty, that a calm resignation, a high courage and resolve, took possession of his soul. If he was to die, he would die as became a king and a Christian—if this world were vanishing from him, he would lay firm hold of the next.

Again he tore a leaf from his book, and wrote on it. There was no more gold ribbon to bind it to the stone, so he took the chain of the Order of the Golden Fleece—what value had it for a dying man?—and from that high and airy grave he threw the stone down among the living.

It was found, like the others before it. None had answered these, because no one was to be found willing to be a messenger of death to the much-loved emperor. The man who found the stone read the letter aloud to the assembled crowd, for the emperor's messages were addressed to all Tyrol.

And this was the last message:

"Oh, Tyrol, my last warm thanks to thee for thy love which has so long been faithful to me.

"In my pride and boastfulness I tempted God, and my life is now the penalty. I know that no help is possible. God's will be done—His will is just and right.

"Yet one thing, good friends, you can do for me, and I will be thankful to you even in death. Send a messenger to Zierlein immediately for the Holy Sacrament, for which my soul thirsts. And when the priest is standing by the river, let it be announced to me by a shot, and let another shot tell me when I am to receive the blessing. And then I pray you unite your prayers with mine to the great Helper in time of need, that He may strengthen me to endure the pains of a lingering death.

"Farewell, my Tyrol,

MAX."

The reader's voice often faltered as he read this letter amid the sobs and cries of the multitude.

Off sped the messenger to Zierlein, and in all haste came the priest.

Max heard the shot, and, looking down, could see the white robe of the priest standing by the river, which looked like a little silver thread to him. He threw himself on his knees in all penitence and submission, praying that he might be a spiritual partaker of Christ, though he could not receive in body the signs of salvation. Then the second shot rang on the air, and through the speaking-trumpet came the words of the blessing:

"May God's blessing be upon thee in thy great need—the blessing of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, whom heaven and earth praise for ever."

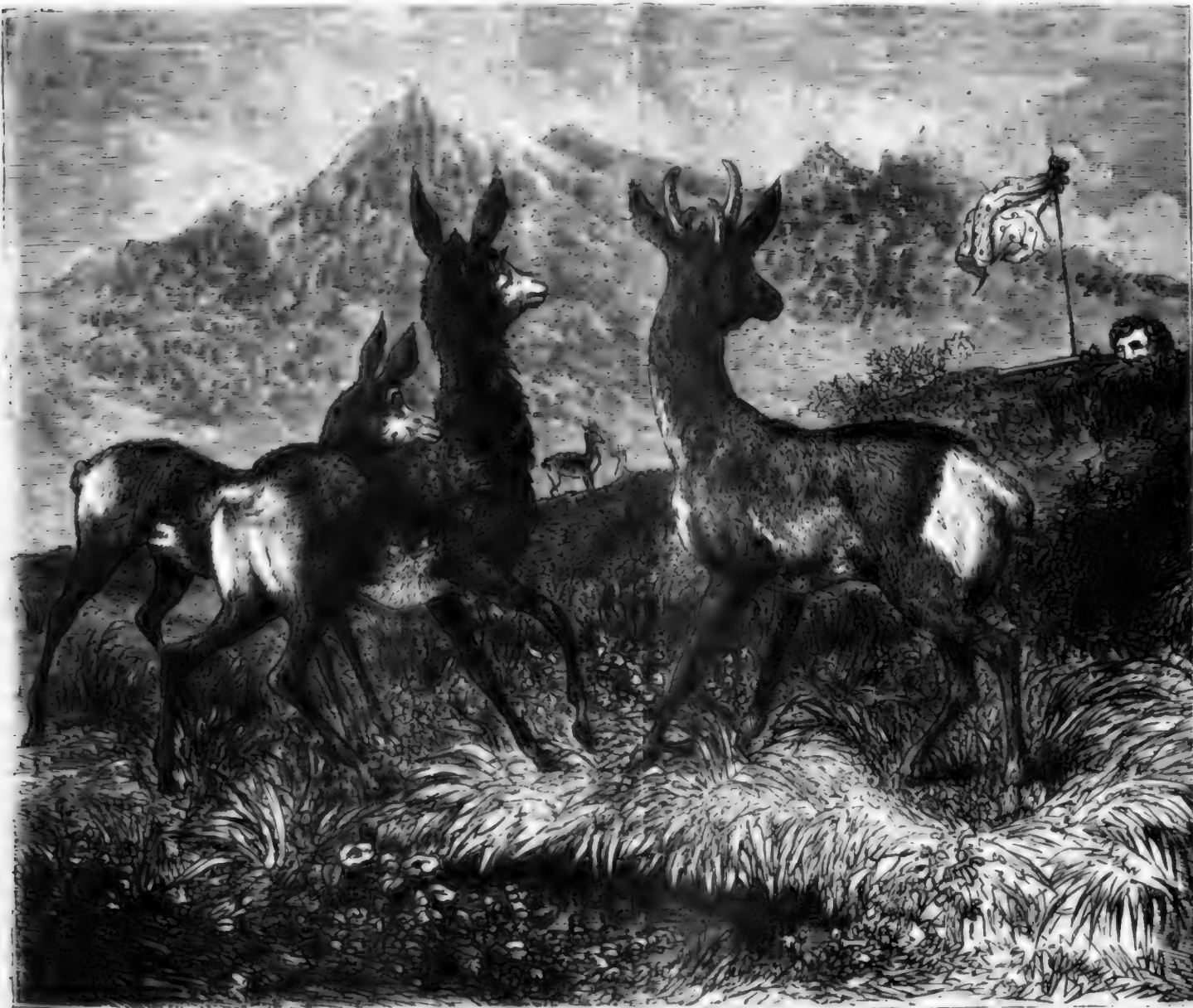
eternal fires stole in Max's heart, and drew his thoughts and desires heavenward to eternal Love and eternal Rest. So he knelt on, wrapt in prayer and in lofty and holy thoughts.

Suddenly a bright gleam flashed on his eyes, and a figure in a flicker and dazzle of light stood before him. No wonder that in his present mood, his spirit raised above earthly things, this vision should seem to him something more than human.

"Lord Emperor," it spake, "follow me quickly—the way is far, and the torch is burning out."

Hardly knowing whether he was still in the world of mortals or not, Max asked:

"Who art thou?"



FATAL CURIOSITY.—MANNER OF HUNTING THE AMERICAN PRONG-HORNED ANTELOPE.—SEE PAGE 249

The emperor felt a deep peace filling his heart as the words of blessing were wafted to his ear.

The sun had by this time sunk behind the mountain range beyond the valley of Zierlein; but a rosy blush still lingered on the snowy summits, and the Western sky glowed in crimson and gold. Beneath, in the deep purple shade of the valley, the people all knelt, and the emperor could hear a faint murmur which told him they were praying for him.

Touched by their sympathy, he, too, continued kneeling in prayer for the welfare of his subjects.

It was quite dark now, and one by one the stars came forth on the deep blue sky, till at last all the heavenly host stood in glittering array. The sublime peace of those silent

"A messenger sent to save the emperor."

Max rose; as he gazed it seemed to him that the vision assumed the form of a bright-haired, barefooted peasant youth holding a torch in his hand.

"How didst thou find thy way to the cliff?" he asked.

"I know the mountains well, and every path in them."

"Has heaven sent thee to me?" asked Max, still feeling as if he were in dream-world.

"Truly, it is God's will to deliver thee by my hand," was the simple answer.

The youth now turned and slid down into the hollow out of which Max had climbed that morning, then glided through a crevice in the rock behind, which the emperor had failed to detect. Stooping low, he with difficulty



MAXIMILIAN'S WISH.—"THE EMPEROR COULD HEAR A FAINT MURMUR, WHICH TOLD HIM THE PEOPLE WERE PRAYING FOR HIM."
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squeezed through the narrow chink, and saw the torch flaring below him, down a steep, rugged fissure which led into the heart of the rock. Leaping and sliding, he followed on, and the torch moved rapidly before him, its red light gleaming on metallic ores and glittering on rock crystals. Sometimes a low, thundering sound was heard, as of underground waterfalls, sometimes water, dripping from the rocky roof, made the torch hiss and sputter. Downward they went, miles and miles downward, till at last the ravine opened into a long, low, nearly flat-bottomed cavern, at the end of which the torch and its bearer suddenly vanished. But at the place where he had disappeared there was a glimmer of pale light. Max groped his way toward it, and drew a long breath as he found himself again in the open air, with the silent stars above him and the soft grass beneath his feet. He looked round for his deliverer, but no one was to be seen. He soon perceived that he was in the valley of Zierlein, and afar he heard a confused noise as of an assembled multitude. He followed the sound, but was forced to rest more than once from extreme weakness and weariness before he reached the foot of St. Martin's Wall, and saw priest and people still kneeling in prayer for him. Deeply moved, he stepped into their midst and cried:

"Praise the Lord with me, my people. See, He has delivered me!"

The emperor was never able to discover who had been the instrument of his wondrous rescue. A report soon spread among the people that an angel had saved him. When this rumor reached the emperor's ears, he said:

"Yes, truly, it was an angel; my guardian angel, who has many a time come to my help—he is called in German 'The People's Loyal Love.'"

Maximilian never forgot that day on St. Martin's Wall. It taught him many a lesson. It is said that he never again went out chamois-hunting without commending himself "*à la garde de Dieu*," as the native mountaineers of Switzerland and Tyrol now are wont to do. And this spirit of thoughtless daring was sobered into a true and higher courage, which, throughout his life, never forsook him in the face of danger and death.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

THE verb "to christen" is an obvious corruption of "to christian," bearing allusion to the baptismal ceremony at which infants are supposed to be "christianed." Country people speak of baptismal names as "christen names," and are probably justified in doing so; since, if we accept the verb in its elided form, we may just as well agree to spell the adjective the same way for the sake of uniformity.

Since the Conquest our christen names have undergone three distinct changes: the first two marking epochs of national history; the last, and it is to be hoped, still incomplete change, being a reaction from the previous one.

From the time of William I. to Charles I. we had good, plain English names. Then came a long period, commencing with Cromwell, of Puritan names, when pious souls seemed to regard those names as alone "christian" which were taken from the Bible. Accordingly boys were called after all the good patriarchs, prophets, priests, kings, and law-givers to be found in the scripture genealogies; and girls, such names as Sarah, Kezia, Kerinhappuch, Ruth, Eve, Esther, and Rebecca. Bible names being exhausted, children were christened after their religious graces and virtues, girls—Faith, Hope, Charity, Joy, Mercy, Truth, Peace; and boys, Praise-God, Live-well, Steadfast, Earnest, Overcoming, and so on. It was in these times that a father, bringing his little daughter to be christened, said, in answer to the minister's inquiry for the name, "Ax her;" and when the minister replied it was no use asking the girl her name, explained

that he meant *Acts*, sir, having already named four boys Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and that he intended to go regularly through the New Testament.

The Puritan fashion gave place to the "Tom, Dick, and Harry" age of names, which has not done yet modifying itself. A period, to be plain, of nicknames. At first, good, round bold nicknames of the "Will, Rob, and Ben sort"; and there really was some excuse for softening such "keep your distance" sort of names for girls as Patience, Mercy, and Charity to the more euphonious and less affected "Patty, Merry, and Carry." But, once started, the rage for "y's" seemed to have no bounds. Elizabeth became Lizzy; Kate, Katy; Anna, Anny; Angelina, Angy; Martha, Murty, and Esther, Hetty. And it did not stop here, for boys' names began to rival girls', till we come to Willy and Tommy and Georgy and Wally. Not to be beaten by the other sex, the girls abandoned the "y" and betook to themselves the "ie," writing their names Katie, Annie, Angie, Martie, and Hettie, until so universal has this practice become, that the very female servants in the kitchen, Bettie and Sarie and Sophie themselves likewise; whilst men, not content with doing their best for fifty years to effeminate their names to those of the other sex by writing Willy, Georgy, and Benjy, have actually come to diminutive themselves in many cases down to Willie and Georgie and Benjie, etc.; so, why not to Little Billee and Georgy Porgy at once?

There is a great deal in names. We expect much more strength and self-reliance from Richard, or even Dick, than from Dicky—from Edward than from Teddy, and we generally get it. The name by which a boy is called has a distinct influence in the formation of his character, and it is impossible to constantly apply a diminutive to the one without dwarfing the other. The best proof of the influence of names on character is this very singular one: viz., the aptness with which a man's christen name always seems to attach to him, and the many points of resemblance he bears to his name and to all his namesakes. Now, as names are given, if not quite hap-hazard, yet at least as a matter of taste exercised by parents, and certainly without any knowledge of the child's future disposition, this can only be accounted for by supposing that children grow up in some measure to fit their names, their names not having been given to fit them. Sterne goes further—he says: "How many Cæsars and Pompeys by mere inspiration of the names have been rendered worthy of them, and how many are there who might have done exceeding well in the world had not their characters and spirits been totally depressed and *Nicodemus'd* into nothing!" The Emperor Severus consoled himself for the gaieties of his wife by putting it down to her unfortunate name—he said, "All Julias were frail." All the Scotch kings named James were unfortunate; so were all the queens of Naples named Joan. Every Caesar named Caius perished with the sword. Julius Caesar himself believed so much in names, that he entrusted the command of the African expedition to an untried man, a mere namesake of the Scipios, because the Scipios had proved invincible in Africa. Louis VIII.'s ambassadors, in negotiating a marriage with the Spanish princesses, refused the Princess Royal, and chose the less accomplished and less beautiful of the two because she was named Blanche, saying that "the name Urraca (that of the more beautiful princes), would never do." Agnes is a name to which prejudice long attached—on the ground that all who bore it would go mad.

Talking of names and their fatalities;—in the middle of the last century there was the British privateer "*Terrible*." Every sailor declared she would come to a "terrible" end, for she was launched from Execution Dock, commanded by Captain Death, her first lieutenant's name was Devil, and

the surgeon's name was Ghost. In her second fight (it was with the *Vengeance*, off St. Domingo), she was overpowered by immensely superior weight of men and metal, and of her two hundred men all except twenty-six were slain before the enemy could board. Of these twenty-six, sixteen had lost an arm or a leg, whilst the remaining ten were entirely disabled by grievous wounds. The deck could not be seen for blood and bodies, and presented the appearance of a shambles. "A good name is better to be chosen than precious ointment" in more senses than one. Merely from the chance of his name being Regillianus, an obscure person was elected emperor. Jovian owed his elevation to the same cause. Achilles was bound to beat Hector from the superior power conveyed by the sound of his name—for the name "Achilles!" sounds like the fierce victorious onset of one who hurls the ashen spear with lengthy shadow. Hector rather suggests brave, immovable, dogged resistance against the inevitable. Long ago, those learned in the science of names, called "Onomantia," came to the same conclusion from ascertaining that the numeral letters in the victor's name amounted to a greater sum than those of his antagonist.

Only think of the son of Mr. Godley being brought up to the church with the *Christian* name of Blastus. What preferment could a poor curate expect who bore the name, Blastus Godley? Could he ever become a bishop? In these days, he would stand a poor chance of being "King's chamberlain" even, like his Bible namesake.

Very few writers of fiction have recognized the absolute necessity of modeling characters in strict accordance with their names. Bunyan and Fielding adopted the plan of simply labeling their creations with descriptive but unname-like names, such as Christian, Littlefaith, Greatheart, By-ends; and Allworthy, Square, Thwackem, Lovegold, Wheedle, Foxchase, etc. But the names of Mr. Dickens's creations are expressive of character in a far more subtle way—they are picture-words simply in their sound. Pickwick, Weller, Pecksniff, Micawber, Scrooge—all tell the sort of people to whom they belong as plainly as "Minne-haha" speaks "laughing-water," and "Baim-wawa," the sound of thunder, to the Indian.

What says the proverb? (and there is wisdom in proverbs) "Give a dog a bad name and hang him." If it is bad enough to be called bad names, how much worse to be christened them? It is really a substantial grievance not to have a good name. For myself, I would rather be called "N. or M." all my life, than numbered and lettered like a family I am acquainted with, in which the boys are called after the Latin numerals and the girls after the Greek alphabet (they have got to Octavius and Delta already.) Fancy marrying Miss Omega? There is a possibility of it, for this family resides in a parish where may be read on a stone in the churchyard:

"Some have children, some have none,
Here lies the mother of thirty-one."

I know two men, father and son, both named Thankful Joy. The former was so christened because his father was so delighted at a change, after his wife had successively presented him with eight girls, that he wished to say so. When Thankful got used to his name, he liked it so well that he gave it to his son. Father and son are both in the farming and gardening way. Their cows die, their sheep get the rot, their crops get cut off with the frost like other people's, but they are always happy, and I never saw either without a smile. I put it down entirely to their names. Had they been christened Barabbas, or even Pontius Pilate, they would have taken these things to heart.

I would not like to say no person has ever been hung who had not a bad name, but it is very nearly true. The vast

majority of murderers have repulsive names, account for it how you will—and in the case of a memorial being prepared for the purpose of petitioning for a condemned man's life, the sound of his name would at any rate have some weight in influencing my decision to sign it.

There is a demand for good names for children, and a kind of impatience of the hackneyed Tom, Dick, and Harry sort, available for nicknames, which leads many persons to seek new names, often equally objectionable, because either foreign or fine. Foreign names and fine names are unfit for English people; and what need of them with so many good Saxon names, with strong, pure meanings, which might be revived with advantage. Any English history contains a mine of them.

How much more beautiful and more English are the Saxon forms of the girls' names, Elaine, Adela, and Agatha, than Ellen, Adelaide, and Agnes! Here are some more—Editha, Aldyth (a lovely name), Ethel, Rosamund, Hilda, Eleanor, Edgiva, Alwina. And for boys, why not Olaf, Godwy, Uther, Gurth, Oswald, Ulf, Edric, Athelm, Cuthwin, Alfred, Kenwulph, Eric, Gawaine, Osmund, Kenneth, Godrith, Algar, Ethelbert, -red, -wulf, -ward, -mar, -mund, or -bald, Saxwulf, Edwy, and Cissa?

MR. JOHN POUNDS, THE GRATUITOUS INSTRUCTOR OF POOR CHILDREN.

JOHN POUNDS was born at Portsmouth in 1766, and, after being incapacitated by an accident from working in the dockyard there, placed himself under an old shoemaker, obtained an honest subsistence as a shoe-mender, and for thirty-five years was the occupant of a weather-boarded tenement in his native town.

After a time John Pounds took upon himself the charge of a feeble little boy, his nephew, whose feet were deformed. He effectually cured this distortion by an ingenious imitation of the ordinary mechanical means recommended by the faculty.

His heart warmed toward the poor child, one of a large and poor family, and he became its instructor—a task which gave him great delight.

But he did not confine his exertions to his nephew. He began to seek out pupils amongst the most neglected. His second pupil was the son of a poor woman, who was absent from home the whole of the day endeavoring to obtain her living.

Scholars soon became so numerous that his humble workshop, which was about six feet wide and eighteen feet in depth, could not contain so many as he would have willingly taught. Hence, he always preferred and prided himself on taking those whom he called "the little blackguards."

His biographer says, "He has been seen to follow such to the town quay, and hold out in his hand to them the bribe of a roasted potato to induce them to come to school."

In the last few years of his life he had, generally, forty scholars under his instruction at one time, including about a dozen little girls, who were always placed on one side by themselves. Here he pursued his double labors, seated on his stool, with his last or lapstone on his knee, and mending shoes, while his pupils were variously engaged, some reading by his side, writing from his dictation, or showing him their performances in accounts. Others were seated on forms, on boxes, and on a little staircase.

He taught the children to read from handbills, and such remains of old school-books as he could procure. Slates and pencils were the only implements for writing, yet a creditable degree of skill was acquired; and in ciphering, the "Rule of Three" and "Practice" were performed with accuracy.

With the very young, especially, his manner was particularly pleasant and facetious; he would ask them the names of different parts of their body, make them spell the words, and tell their uses.

Taking a child's hand, he would say, "What is this? Spell it." Then slapping it, he would say, "What do I do? Spell that." So with the ear, and the act of pulling it; and in like manner with other things. He found it necessary to adopt a more strict discipline with them as they grew bigger, and might have become turbulent, but he invariably preserved the attachment of all.

He took an enlarged view of the objects which education should comprise, and endeavored to impart valuable practical knowledge to his scholars, teaching them how to cook their own plain food and to mend shoes. He was their doctor and nurse when they had any ailments; and when they

bored; nor did he obtain any, beside the pleasure attending the pursuit, the satisfaction of doing good, and the gratification felt when occasionally some manly soldier or sailor, grown up out of all remembrance, would call to shake hands, and return thanks for what he had done for him in infancy. Indeed, some of the most destitute of his scholars have often been saved from starvation only by obtaining a portion of his own homely meal."

Mr. Pounds died suddenly on the 1st of January, 1839. The children were overwhelmed with consternation and sorrow; some of them came to the door next day, and cried because they could not be admitted; and for several successive days the younger ones came, two or three together, looked about the room, and, not finding their friend, went away disconsolate.

Nor was he unlamented by his fellow-townsmen. The



JOHN POUNDS, THE PORTSMOUTH COBBLER.—SEE PAGE 355.

were in health, he was not only the master of their sports, but the good old man made playthings for the younger children.

He encouraged his pupils to attend Sunday-schools, exerting himself to procure clothing for them, in order that they might make a creditable appearance. On Sunday morning they put on their dress at his house, and in the evening it was again restored to him.

Some hundreds of persons in all have been indebted to him for all the education which they had ever received at school; and, as a necessary consequence, many are now filling stations of credit and respectability, whose elevation, poverty and ignorance combined would have prevented, even if these misfortunes had not consigned them to the prisons.

It is said, "He never sought compensation for these la-

services which he rendered to the ignorant and neglected children of the poor entitle him to a place among those humble benefactors of mankind whose deeds of goodness have been, like his, performed in a spirit of benevolence.

Pope Pius IX. was, in early life, the associate and warm friend of Tata Giovanni, who acted in Naples the part of John Pounds.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A CATAMOUNT.

I PRESUME that the boys of the Middle States are not aware what a grand hunting-ground we have up here in Northern Maine. It would hardly be strange if they were not; for there has been so much said about the Adirondacks, within a year or two, that one might easily conclude there wasn't another trapping-ground in the country,

I wish some of the young fellows who go to the Adirondacks could spend a few weeks up among the Maine lakes next Summer with me. I think I could show them bigger game and more fun than they will find up the Hudson.

The whole of Northern Maine—an area equal to the three States of New Hampshire, Vermont, and Connecticut—is, as yet, an almost unbroken wilderness, “where the bear roams, and the wild-cat prowls,” and some larger beasts; for we have the moose and the cariboo, the “lucivee” and the fisher-cat, while, now and then, up in the wild regions about Mount Katahdin and the Allagash waters, a panther—which, by-the-way, we call a catamount—is met with; not a very agreeable wayside acquaintance, either, for it is of a larger and fiercer sort than that found further south.

Three years ago last Winter, I had an adventure, or, rather, had a hand in an adventure, with one, which may, perhaps, be worth relating.

I had gone up from Bangor with my uncle Washburn to “make the round” of the lumbering camps, or “gangs,” established by the firm of which he was a member, along the west branch of the Penobscot River.

From Bangor up through the wilderness, a distance of a hundred and thirty miles, to

the “head of the Chesuncook” (the upper end of the Chesuncook Lake), where there is a supply depôt for the lumbermen, there had been a beaten road, and we had traveled with a double-horse sled, putting the horses tandem as the track grew narrower; for it was toward the last of January, and the snow lay from three to four feet deep all about us. But at the “head,” the beaten trail terminated, and snowshoes came into requisition.

A “spotted line” led off to the Bangor camps, the nearest of which was some twenty-five miles to the westward. A spotted line, I perhaps should explain, is made by first going through the woods, with a compass to keep the direction,

and spotting a tree every few rods with an ax. After this has been done, any one can travel by simply following the spots.

In the course of a week we had made the round of all the gangs, save two, which were at work up on the Cancomgomac stream; and, after a long day's tramp through the “black growth,” we came out to the lowermost of these, situated at the foot of the lake of the same name.

Here a queer report came to our ears from the upper camp, located some ten or twelve miles above. It was to the effect that the men had got scared. They had seen an

Indian devil, or something!

It would have been no very strange thing to hear there had been a row in camp; for the men were nearly all Irish and “Bluenoses,” as we call them from the provinces. But to hear that a whole gang of lumbermen had got frightened, was decidedly sensational.

Such was the story, however. And during the evening the “boss” from the scared camp—every gang has a boss or overseer—came down to get a gun. Fire-arms, for the good reason above hinted at, had not been provided at the upper camp.

Curiosity broke loose at the sight of him.

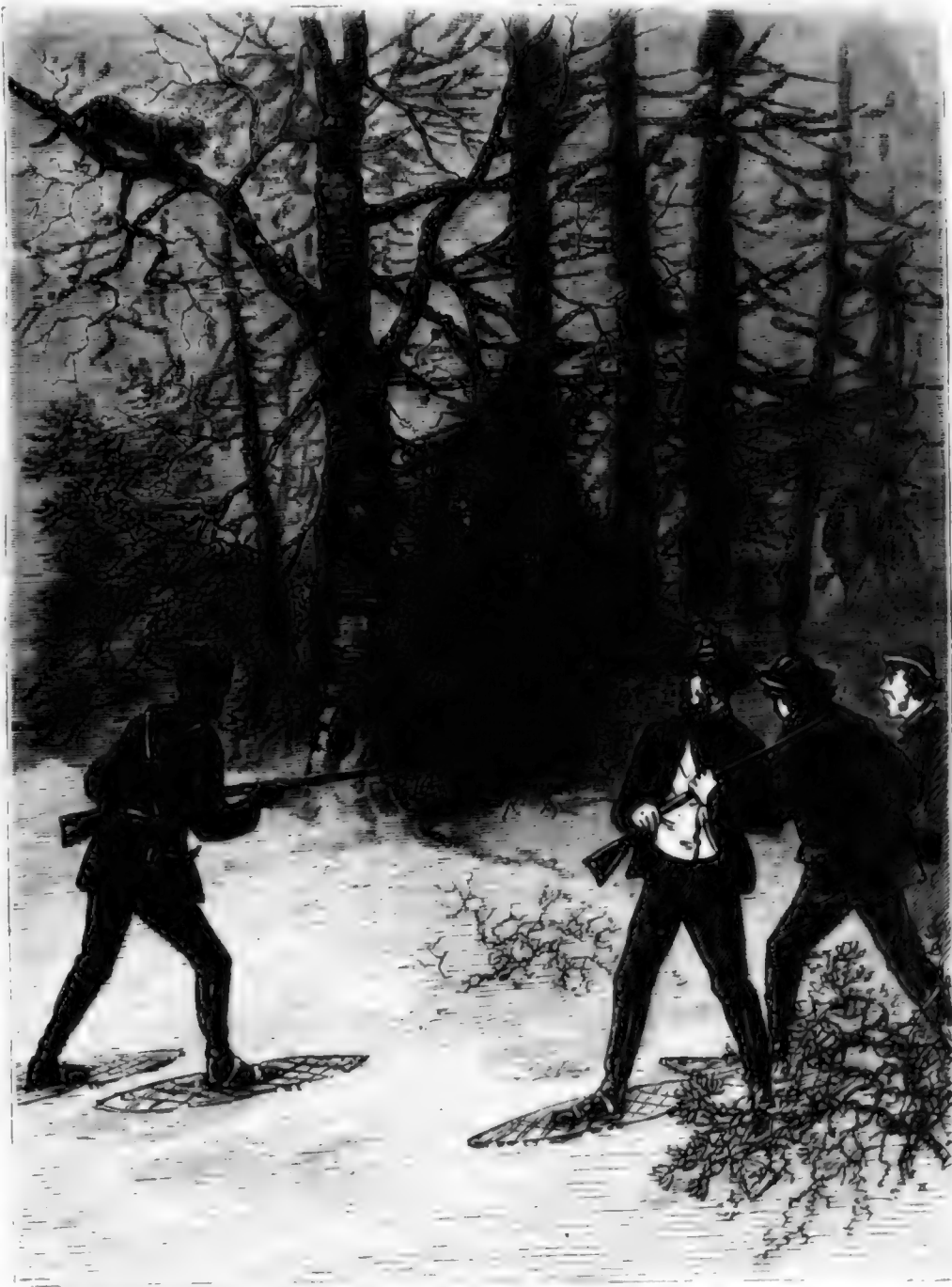
“Well, well,

Mr. Murch!” exclaimed Uncle Wash. “What’s this I hear from your gang?”

“Hardly know what to tell you, sir,” said Murch. “It’s a foolish affair. But the men have got a dreadful bugaboo started. Fact is, they’ve been telling about seeing and hearing something for more than a week. I didn’t pay any attention to it, though. But, day before yesterday they all came running into camp, pell-mell, scared half to death! Something had jumped at Billy O’Nun, out of a great spruce!”

“What did it look like?” asked Uncle Wash.

“Well, they tell me so many different stories, it’s very



AN ADVENTURE WITH A CATAMOUNT.—“UP, FULL THIRTY FEET FROM THE SNOW, CROUCHED A LARGE, LIGHT-GRAY ANIMAL, READY TO SPRING DOWN.”

sible to find out. They all declared it was an 'Indian devil,' though what an Indian devil can be, is more than I know. I had all I could do to get them back to their work. And last night, as they were coming in to supper, there was another scare! Something screeched, and rushed out from a clump of cedar. Mike Shea had the back of his coat all slit to pieces! He says the creature did it; but perhaps it was the brush he ran through. And this morning not one of them could I get to stir out from the camp. There they stuck, and there they've been all day. I thought I would come down and get a gun—I may be able to shoot the creature, if there really is anything. I must get their courage up again somehow. You see, they're not Yankees."

"Have you ever seen anything of this—creature, yourself?" asked Uncle Wash.

"Not a thing. But I did hear a very singular cry this evening as I was coming down. I suppose it was rather foolish in me, but I stepped along pretty fast after that. 'Twas a very startling and peculiar sort of a cry."

"Ah, well!" laughed Uncle Wash. "We will go up with you to-morrow. Perhaps we can find out what it is?"

The next morning, loading up the old camp-musket, as a reinforcement to our rifle, we set out. It was toward noon when we came out in sight of the log camp. A number of men were standing about the door, and, seeing us coming, the others came out—there were twenty-three of them.

"This is a fine sight!" cried Uncle Wash, as we came up. "Why aren't you out at work? Do I pay you forty dollars a month to lay round this camp all day?"

The men looked a little foolish; but the fluent Billy O'Nun came to the rescue:

"Sure and indade, and your honor couldn't blame us. Sigh a murdering baste as lapses from the top o' the trees!"

"What have you seen, anyhow?" demanded Uncle Wash.

"Seen! An' ye may well say that! Seen 'im, as big as an ox, an' haard 'im shriek!"

It was no use talking with them—they were in a perfect funk. Indeed, it was not without the greatest difficulty that we prevailed upon Billy to go with us to the place where the creature had sprung at him from the tree.

He consented at last, very reluctantly, and came edging after us.

"We shall be likely to find the animal's tracks, if there has really been anything of the sort about here," remarked Uncle Wash.

And we did find rather larger ones than we had been looking for! Near the tree which Billy indicated as "the one," a heavy trail began, leading off into the forest. The snow was very deep and soft, and the beast had gone off with easy bounds, striking its feet all together, and making huge plunges some ten or twelve feet apart.

"Whew! Must have been quite a cat!" cried Uncle Wash. "Guess we will follow this a little ways. Looks like big game."

On our snowshoes, we didn't mind the depth, the main thing being to keep out of the brush. But, after following for forty or fifty rods, we came to where the trail was crossed by a much more recent one.

"Gone along here some time to-day, I should judge," said Murch. "May overhaul him by following this. He wouldn't run far at one heat. Snow's too deep."

Looking to the priming of our guns, we struck off upon the new track, and had gone twenty rods, perhaps, when the trail suddenly stopped. Beyond a certain point, where the last heavy plunge had been made into the snow, there were no more tracks!

Here was a strange terminus, certainly, and we halted in considerable surprise.

"Belike, he's snaking under the snow!" cried Billy, coming up. "An' he'll be laping out on us!"

And we were laughing at Billy's hypothesis, when a strange cry—a wild, shrill scream—rang out, seemingly, over our heads!

Our eyes followed the sound; and there, on the limb of a great yellow birch, up full thirty feet from the snow, crouched a large, light-gray animal, with its ears laid back, and its long tail beating time on the limb behind—ready to spring down.

A fellow can't turn round very quick on snow-shoes; but, I assure you, I wasn't long performing that evolution. As I hadn't been entrusted with either of the guns, I felt anxious to put the fighting men in the rear. Billy was already ahead of me. And just then there came another screech.

Both guns were fired; and, glancing over my shoulder, I saw the catamount bound from the limb, and heard a heavy thud down into the snow.

"We haven't hit him! He's coming!" yelled Murch.

No time for reloading guns.

"Run! For heaven's sake, run!" shouted Uncle Wash, puffing up behind.

And we did run. A man can run on snowshoes—after a fashion—and pretty tolerably fast at a pinch. But the depth and softness of the snow alone prevented us from being overtaken.

On we went for dear life, and were not many minutes getting over the seventy-five or eighty rods between us and the camp.

The men had heard the guns, and were out around the door. But, seeing us coming, they all dove in again, and we rushed in after them full tilt, with the catamount not four rods behind us!

The door was hastily slammed to, and held.

"Now load, quick!" cried Murch.

Peeping out between the logs, I could see the panther before the camp, lashing itself, and glaring about. Rearing up against a tree, standing near, it began sharpening its claws, making the bark fly in a very suggestive manner.

"Fix him this time," muttered Uncle Wash, poking the muzzle of the rifle out between the logs.

"All ready!" exclaimed Murch, who had thrust out his gun over the door.

They fired together.

With the reports, the creature sprang up, with a savage growl, and, as if intending to get into the tree, leaped upward upon the trunk fifteen or twenty feet; but, falling back into the snow, turned and bounded away.

"After him!" shouted Murch, pulling open the door, and rushing out. "After him with your axes!"

We ran out.

There was blood where the creature had stood, and the trail he was making was marked with great red blotches.

The whole gang now turned out after us, to hunt him down. But the fighting part was over.

At a distance of a quarter of a mile, we came up with the old fellow, lying, panting and exhausted, in the snow.

Another shot, with a few knocks from an ax, did his job; and it was amusing to see how *brave* the whole gang became, in the course of a few minutes.

GUARANA.

GUARANA-BREAD, as it is called by the Brazilian Indians, has some properties worthy of being known. It is the product of a small climbing shrub, growing chiefly in the northern parts of the empire, and on the banks of the Amazon and its tributaries, known among botanists as the *Paullinia sorbilis*. The plant ripens its seeds about October or November. They are then gathered, peeled, dried, and stored away until wanted for conversion into guarana-bread. The

manufacture is of the simplest. After being slightly roasted, the seeds are reduced to powder by means of a coarse file, and the powder worked into a stiff paste with water; a certain proportion of whole and broken seeds being mixed with the mass before it is molded into oblong cakes or cylindrical rolls; looking, when dry, like chocolate-colored sausages. If they are a dark-brown hue, it is a sign that the seeds have been over-roasted, in which case the guarana loses both flavor and efficacy, and fetches, of course, a lower price in the market.

Mantegazza pronounces guarana to be without a rival as an aliment for travelers, its virtues being unaffected either by heat or damp, putrefaction or time; while it is available for service wherever a draught of water is procurable; for, unlike tea, coffee, and cocoa, guarana needs only to be mixed with cold water to furnish a refreshing, sustaining beverage, which, by the addition of a little sugar, is rendered as palatable as it is stimulating, leaving its grateful flavor a long time in the mouth.

No wonder the Indians of the Amazon consider guarana-bread an indispensable necessity when journeying far afoot, especially indispensable, seeing they think it a panacea for diarrhoea and dysentery, and credit it with making tongue-tied folks eloquent.

We are assured that there is nothing in the world so healthful and so reinvigorating as a cup of fresh guarana, its stimulating properties far exceeding those of coffee or tea; but like all stimulating drinks, guarana must be indulged in judiciously. Taken immediately after a meal, it is apt to derange the digestive functions; and if the drinker mixes his cup too strong, or imbibes too freely of the beverage, it produces over-exhilaration, inquietude and wakefulness, and destroys the appetite.

Guarana is scarcely destined to obtain a place among European, much less British, beverages, but it may possibly find favor as a remedial agent in nervous ailments. Dr. Leconte, a French physician, eulogises it as a specific in cases of sick-headache, one of the most obstinate complaints with which doctors have to deal; and, writing to an English medical journal, says: "I feel myself justified, as well by my own experience as by that of many physicians of my acquaintance, in affirming that this medicine never fails, except when improperly prepared, adulterated, or injudiciously administered." To be properly prepared, the rolls of guarana should be pulverised, and then treated with alcohol, dried and reduced to powder; to be administered in doses of two grammes, a second dose following at an interval of a couple of hours, if the first fails to produce the desired effect.

Dr. Wilks, if not quite so enthusiastic as his French brother, speaks favorably of the new remedy, deposing that one lady patient of his contrived to keep her old enemy at bay for half a year by its aid; and that another wrote to him: "When you prescribed guarana-powders for me for severe and frequent headache, you asked me to let you know if I found them beneficial. I have every reason to believe them a complete preventive of headache; as on the least symptom, I have taken a powder, sometimes a second in two hours' time; and in no case have they failed as an effectual cure."

Spite of this testimony to the merits of guarana, it may be doubted whether those who have recourse to it will not find it lose its power after a while, if it does not prove harmful in the long run. The writer happens to know by painful experience what sick headache is, and he also happens to have found a preventive, at least in his own case; the very simple one of abstaining from tea altogether, and taking coffee, pure coffee, morning and evening. Having enjoyed a twelve month's freedom from headache, he is impelled to advise all sufferers that way to imitate his example before trying the vaunted guarana of Brazil.

BABIES AND THEIR BELONGINGS.



CONTRIVANCES for the pacification of the infant mind, for controlling the exercise of infant restlessness, or for teaching unlearned babies the art of locomotion, have been very numerous. Most of them are now antiquated, or altogether out of date. Leading-strings were at one time almost universally used in the nursery, and to be still in leading-strings lives as a by-word and a reproach now that they themselves have been long forgotten. Children are often assisted to walk in our own day by a handkerchief or shawl passed round their waists; but the leading-strings of old—such as we have depicted—were contrivances expressly fashioned for the purpose. A band met round the child's chest (where it was fastened by buttons), and to the band the strings were attached.

The go-cart was a much more complicated apparatus. Some of these elaborate engines were made with the top a permanent circle, so that the child had to be dropped within it; others were divided and hinged off, so that they could open and close upon the ambitious infant whose first attempts at pedestrianism it was intended to facilitate. There was another sort of go-cart, not unlike a small double towel-horse; and some were made of wicker-work.

Go-carts are shown in many Italian and French pictures; and the machine, slightly varied, seems to have been commonly used throughout Europe for several centuries.

Michael Angelo, in his old age (he was modest as well as great), drew the figure of an old man in a go-cart, and wrote beneath it "*Ancora imparo*" (still learning).

The roundabout, represented in the larger engraving on page 360, was a contrivance far less common than the go-cart, though it was almost as ingenious. To be sure, there was this objection to it, that going rapidly round and round a pole, at a distance of a couple of feet or so, is likely to produce giddiness, and even, perhaps, to addle infant brains. On the other hand, while it is impossible to calculate the orbit of a phenomenon in a go-cart—while in vigorous little hands (or with vigorous little hands in it) that apparatus was constantly coming into collision with you and your furniture in a way surprising and disastrous to all parties—you always knew where to have a baby in a roundabout. There were practical limits to the dear child's enterprise of which he was ignorant, and with which you had many reasons to be satisfied.

The sketch from which our drawing was made was taken at Caistor, in Lincolnshire, seventeen or eighteen years ago. We have since seen in other parts of England—in old country cottages—a hole in a beam above, and another in the floor below, which evidently once accommodated a revolving pole like that shown in our picture. In almost every case, however, the then occupants of the cottage were totally ignorant of what these holes were designed for.

To pad the head is a Devonshire expedient, designed to mitigate the effects of a fall. It is known elsewhere, no doubt; we think we have heard that it is used in Spain. In some cases the pad is placed only at the front and at the back of the head; in others it is continued all round. A band passed over the top of the head keeps it in position.

Lacing the body to a pillow is a German custom. No doubt it is a practice congenial to infants of a lymphatic disposition, with no turn for self-government. Children of American constitution would probably kick at the restraint. It is thirty years since they were emancipated from the



A LAPLAND CRADLE.

intolerable tyranny of swaddling-bands—relics of an effete barbarism extending back to the feudal period—and the nurse who now attempted to fether an American infant with them again would find herself grievously mistaken. Still we



THE GO-CART.



THE ROUNDABOUT.

cannot but applaud the pillow contrivance—for little Dutchmen.

The mothers of Southern infants sometimes bind up their infants, too, like mummies; but their children are livelier and less plump than those of Germany, and so, with a certain propriety, they are lashed, not to a pillow, but to a board. A hole is drilled at the head of the board, and by this means the little dear can be suspended to the wall, or hung out on a branch like peaches or canary birds. We often hear of the ripe South; this is how they ripen children through the sour period of teething. Provided with a rattle, they are themselves able to scare away the birds, and it is not till a later period that they are henpecked. That the musical capacity of southern Italians had originally anything to do with the practice of suspending them among the branches, we have no authority for supposing.

Indian squaws, and squaws of several other countries, in fact, follow a similar custom. The little papoose is lashed to a straight board by bandages which are laced tight behind with thongs. Its feet rest on a broad hoop passed round the bottom of the board. The Indian mother is passionately fond, and many an hour she spends in decorating the baby's



A PAD FOR THE HEAD.



THE DUTCH CUSTOM.

cradle with porcupine quills, the teeth of various animals in quaint devices, and the figures of men and horses, etc., either embroidered or painted. Another and a larger hoop is stretched over the child's head; this serves the double purpose of protecting its face in the event of a fall, and as a screen against the weather. Besides, a toy may be conveniently hung from the canopy for baby to play with. When mamma has to travel, however, the toy is taken away, and baby's arms bound to his sides as an additional safeguard against the effects of tumbling. How the child is carried from place to place may be seen in our engraving. A strap or broad strip of hide is passed round the back of the board and over the mother's forehead, as porters sometimes use to carry their loads. In this way the child is confined for seven months; it is then released and carried in the folds of a blanket at the mother's back. Should the infant die before it reaches the age of seven months, it is buried, and its



YOUNG ITALY.

place in the cradle filled with black quills and feathers. This altered burden is still carried from place to place by the disconsolate mother for more than a year sometimes (if no other little stranger arrives in the meantime), and all with the same care as if the veritable baby was cooing or yelling at her back. While engaged with her small domestic duties, she will chatter the jargon of mothers to her poor bundle of black feathers, just as if the little one were still there with ears to listen to her fond foolishness. No doubt she believes it is there; that she has charmed its spirit into the cradle, where it lies hid amongst the feathers.

In India children are carried astride on the hip; in Egypt and in many other eastern countries the same custom is known. The Egyptian women, however, oftener carry their babes astride on the shoulder. Thus, in Isaiah we read, "I will lift up mine hand to the Gentile, and set up my standard to the people, and they shall bring up thy sons in their arms, and thy daughters shall be carried on their shoulders."



A CHINESE WINTER CRADLE.



SIOUX BABY-CARRIAGE.

Among other people who carry children on the hip are the Samoans, amongst whom a curious custom of adoption prevails. The general rule is for the father to give his child to a married sister; and as children are a source of wealth, she or her husband makes some present in return. As, of course, their children are given away after the same fashion, the traffic is endless. What have the paternal and maternal instincts—upon which we are accustomed to insist so much—to say to this practice?

The women of ancient Ethiopia seem to have carried their children from place to place somewhat after the manner of the Indians.

The cradles or baby-frames of different countries are curious enough. Savage nations show really more ingenuity, and are better enabled to relieve the mother in the care of the child, than many that boast of their civilization. The Indian squaw puts her child in a safer position while engaged in her labors than the poor white washwoman.

The Chinese Winter cradle is a kind of basket made of straw, very thickly twisted. In shape, it is something like an hour-glass, and is open above and below. The waist holds the child up, and in the open end below a sort of foot-stove is placed, to keep the infant warm. In it is a well-padded dress. The child is here kept warm and enjoys its toys without any fear of accident.

The mother can easily carry it about, although it has not a handle to hang it up, like a squaw's baby-frame.

Affection seems to have prompted ingenuity among even savage nations in constructing a comfortable cradle for the helpless infant. The baby-frame of our Indians is a very convenient arrangement both for mother and child, and could be adopted with benefit by white women compelled by their labors to leave their infants alone. The mere open box we use as a cradle is liable to many accidents, while the baby-frame enables the mother to have her child always in sight and out of harm's way.

The Lapland cradle shown in our illustration is a similar structure. A piece of wood, shaped like a canoe and hollowed out like one till sufficiently light and portable, is filled with a soft grass, which retains the animal heat, and in this the child is placed, with bands across to keep it from falling out, and a sort of visor or bar to protect the face. Two straps at the head and feet enable the mother to hang it on a bough or hook of any kind. Provision is made for securing cleanliness, but on the whole it is inferior to the Indian baby-frame, which is simply a board with a hoop at the top for suspending it, and the infant is swathed on the board, which has a slight rim around.

Some of the Lapps seem to dispense with even this cradle, and one writer, who tells us that the women generally carry the children on their back, gypsy fashion, adds, that when they go to church they leave the babies outside the building to keep them warm, an operation effected by the strange expedient of digging a hole in the snow and popping them in, leaving a dog to keep guard against the wolves.

MY NIGHT LODGER.

EVERY person said I was a queer little girl. I can't remember when they did not say that. From all that I can learn, I was not a queer baby. I cried like any other child, and was just as troublesome, so the queerness must have been acquired.

I cannot discover wherein my queerness lies; when I ask my friends, they say, "Why—well, you are different from other folks." A very clear and satisfactory definition!

This having the word "queer" attached to my name used to annoy me; my dolls were the only specimens of humanity to whom I confessed this. To them I confided all my secrets

and my manifold trials. They were attentive listeners—never interrupted me. There was "Rosa," the very large one, she was my prime favorite, and—oh, there were so many of them I cannot describe them all.

When I was eleven years old our folks tried to make me think I was too old to play with dolls. I felt as though life would have no pleasure for me were my dolls taken from me. No one knows how I loved them. I used to go to my room and, locking the door to keep my fun-loving brothers and sisters from intruding, I would play by the hour with my miniature family. Another favorite resort of mine was the garret. It was full of boxes, barrels, and chests, containing old papers, books and letters.

Many of the letters were very ancient, written by relatives of whom I had scarcely heard. There were letters from parents to children, from brothers to sisters, and *love-letters*. The latter interested me the most, although I thought they were rather silly. I suppose I could not appreciate the height and depth, and length and breadth, of the tender passion.

Filling my pockets with apples, I would take possession of the garret and some comfortable old chair, minus an arm or a rocker, and there I would sit for hours, reading. I had a passion for ghost stories, and stories of robbers and pirates, although they used to frighten me terribly. When in the midst of the most frightful story, down would tumble a bundle of something from the rafters, making considerable noise, and leading me to imagine the ghosts and the robbers had stepped from the book to the garret.

An old apple-tree stood by one of the windows; it had the greatest faculty for unearthly creaking and groaning, and the lightning-rod generally kept up a malicious racket.

I declare it is a wonder I didn't lose my senses reading so much trash and hearing so many fearful sounds.

But this has nothing to do with my "lodger." I believe I am becoming garrulous.

In the first place, I must tell you papa was a wealthy farmer, and our neighbors were "few and far between."

When I was in my twelfth year, papa and mamma made up their minds to take a pleasure-trip to the "Far West." This was something unusual; they seldom left home. Well, they went, and my two sisters, two brothers and myself had a gay time "keeping house."

One day, all except myself and our servant girl were invited to a dinner-party. I confess I dreaded to have them go.

"Kate, we will bring you any amount of candy."

"Now, pet, you know you and Sally can stay here just as well as not."

"Don't be a baby, Kitty"—were the words directed to me.

Finally I resignedly bade them "get out of my sight."

Sally and I were good friends; she told me stories and sang songs till I began to think it was quite a fine thing to be left at home.

Tired of staying in the house, I sauntered down the front walk, and amused myself by indulging in a forbidden pleasure—swinging on the gate.

Looking down the road, I spied a man coming along. I flew to the house, and, satisfied that he was coming in, I ran to Sally. Seizing her dress with both hands, I exclaimed:

"Oh, Sally! there is a dreadful-looking man coming it."

Sally picked up the poker and walked to the door, while I, imitating her example, snatched a stick of wood. Suddenly Sally cried:

"You little goose, it is Bill McCarty!"

Sure enough, it was Sally's beau. Her mother was very sick, and McCarty was sent to bring Sally home immediately.

Here was a dilemma. Sally didn't want to leave me, and

unless she started home then, she might not see her mother alive. It was nearly time for the rest of the folks to come home, so I managed to raise courage enough to say I was willing to remain alone.

In a few minutes Sally was off, and I was left in possession of our great house, which never seemed so large to me before. I tried to read, but it was impossible; all the murder stories I had ever heard came to my mind.

I remembered that none of our doors could be locked. Papa, who had a few strange ideas, declared locks were a nuisance. I felt that I was doomed.

I went out to the yard, and, to my dismay, discovered that the sky was overcast and a storm near at hand. I could see the rain coming; faster and faster it came; it was soon at the house. Oh, how it did rain!

On each side of our yard was a brook, pretty and peaceable in pleasant weather, but a very little rain transformed them both into raging torrents.

As I stood at the window I saw first one bridge, and then the other, swept off. I knew now that I must stay alone all night; it would be impossible for my brothers and sisters to get home.

Travelers, or, as Sally called them, "trampers," often stopped at our house over night, as there was no public-house near. To my horror, I now saw one of them coming across the fields. Should I hide? No, that was not to be thought of. Without stopping to knock, the great rough man walked in.

"Can I stay here all night?"

I dared not refuse him, so as firmly as I could, answered: "Yes."

He seemed surprised at seeing no one but myself, and questioned me much. I told him my brother was upstairs writing; that we two were alone. That was the first thing that entered my head to tell him. Such a villainous countenance that man had!

His hair was cut close to his head, leaving his huge ears in bold relief. Wicked-looking eyes, and a brutal mouth, completed his general expression of ferocity.

Bed-time came, and I directed the man to a room upstairs in the servants' department, not the "upstairs" where I had said my brother was.

Now that there was real danger, I was calm and reasonable. I fastened the door that led upstairs with my embroidery scissors, which happened to be in my pocket, so as to guard against surprise, and hurriedly collecting our silverware, carried it to mamma's room and hid it in the bed. No one would have supposed the bed had been disturbed.

I was elated at my ingenuity.

I then hunted up what few jewels the girls possessed, and placing them, with what money I could find, in a box, I tied them in my pocket. After doing, this, I stole downstairs and removed my scissors from the door. These scissors were counted among my most valuable treasures. I had them many years, and had no intention of losing them now.

I expected the man would only wait till he thought I and my fictitious brother were asleep, and would then search the house for valuables, and finish by killing me.

Only one plan for escape that I originated seemed feasible. I determined to wait till I heard my lodger in the rooms below, and then wrap myself in papa's shawl, and jump out of the window. I was not kept in suspense long; the peculiar squeak of the sitting-room door warned me that it was time to act. Quietly I raised the window, and just as the steps approached the stairs, I jumped to the ground. Fortunately, there was a bed of lilies directly beneath the window, and they softened my fall.

That there was danger of breaking my neck I had not thought. I was determined to escape.

It was dark as Egypt, the rain was pouring down in torrents, but this was nothing in comparison with the horror within the house.

Half a mile back of our house lived a friend of papa's—Mr. Vincent. I resolved to go there. I ran along, stumbling against fences and falling into ditches, thinking I never knew such a long half-mile.

Finally I reached the house, and managed to tell my story. Several young men happened to have been delayed there by the storm, and, headed by Henry Vincent, a young man of some twenty-two years, they prepared to capture my visitor.

I was too excited to remain at Mr. Vincent's. I declared I would go back home. They all tried to persuade me not to do this except Henry Vincent, who said "such a little heroine should do as she pleased." With my hand tightly clasped in Henry's, we started.

When we came within sight of our house, we saw a light flitting from room to room, and a few words of boisterous song floated to us on the breeze. Silently my friends surrounded the house, guarding every avenue of escape. Henry and I (I would not let him leave me for a moment) entered the house. We found the vagabond searching papa's desk.

He had found several hundred dollars that I had not seen, when preparing for flight. He started to run when he saw us, but finding men and revolvers on all sides, he was obliged to surrender.

He was safely bound, and then questioned. It appeared he was a noted thief who had long baffled the police.

He said when he learned the house was occupied only by two individuals he was much elated. He did not intend to proceed to acts of violence, unless my brother and I troubled him too much. When he found the house deserted, he concluded I had not told him the truth—that I was alone. Not finding me, he supposed I had hid, and he would not hunt for me.

Lifting me into his lap, Henry Vincent called me the "bravest little woman he ever knew." All the others praised and flattered me, till I began to think men were greater talkers than women. All that night we staid there, but before morning I was "raving like a madman." Three long weeks I remained unconscious.

When I became sensible, anxious faces were bending over me. Papa, mamma, and all the folks were at my bedside.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

In a moment that dreadful day came to my remembrance.

"Oh, I know," said I with a shudder.

It was a long, long time before I regained my strength.

Every person petted and praised me. I was the heroine of the neighborhood. Henry Vincent never tired of decanting upon my bravery, and devoted himself to me in a manner that would have been very aggravating to his young lady friends had I been a few years older.

My "lodger" was sent to prison to meditate for some years.

THE RED THRUSH DEFENDING ITS NEST.

THE red thrush is one of our most pleasing American birds—we may even say songsters—for its loud, varied, and melodious voice, which, in the opinion of Audubon, is surpassed only by that of the mocking-bird, is heard over all the land, from the seabeaten shore of the Atlantic to the upland plains of Missouri; and if he deserts the North at the approach of Winter, he is ever true to the South.

It is no diminutive bird, being about eleven inches long, and its outspread wings exceeding a foot in span. Its plumage is a brownish red, the breast being a reddish white.

The nest of the thrush has a sort of cup in the interior, formed of earth and other materials, and here it lays from



RED THRUSHERS DEFENDING A NEST.

four to six buff-colored eggs, covered with numerous brown dots. Being a bold and powerful bird, it stands its ground before cat, dog, or fox, and stands in no fear of hawk or snake. When one of the latter treacherously assails a thrush or her nest, the cry brings others to the rescue, and the scaly foe, attacked on every side, soon beats a hasty retreat, dis-

comfited and defeated. The thrush thus justifies the name, popularly given to it, of the "Brown Thrasher."

THE way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.

SMOKING OUT A TIGER.

On our homeward march (says Gordon Cumming) we again passed Wuggeria, and went out on the hills during the heat of the day, hoping to fall in with something. As we were ascending a spur, we espied some animal lying under a ledge of overhanging rock in a bay formed by the contour of the hill to our right. We had no regular shikarees—only a few Bheels picked up as we were leaving the village; these pronounced the beast to be a hyena, and we decided on having a shot at him. Carefully marking a tree on the

crest of the rock above him, we made a circuit, and, ascending to the table-land, came out above the spot where we had marked him. Standing ready to open fire, we directed the Bheels to heave down stones, which they did, but nothing appeared. We concluded that the game had moved, but some of the Bheels crawled along the face of the rock like monkeys, and, on looking over, ascertained that there was an inner cave within that in which we had seen the animal lying. It was evident that on hearing us he had quietly risen, and moved in, so we agreed to smoke him out. We, therefore, found a place where we could descend,

and so passed round the base of the rock to the cave.

The outer part was triangular in shape—about seven yards wide at the outside, and four or five deep, having at the further end an inner cave of about four feet high by two and a half broad. The outer cave was quite open in front, and seven feet high at the outside. From the cave the hill sloped sharply down, covered with trees and bushes.

Some of the Bheels advanced to the mouth of the inner cave, and, looking in, saw one eye of the creature, like a ball of fire, at the far end of the den. We endeavored to get a shot, but owing, I suppose, to some projecting piece of rock, we never could see both eyes at once, and two shots which I

fired in were without effect. Meanwhile, the Bheels had collected a large bundle of grass and sticks, which we rolled up to the entrance of the inner cave, and having set fire to it, we all withdrew to the mouth of the outer to watch the result. There was a most thorough draft into the cave, and the flame was swept into it, but the beast made no sign, and at length the fire died down.

We then had another large bundle of dry grass made up, but this time we mixed it well with green leaves. On this being fired, a dense black smoke arose, and was carried into the cave. It was such that we thought no beast could live

in it; but again the fire died out, and though the inner cave was filled with smoke, the tenant had made no attempt to come out.

We had just made up our minds that he had died in the hole, when, from the inner cave, came a sudden rush of smoke, as if driven out by something advancing rapidly. We stood ready, and the next instant, through the embers of the fire, came—not a hyena—but a large tiger, charging blindly, with savage growls.

Hayward carried a short rifle, with a ball of some three ounces in weight, and I had a double rifle of fourteen bore. In the instant that elapsed between the tiger's emerg-

ing from the smoke and his reaching the entrance of the outer cave he was struck by the three balls. Two had taken him through the shoulder, and one through the loins, disabling his hind-quarters. As he fell, we could have placed our guns on his head—too near, in fact, to be pleasant.

Our followers behaved with great steadiness, and at once handed us our second guns. By this time the tiger had managed to drag himself from the cave, and having got on the slope of the hill, he was evidently unable to move up toward us. When he first appeared, the Bheels were up the trees in an instant, but came down when they saw him fall, and assisted us to ascend the rock. This we did one at a



MY NIGHT LODGER.—"WRAPPING MYSELF IN PAPA'S SHAWL, I RAISED THE WINDOW AND JUMPED TO THE GROUND."—SEE PAGE 362.

time, the other keeping guard in case of accidents. The tiger, though disabled, was very savage, and had plenty of life in him, and crunched the underwood savagely. After some time we gave him his *quietus*, and carried him home to the camp. He was no doubt the same beast that had dodged us so cleverly at the well, but we had checkmated him this time. From his boldness he had long been the terror of the village, though we did not hear that he had killed any one.

After this exploit, we returned to Baroda.

BARNEY MCGEE, AND HOW HE GOT HIS WIFE TO AMERICA.



IN the morning on which our story opens, Barney McGee stood with his hands in his pockets, surveying the exterior of his cabin, and casting his mental eye behind it to the patch of ground which grew a handful of potatoes, and vegetables enough for broth-making.

It was evident by his dissatisfied air that neither prospect pleased him; and as he turned on his heel and paced up and down the road, a puzzled expression came over his features, as if he were calculating on certain vague chances.

With head bowed, he muttered to himself:

"My father was born in there before me; he died an' left it, as poor as whin he came intil it. I was born there, too, an' if I stay there all my life, I'll die in it as well, an' divil the scrape av inthrest I'll have to show whin I pay the debt of nature. Troth, if I had but a pinny o' money it's not here I'd be, where starvation's the only thing that's plenty! There's a betther place nor this across the wather, an' it's there I shud be now. Bad luck to this fightin' against what will niver give way before ye! Nelly! I say, Nelly!"

"Yis, Barney, I'm comin' til ye!" a voice exclaims, and in a second Nelly appears on the road, drying her hands upon her apron, as she trips to the side of her husband. He draws her to him affectionately, and placing an arm about her, points to the cabin.

"D'ye see what's before ye, Nelly?"

"Troth, I'd be blind if I didn't, Barney."

"Well, I think we've lived there long enough."

"Is it for movin' ye are, Barney?"

"Yis, but not jist about this quarther—d'ye know what I think?"

"No, faith—how shu'd I know?"

"Well, I think that the sooner we lave this the beither."

"Well, lave us go inside—maybe it's the cowl'd ye'r afeced of."

"Ah, it's not that I mane, darlin'; it's the house that covers us, an' the poor bit av a counthry that owns us, that I'm talkin' to ye about. Ye know how hard we've strug-gled wid the poverty that's atin' intil us, an' ye know that we'll only grow waker the longer we strug-gle. Ah, if—"

"Why don't we go til Ameriky, Barney, where yer ould friend, Thady, is doin' so purty?"

"Why don't we go til Ameriky, is it, Nelly? Could ye spake if ye had no tongue? Could the bird fly if it had no wings?"

"An' could we go til Ameriky if we had no money?—that's what ye mane, Barney?"

"Jist that, my jewel. Thady's the boy would help me, if

he had a little money past him. Shure we were brought up together, we worked together, we got dhrunk together, we coorted together, an' if we live, we'll die together! The last words he gave me at partin' were, that if ever he had it in his power to help me, he'd do it. Troth, I wish he had it in his power now; he couldn't have a betther opportunity. Murther, but there's a hard Winter before us—there, Nelly, there's the *craythur* shoutin' for ye; go in an' spake til it."

Nelly went in to do what she could for the "*craythur*"—the pig—and Barney resumed his walk and his soliloquy.

"Yis, this is no place for us now, that's sartain; but how'll we get till a betther? No money to be got without work; since there's no work, there's no money, av coorse. An' that's the way it'll be all the time. If Thady only knowed how I was! I must sell the pig, anyway. If I had only larned to be a sailor in my young days, how aisy I could get across the big wather now, by workin' my way! but there's Nelly—how could she do? If it wasn't for—"

"Bernard McGee!"

Barney turned about quickly, and beheld the new postman standing with a letter in his extended hand.

"Does a party named Bernard McGee live at this place?"

"No, sir, I think not; he might be a relation of mine, but I niver heerd tell of him."

"Then I must be at fault, but I was directed to this locality in particular. However, I suppose I'll find the individual somewhere," concluded the man of letters, as he posted off in another direction.

Barney scratched his head in perplexity, the name sounded so familiar; but in a moment both postman and letter vanished from his mind, and he busied himself with his former thoughts.

When the afternoon was drawing on, and he had taken his morsel of dinner, and was applying a piece of lighted turf to his pipe, the idea suggested itself that Nelly might know who the before-mentioned Bernard was.

"Nelly," he said, when he had got his pipe fairly in working order, "did ye iver hear tell of anybody be the name of Bernard McGee?"

"Is it jokin' ye are?"

"Troth, I'm not."

"Bernard McGee, is it? Av coorse I've heard of him. He's got the purtiest wife in the parish, Barney, an' *you* ought to know that!" said Nelly, as she smiled archly at her husband.

"I ought to know it? Faith, I'm ignorant of the charge, as the man said to the judge."

"Why, who should be Bernard McGee but yer own swate self?"

"Me? Shure my name's Barney!"

"Well, wasn't Bernard the name yer mother gav' ye? an' wasn't ye christened Bernard? an' isn't Bernard only a gin-teel name for Barney—you bosthoon!" And Nelly threw back her head, and laughed heartily at the simplicity of her husband.

"Well, yer a betther scholar nor me, Nelly; and if it wasn't for yer penethrashun, I might be badly wronged." And Barney narrated the circumstance of the letter to his wiser half, who stood with staring eyes during the recital, astonished beyond measure at the dullness of her spouse.

With the story once told, Nelly did not rest easy until she had sharpened Barney's wits with a scolding, which he took as a matter of course, for his stupidity on many other occasions had called forth sundry domestic lectures. He waited quietly until Nelly had exhausted herself, and then, putting on his hat, announced his intention of going to the post-office and claiming the letter, which he was sure had been returned by the carrier.

Barney's idea did not receive Nelly's sanction, and she

proved this by taking him by the ear as he was passing through the door, and leading him back to the fire-place, telling him, as she sat him down on a stool, that she would go and claim the letter for him, since he might forget who he was, and where he lived, before he reached the post-office!

Then the bustling woman smoothed her hair, changed her apron, and throwing on her hood, took her departure for the town hard by. Barney kept his place on the stool until the sound of her footsteps died away, and then he arose, and going to the road, looked earnestly after the neat figure until it had almost vanished in the distance.

"Faith," said he, as he re-entered his cabin, closing the half-door behind him, "it's a comfort to get a scowldin' like that now an' then, an' to have sich an illegant craythur to do the scowldin' for ye. What wud I be now, if it wusn't for her? Didn't she make me quit the dhrink? Didn't she make a new man out av the ould lavins that I was—didn't she? Av coorse she did! I think I shud take another smoke to quiet my narves; an' if I want to philosopher a bit, the pipe will give me a hand at the thinkin'. Now (puff) who in the name of the poker (puff) could have sint me a (puff) lettther? Maybe it isn't for me, afther all (that's a splendid pipe—smoked for three years, and divil a brake in shank or bowl yet), an' won't I have the laugh at Nelly! An' I'm no less than Bernard? It's a coat av arms I'll be gittin' next—troth, I've one wid two arms in now, but it's a disgrace to a Bernard; it'll raquire a new one to keep up the title."

Thus the rambling fellow went on, speculating upon this and that, until a shadow which fell before him and a thundering rap at the door caused him to part company with his thoughts. Looking up, he beheld part of the figure of a man leaning over the half-door, and swinging his stick inside in a careless way, that showed the easy-going nature of its possessor.

"Well," said the stranger, "I suppose I needn't ax yer lave to go in an' lite me pipe?"

"Ye needn't throuble yer conscience much on that score," said Barney, as he made room for the man beside him.

The latter personage was a long time in getting his pipe filled, keeping up a running fire of talk, and finding it convenient to pull Barney to his seat again when a drove of pigs which attracted his attention went past.

"Don't bother yerself wid runnin' to the doore, man; them's me own bastes (this tobaccy av mine must be damp), an' it's about that baste av yours that I'm here this minnit—what might ye be wantin' for him?" And the pig-driver looked intently at the fire, apparently careless as to whether or not a sale might be made. Barney, wishing to drive as smart a bargain as possible, tried to appear equally careless, and replied:

"How d'ye know but I wouldn't sell him?"

"Arrah, is it to a child ye'r talkin'? Wasn't I spakir' to that sprig av a wife av yours last week, whin I was goin' to Ballystravick? An' didn't she say ye wor dyin' to sell the baste?"

"Yis, thrue for ye, Mr. Pig-driver, but maybe I changed me mind since that—d'ye see?"

Barney gave a side look at the dealer in swine, as much as to say, "Corner me now, if you can."

"Changed yer mind, did ye? It's a big bargain ye'r tryin' to make, Mr. Barney. Doesn't the whole counthry know ye'r wantin' to go to Ameriky? an' aren't ye tryin' to turn every penny ye can? Does that look as if ye didn't want to sell the pig? Ah, is it to a child ye'r talkin'?" and the roving merchant gave Barney a poke with his stick that sent him backward off the stool, and caused him to take several turns on the floor before he righted himself.

He took this part of the argument in good part, and see-

ing that the tide was setting against him, named a price that was full market value for the pig. Strange to say the buyer accepted the terms without a quibble, and mentioning that he would not take the animal with him at that time, left a crown as an "earnest," and bade our hero good-day. He seemed very well pleased, for as he hurried after his drove, he

gave vent to—"A pig for a crown! whoo-o-o-o!"

Barney filled his pipe again, and sat down to "philosopher."

"Nelly ought to be near home (puff) by this time. Won't she (puff) open her eyes (puff) when I tell her (bad luck to that damp tobaccy!) about the fine trade I made with the pig-driver! How did he know my name was Barney? He must have guessed it. Why, didn't I guess myself Bernard? Nelly thinks I'm no hand at a bargain; won't I surprise her wid my smartness? An' he was a gintale man, too, that driver. Think of him lavin' a crown wid me on the pig. How does he know but I'll sell the baste before he comes afther him? Troth, I must have a bit of a reputation! And he paid a clever price, too; maybe I axed too little for him. I'll take a look at the bhoy; he must be improvin'."

With his hand crossed behind him, under his coat-tails, Barney sauntered forth to take a view of the animal he had just disposed of. He proceeded to the sty, where Nelly had placed "the bhoy" a short time before she went after the letter—pig was not there!

"I guess he's broke out, and is takin' a ramble along the road; I'll look after him, and tell him he's sowld, jist to kape him from runnin' away," said Barney, as he started in search.

Strange to relate, the swine was not to be found. Had he broken through a hedge, and was he enjoying himself in one of the neighboring fields? Barney looked, but to no purpose. Not on the road, not in the fields—where could he be?

Barney stood a moment with his arms folded, and a thought began to strike him, and the harder it struck him the blanker he looked and the longer grew his visage—could it be possible?

"Yis, sich things has been did before. Oh, murther! if Nelly hears it—an' av coorse she will hear it—won't she haul me over the coals! Faith I must set afther the thief of a rascal."

Your surmises are right, Bernard. While the pig-driver was keeping you well employed in your cabin, his men were coolly releasing your pig from its pen; and it mingled with the drove as they went past the door. Hurry yourself, or your walking property will be beyond your search.

Feeling the terrible responsibility that rested upon his awkward shoulders, Barney obtained the aid of a neighbor, and the two started in pursuit. Their route lay toward town, so the chances of meeting Nelly on the way were nine in favor to one against. Barney fully realized his position.

"Oh," said he, "if I could only get the baste back widout her hearin' about it! I wasn't half as smart as I thought I was, wid all my bargain."

A sharp run of twenty minutes brought the pursuers in sight of a cloud of dust, from which they inferred that the objects of their search were not far distant.

"All's right now," said Dennis to his friend, as the two broke into a quicker run.

The friend had his eye on a figure that was becoming painfully distinct as it approached, and he replied:

"Yis, Dinnis—I think—eh? Moses! there's Nelly!" and aware of his awful situation, he stopped short on the road.

"How will I face her?" he asked of Dennis, who also had sobered down to a stand.

"Tell her we're runnin' a race; she will——"



SMOKING OUT A TIGER.—“WE STOOD READY, AND THE NEXT INSTANT, THROUGH THE EMBERS OF THE FIRE, CAME A LARGE TIGER, CHARGING BLINDLY, WITH SAVAGE GROWLS.”—SEE PAGE 365.

"Whoo! that's it, Dinnis; stretch yerself as hard as you can."

Away the two went at a break-neck gait, Dennis having the lead by a yard, which Barney, for obvious reasons, allowed him to keep. Our hero hoped to preserve this order of things until Nelly would be passed; but the Fates were against him; for, just as Dennis was meeting the lady in question, his foot came in contact with a stone, and in an instant he was sprawling on the road. Barney was so close behind that it was impossible for him to step aside to avoid a fall, and down he went on poor prostrate Dennis, the two forming a bundle of old clothes and humanity at the feet of astonished Nelly.

Her first impulse was to assist the fallen, but there was something so ludicrous in their expressions, and something so funny in the whole affair, that she could not help laughing her loudest, and exclaiming:

"Is this where ye are, gentlemen?"

"Arrah, Nelly, sure ye won't scowld if I tell ye all about it?" asked Barney, still keeping to the road.

"Ah, how could I scowld ye when I have such good news wid me! Sure the letther——"

"Ah, don't spake about the letther, Nelly, for the pig's stole."

"The pig's what?"

"It's stole."

"An' did ye let it be stole from forninst ye'r face, ye bosthoon?"

Before Barney could reply, his wife took him by his coat-collar, and set him on his feet in a style more nurried than dignified.

The poor man was thoroughly frightened, but managed to recount the affair of the swine to Nelly, who, with her usual tact, understood the matter without much explanation.

The result of the wayside conference was, that the three took the business in hand, and the running commenced again, the female showing, by the strides she made, that her movements had not always been confined to walking.

We shall not describe the scene which took place when the pig-driver was overtaken and the animal or its equivalent in money demanded. Let it suffice to say, that through Nelly's abilities of voice and hands, and by the interference in her behalf of several gentlemen who happened on the spot, full value was received for the stolen quadruped.

Our interesting couple returned to their cabin in good spirits, leaving Dennis behind them, he preferring to remain in town to meet some friends who were coming in from a neighboring fair.

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Husband and wife were very happy that evening. Their supper was a much better one than usual, and when this had gone the way of all suppers, such a quantity of turf was piled on the fire that its warmth penetrated into nooks and corners that had never been warmed before.

The two people who sat in the glow staid up very long, and talked earnestly all the time. The question of the pig did not intrude itself, for a more important subject was under consideration. It had turned out that the letter which Nelly had gone to claim was, as she had supposed, for her Barney, and it was from the identical friend, Thady O'Toole, of whom he had been discoursing in the morning. Enclosed in the epistle were four pounds sterling, in the form of a draft, and the conclusion of the epistle was to the effect that Thady had sent the money, in keeping with his promise, to help his friend; and that he (Barney) was to try and earn whatever balance was required to pay the passage, of himself and wife, and the two were to take an early ship for America.

Thady's letter, then, was what caused Barney and Nelly to sit up so late on that particular night; and the letter and the gift had recalled so many old memories, and awakened such a sense of gratitude in their hearts, that they wandered frequently from the question at issue—how were they to acquire funds enough to pay passages for two? The four pounds were sufficient for the expenses of one, but Barney would not think of



BARNEY M'GER, AND HOW HE GOT HIS WIFE TO AMERICA.—"LOOKING UP, HE BEHELD, PART OF THE FIGURE OF A MAN LEANING OVER THE HALF-DOOR, AND SWINGING HIS STICK INSIDE IN A CARELESS WAY."—SEE PAGE 366.

leaving his good wife behind him; for, indeed, the gray mare was the better horse, and, besides, they had such an affection for one another, that a parting was not to be thought of. Of ready money, two pounds were all they could muster; four more were necessary—ten in all—in order that they might pay their way to Liverpool and have something left for outlay before they would meet with Thady.

To make an additional four pounds was a puzzler to Barney. Even the fertile brain of Nelly was at fault. To procure work was out of the question. They had nothing that could be turned into money, and such friends or relatives as they could number were poorer than themselves.

"I'll tell ye what we'll do, Nelly," said Barney, when the conversation was almost exhausted and his tobacco was getting low; "we'll pack ourselves up to-morrow—we've nothin' t' hinder us—and start for Liverpool. And we'll go round among the ships, an' I'll thry t' get payin' your way an' workin' my own. Is it a bargain, Mrs. Bernard?"

"It is, Mr. McGee; but ye musn't be payin' a crown as an airnest, for fear yer pig might be stole while the——"

"Arrah, howld yer tongue, an' go t' bed, or the sun will be makin' faces at ye soon."

A tramp about the many docks of Liverpool is a wearying one, and our friends realized this fact when they undertook to carry out their plan. The disappointments of the first day, however, did not baffle them, and when night came on they put up at a lodging-house, determined not to let the matter fail for want of trying. But their case did not improve with the next day; parties were willing enough to take the passage-money for Nelly, but Barney's propositions to work his way were received unfavorably. Thousands of emigrants were leaving for America, and for this reason ship-agents and captains were very independent; so Barney and Nelly pleaded in vain.

In this unpleasant situation, Nelly, as usual, was the first to propose a feasible plan for working out of the emergency. She saw that to return home would be an acknowledgment of defeat; and, after a long debate with herself, she very unwillingly came to the conclusion that she and her husband must part.

She was used to hard work, and could easily get employment as a servant. Barney could go to the States before her, and get himself well settled; and he could send her a portion of his earnings, which, together with her savings, would place her in the way of reaching him within a few months.

Poor Barney was a long time in becoming reconciled to this scheme. Indeed, it was the hardest effort of his life; and it was not until Nelly—far-seeing woman—actually insisted upon the temporary separation that he consented.

The superior force of Nelly's nature won the victory for her here. She took a man's part upon herself; bolstered up her husband's failing spirits, making him lose sight of the present by her pictures of the future; and when he pleaded his fears as to crossing the ocean and entering a strange land alone, she ridiculed him in such a style, that he became ashamed of his faint-heartedness.

But light as the good woman's spirits were, apparently, her heart was almost breaking, and many a flood of tears were shed unknown to Barney. Still she bore up right womanly until the hour of parting, and then, when Barney had kissed her for the last time, and was looking so sorrowfully at her, while he lent on the rail of the tender that was to convey him to the vessel, her courage gave way.

Sitting down upon the dock, she buried her face in her lap, and choking sobs soon evidenced the grief that was upon her. Barney could express his feelings only in his face. Cry he could not, and he even forgot his whining part, and tried to comfort her who was now the partner of his sorrows.

It was while he was talking loudly to Nelly, and gesturing, that a stout, elderly gentleman, with a young lady on his arm, came upon the scene. He gave a hasty glance at what was going on before him, and then shook his cane threateningly at Barney, exclaiming:

"How dare you, sir?—how dare you, I say?"

"How dare I what, sir?" asked our hero, in a melancholy tone.

"Bella, do you hear that? How dare you, sir, desert the woman in this manner?"

"Faith, it's not desartin' her at all I am, sir. I had to lave her because I——"

"Quite enough, quite enough, my man. I shall see that your case is attended to."

"But, papa," interposed the young lady, "perhaps you have mistaken the man; perhaps he——"

"Not at all, my dear; such affairs take place every day.

Why, only yesterday I came upon a fellow who was running away from his wife, and she, poor creature, had followed him all the way from home, was nigh distracted—it was open, palpable desertion, Bella. The matter interested me so, that I took it in hand, and had the fellow brought before a magistrate. Strange to say, the case was decided against us; but this case shall not slip me. I shall pay the woman's passage myself, and thus defeat the plans of this worthless scamp. Young man, is not this woman your wife?"

"She is, sir," answered Barney, who, having heard the conversation, was only too willing to have it thought that he was deserting Nelly.

But Nelly, whose mind was always the stronger, had heard the conversation, too, and, disdaining to take advantage of the occasion, she lifted her tearful eyes to those of the well-meaning gentleman, and said:

"Ah, sir, if ye knew how yer cruel words hurt me, and wronged him that's there before ye, ye would take them all back agin."

"There, papa, I was afraid you were rash," and, taking her hand from her father's arm, Miss Bella bent by the side of Nelly, and tried to heal the wound. And when she had heard poor Nelly's story, her father was not long ignorant of it.

"Well, well, Bella, I—I was rather hasty, I admit. But I shall soon repair my fault."

And repair it he did.

As an evidence of it, Bella placed in Nelly's hand a paid passage ticket and a sovereign.

The wind is playing with Bella's curls, as, leaning upon her father's arm, she watches the tender while it vanishes in the river fog, with the happy couple on board. The happy couple are gazing earnestly on their benefactors; Nelly waves her handkerchief as a last adieu, the old gentleman lifts his hat, Bella kissed her hand, and then the curtain of fog falls over them.

Years afterward, when other scenes had been forgotten, Barney and Nelly could easily recall this one; for in each of their hearts had been enshrined twin-pictures of a golden-haired lady and a hale old English gentleman.

A CURIOUS LINGO.

"You wan-che one pe-sze boat?" What visitor to Hong Kong will not remember this pigeon-English greeting, as the anchor let go with a whirr and a splash into the still waters? We say pigeon-English, for as such is this gibberish known; but as pigeon in Chinese really means business, it is clearly a misnomer; and we are pleased to remark that at last the English residents are beginning to be ashamed of making use of such a wretched jargon. It was solely brought into use by their own indolence, or a strange unwillingness to make themselves acquainted with even a smattering of the language spoken by the people with whom they were destined to live, and with whom they were brought into daily contact. Now, however, that British merchants in China have awakened to the necessity of eradicating the wretched admixture of Chinese and English, grammars, dictionaries, and vocabularies of every description in the local dialects are finding their way into houses which before knew them not; and an example is being set by masters and mistresses of communicating their wants and wishes in Chinese.

Now that the thin edge of the wedge is thus inserted, it is devoutly to be hoped that it will be driven home, and creating such a fissure as will utterly preclude the possibility of the future commingling of such objectionable elements of intercommunication, and destroying the jargon that has hitherto obtained. To assist in the gradual extinction of this pigeon-English, a generation of Chinese is growing up

who have studied English at the schools established at Hong Kong, and also at the treaty ports, and who can now speak our language, if not fluently, yet grammatically. There are thus bright prospects, and with such forces at work its days are numbered; and although it is too early to say it has expired, and to add *requiescat in pace*, yet its extinction is, we may confidently assert, certain; but before it has quite disappeared, it may perhaps be interesting to our readers to give them a slight outline of its origin, and a few specimens of the rubbish our countrymen are talking in China, together with its characteristics.

In the first place, this pigeon-English is a compound of English and Portuguese, with a *souçon* of Chinese idioms: and when we add that in but a very few instances a correct pronunciation of either of these languages is given, the effect may be imagined, but it most assuredly cannot be described. A few specimens of this lingo have found their way into English literature—for example, the parodies on "Excelsior" and "My name is Norval," which respectively commence, "That mighty time begin, chop-chop," and "My name belongey Norval;" and although these lines are childish and absurd, yet they are an improvement on pigeon-English, pure and simple, which can only be found in the native vocabularies published for the benefit of compradors and domestics entering the service of the English.

These vocabularies consist of a volume of about fifteen pages, entitled "A Vocabulary in use amongst the Red-Haired People;" its outer cover being adorned with a full-length portrait of one of the red-haired race, dressed in the costume of the Georgian period, in breeches and stockings, and armed with stick and sword. The author commences with the English numerals, and does not stumble over one and two; but three proves a stumbling-block, his nearest approach being "te-le," the "r" presenting an insuperable difficulty. Six becomes "sik-sze," and seven "sam." He gives a Hibernian twang to ten, which he pronounces "tin"; "lin" does duty for eleven, "tui-lip" for twelve, "toonte" for twenty, "one hantoon" for a hundred, and for a thousand "one taoushan."

In Chinese, there is always inserted between the numeral and the substantive to which it applies a word which it is customary to call a classifier, since it points to the kind of object represented by the substantive; thus, instead of saying "two knives," a Chinaman's expression would be, "two to-be-held-in-the-hand knives"; or instead of "a table," he would say, "one length table."

These various classifiers the authors of pigeon-English have melted down into one word, "piece." The Chinese equivalent of one indefinite article is "one pe-sze," while for "a knife," the expression would be, "one pe-sze mai-fo."

Strange confusions have arisen from the use in Chinese of the verb "to have," which is pronounced "hap." "Not at home" would be expressed by "No hap," and a death is announced by "hap tai," that is, "has died." "Fashionable" becomes "hap fa-sze," (fashion); "to be busy," "hap pigeon"; and "to be at leisure," "hap tim."

The most frequent expressions in these vocabularies are those relating to sailors. "A young officer" is a "mit-chi-man" (midshipman); "a second mate," a "sik-kan-mit"; "a sailor," is a "say-le-man."

About military ranks, less is known. "Sho-che-man" (soldier-man) is the only equivalent of a military officer, and is held to include all ranks, from the field marshal to the drummer boy; the only distinction recognized in this service being the "kan-a-man," or "artilleryman." It is descriptive of the state of foreign society in China to find that "a wealthy man" is translated into a "machin" (merchant).

The relations of life bear strange and unusual guises in pigeon-English. A wife speaks of her spouse as her "ha-

sze-man," and he of her as his "wai-fo." A friend is a "folin," here the "r" is again a puzzle; an uncle is a "young-ko"; ready money is "nip-te-ka-she," and so on.

To enable him to converse with his future English master, the would-be servant should make himself acquainted with such common phrases as "ting-ke" (thank you), "how mut-che ka-she" (how much cash), "ko oao sai" (to go out), "ko sit-te" (to go into the city), or "ko hom" (to return home); and he is given to understand that when his master says to him "I ko she-lip," that he is going to sleep; or that if he receive the order "No sze-pik-ke," he is not to speak. The Portuguese element in the jargon is noticeable in words such as "man-te-lin" (mandarin), "pa-te-le" (for padre, priest), and "sa-po" (saber, to know).

These few specimens are sufficient to show the grotesque absurdity of pigeon-English. But its absurdity is not its worst feature. Its general use among foreigners at the ports has tended to create an impassable gulf between them and their Chinese neighbors, thus preventing the one from gaining any intelligent information about the other.

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

We believe that the whole tribe of letter-writers is divisible into three classes. There is the man that feels pleasure in writing; there is the man that writes because it is his duty to write; and there is the man to whom writing is a positive nuisance. Of all social bores, the man that feels pleasure in writing is the greatest. He never allows an opportunity to escape him; and if opportunity does not offer, he makes it. On returning a book you have lent him, he requests a line to say that that it has reached you safely, and you are thus forced to reply. Should you, in the course of conversation, refer to a passage in a favorite author, the next day you are invited to supply him with chapter and verse. If you meet him for the first time at the club, he will find an excuse to send you a note to keep himself in your memory. You would not think that your acceptance of a cigar would entail on you the trouble of writing a letter. But it does. He invites you to drop in any evening convenient to yourself to smoke another. His mania for writing would be harmless were you not forced to reply; but it takes two to carry on a correspondence, and you cannot evade the *consequences* of life.

Of the man who writes because it is his duty, there is little to be said. He neither provokes nor is provoked. He answers a letter just as he would return a salute in the street, as a matter of course; and never sends one except from the absolute necessity of doing so. His epistolary correspondence is regulated on purely business principles, and he just as much thinks of squandering letters on his friends as five-pound notes.

But there remains the third class, to whom the writing of letters is an absolutely repugnant task.

Napoleon I. used to say that all letters in time answer themselves, and acted on his belief. To subscribe the hieroglyphics which passed for his name was regarded by him as a sufficient effort in the epistolary way. The Duke of Wellington kept a secretary who had learned to imitate his hand, and most of the curt notes treasured in cabinets as the autograph of the great duke are notoriously spurious. Even men of letters, whose vocation is writing, have had a similar dislike to correspondence; and it is revealing no secret to say that one of our most illustrious living poets employs the pen of his wife, whose cunning hand has deceived a legion of autograph hunters. Thus these, by subterfuge, pay what is exacted by society. But we are not all Napoleons or Wellingtons or famous poets, and most of us must in our own persons suffer the penalty



THE JUDGES' CAVE.—FIRST HEADSTONE AT WHALLEY'S GRAVE.



THE JUDGES' CAVE.—HEADSTONE AT WHALLEY'S GRAVE.

THE "JUDGES' CAVE," WESTVILLE, CONN.

This celebrated cave is situated on the top of "West Rock," in the village of Westville, about two miles from the city of New Haven, Conn.

The origin of the name of the cave is as follows:

On the restoration of Charles II. to the throne of England, many of the judges who had condemned his father, Charles I., to death, were apprehended and executed, but a few of them escaped. Of these, Goffe, Whalley and Dixwell fled to this country.

The two former arrived at Boston on the 27th of July, 1660, and on the 7th of March, 1661, came to New Haven, where they were well treated by the minister and magistrates, and for some days considered themselves safe; but the news of the king's proclamation being brought to New Haven, they were obliged to abscond.

They, however, returned a short time after to deliver themselves up to the authorities, but no measures were taken to secure them; and on the same day some of their friends visited them at the house of Mr. Davenport, the minister, and advised them not to surrender.

They then returned to their cave, to which place they had before fled upon hearing of the arrival of the proclamation.

From this retreat, any approach to the mountain could be observed, and any vessel coming up the harbor could be easily distinguished.

The cave is formed on a base of perhaps forty feet

square, by immense pillars of stone, about twenty feet high, surrounded by trees which conceal it from observation. The interior of the cave affords ample room for the accommodation of two or three persons.

A Mr. Sperry, who lived about a mile distant on the west side of the "Rock," supplied them with food, sometimes taking it himself, and at other times sending it, tied up in a cloth, by his boys, who would place it upon a certain stump, from which the judges would take it.

Their stay at this cave was short, however, on account of the wild animals, who, at that time, infested the mountains.

There were several other places about the mountain which they used for places of concealment, but the cave was the principal refuge.

Many anecdotes are related of the skill and dexterity of the judges in fencing, and also of the bravery and courage they displayed upon several occasions, and of their hairbreadth escapes from their pursuers.

One day while the judges were walking out toward Neck Bridge, New Haven, they were overtaken by Mr. Kimberly, with a warrant for their apprehension, and an effort was

made to take them. The judges stood upon their defense, and repelled the officer with their canes until the latter was obliged to return to town for assistance; when he came back they had disappeared, and were concealed under the bridge over which their pursuers rode.

Tradition says this was all preconcerted in order to



THE JUDGES' CAVE AT WESTVILLE, CONN.

show that the authorities at New Haven had used their best endeavors to apprehend them before the arrival of the king's officers.

A short time before this, to prepare the minds of the people for the reception of the pursuers from England, the Rev. Mr. Davenport preached publicly from this text: "Take counsel, execute judgment, make thy shadow as the night in the midst of the noonday; hide the outcasts, betray not him that wandereth. Let mine out-

casts dwell with the Moab; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler." This doubtless had its effect, and put the whole town upon its guard, and united the people in using caution to conceal them.

In 1664 the regicides removed to Hadley, and remained there during the famous "King Philip's War." In 1665, during the observance of a fast, and while the people were assembled in the meeting-house, the building was surrounded by Indians. It was customary then to go armed to the places of worship, and upon the first intimation of attack the congregation prepared to repel the enemy. Suddenly, however, in the midst of the people, there appeared, says the legend, a man of very venerable aspect and quaint apparel, who took command, arranging and conducting the defense in the best

military manner. Under his direction the Indians were repulsed, and the town was saved. He then immediately disappeared, and the inhabitants were at a loss to know who their preserver was; nor was it found out until fifteen years afterward that the man was William Goffe, the regicide. But this story has now been proved to be entirely mythical.

Colonel John Dixwell came from Hadley to New Haven before the year 1672, and was

known as James Davids. During the seventeen years he lived in New Haven, nothing extraordinary was known of him. His residence was on the corner of College and Grove Streets.

He had no secular business, but employed his time in walking through the woods and groves adjacent to his dwelling. He never mingled in any society, but rather kept himself reserved from even his neighbors, with, however, one exception.

The Rev. Mr. Pierpont lived a short distance from Colonel Dixwell's residence, and their lots being contiguous, it became habitual with the colonel to walk across his lot to that of Mr. Pierpont, who would emerge from his house at the same time, and thus they would meet at the dividing line and converse. They became very intimate, much to the wonder of Mrs. Pierpont, who often asked her husband what he could see in that man who led so obscure a life. Mr. Pierpont would answer that his friend was a very learned man, and knew more about religion and all other subjects than any other person in the place.

Sir Edmund Andross was made Governor of New York in



THE JOHN DIXWELL MONUMENT.



FIRST STONE ERECTED AT DIXWELL'S GRAVE.



STONE AT GOFFE'S GRAVE.

1675, and of Massachusetts in 1686. In one of his tours through the colony of Connecticut about 1686, while attending public worship at New Haven, he observed a venerable old gentleman at meeting, and noticing him closely, observed something singular in his air which excited his suspicions. After meeting he inquired who he was, and being told he was a merchant, who resided in the town, replied that he knew he was not a merchant, and showed himself inclined to be particularly inquisitive about him. Colonel Dixwell was probably notified of the inquisitiveness of the Governor, for he did not attend meeting in the afternoon. It is a tradition that at this meeting the deacon gave out the Fifty-second Psalm to be sung—Sternhold and Hopkins's version—which runs thus:

"Why dost thou, tyrant, boast abroad,
Thy wicked works to praise;
Dost thou not know there is a God
Whose mercies last always?"

"Why dost thy mind yet still deceive
Such wicked wiles to warp;
Thy tongue untrue, in forging
Is like a razor sharp."

"Thou dost delight in fraud and guile,
In mischief, blood, and wrong;
Thy lips have learned the flattering style,
Oh, false, deceitful tongue!"

Governor Andross is further reported to have resented this as an intended insult upon himself, and after meeting, reprehended the deacon for it. Being told, however, that it was the usage of the church to sing the psalms in course, he excused the deacon and let the matter drop.

After living twenty-nine years in exile from his native country, banished and forgotten by the world, seventeen years of which were spent in New Haven under the name of James Davids, Esq., Colonel John Dixwell died in 1688-9.

He and all the other judges died in a firm expectation of a revolution in England. Though this had actually taken place in the November before his death, as the news had not arrived, he died ignorant of it, about a month before the seizure of Sir Edmund Andross at Boston.

On his death-bed Colonel Dixwell disclosed his true character, and owned his name as John Dixwell, but requested that no monument should be erected on his grave giving an account of his person, name, and character, "lest his enemies might dishonor his ashes," but that only a plain stone might be set up at his grave, with the simple initials, "J. D.," his age, and the time of his death. Accordingly, a plain, rough stone was erected at his grave, near the graves of Governors Eaton and Jones, with this inscription.

The engraving is a correct copy of the old stone now to be seen in New Haven. A handsome iron fence encloses this, as also a beautiful marble monument recently erected by the people of New Haven.

While residing in New Haven, Colonel Dixwell was twice married, and at his death left a wife and two children.

President Stiles, in his history of the judges, says, "So late as the last French War, 1760, some British officers passing through New Haven, and hearing of Dixwell's grave, visited it, and declared with rancorous and malicious vengeance that if the British Ministry knew of it they would even then cause their bodies to be dug up and vilified." Before they left the spot, they defaced the stones with their bayonets—the marks of which are visible to this day.

"Often have we heard the crown officials," resumed Stiles, "aspersing and vilifying them, and some so late as 1775 visited and treated the graves with marks of indignity too indecent to be mentioned."

The inscription upon the recent monument to Colonel Dixwell reads as follows:

Here rests the remains of
JOHN DIXWELL, ESQ.,
of the Priory of Folkestone,
in the County of Kent, England.
Of a family long prominent in Kent
and Warwickshire, and himself possessing
large estates and much influence
in his County, he espoused the popular cause,
in the revolution of 1640.
Between 1640 and 1660,
he was Colonel in the Army,
an active member of four Parliaments,
thrice in the Council of State,
and one of the high court which tried
and condemned King Charles the First.
At the restoration of the Monarchy
he was compelled to leave his country;
and after a brief residence in Germany,
came to New Haven,
and here lived in seclusion,
but enjoying the esteem and friendship
of its most worthy citizens,
till his death in 1688-9.

HORSE-SHOES.

A NOVEL subject of inquiry, and one possessing considerable interest, is that of the origin and history of horse-shoes, and of the art of shoeing horses. That it is one of great antiquity is evidenced by the many early examples of horse-shoes, of different periods, which have, from time to time, been discovered, and by the references to them to be found in old writers. With the Greeks and Egyptians shoeing appears not to have been known, nor does it seem to have been practised by the early Romans; although many passages in the classic writers, by license in translation, have been made to give a coloring to the idea that the hoofs of their horses were shod, sometimes with iron and sometimes with brass. There can be but little doubt that the first foot-covering of the horse, adopted when the hoof became injured, was leather, stitched on with thongs, in much the same manner as sandals for human beings, and also those for sore-footed camels and other animals. From this the transition to metal rims, attached by clamps, and then with nails, would be easy and natural; but to what people this invention belongs is a matter which requires much research—and it is doubtful whether any investigation will ever be able satisfactorily to set the question at rest.

Mr. Fleming, in a recent work especially devoted to the subject, is inclined to give to the Celts, or Gallo-Celts, the credit of being the first inventors of this most useful art. That horse-shoes were not in use among the Celts is, however, pretty evident; as to that people the use of iron was unknown, and no remains of shoes of bronze or of any other material have ever been exhumed in barrow digging. The earliest known examples found in the British Isles are of the Romano-British periods, and these have not unfrequently been found on Roman sites and with undoubted remains of that people.

During the Anglo-Saxon period it is evident, not only from remains occasionally discovered, but from illuminated MSS., that horse-shoeing was regularly practised; the shoes, however, being of a somewhat different form to those of the preceding era. With the Normans the art was, of course, much practised, as the following facts, among others, testify: the Conqueror gave to Simon St. Lix, one of the noblemen who came over with him, the town of Northampton, and other land, on condition that he provided shoes for his horses; and another of his nobles, De Ferrars, or Ferraris, was the chief of his shoers or "ferriers," from which his name was derived. He had large grants of land in Derbyshire, Staffordshire, and elsewhere, from his sovereign in

consideration of his services, and the family became Earls of Derby, etc., and bore for their arms successively six horse-shoes, and *taire*, within a *bordure* of horse-shoes. A curious circumstance in reference to Norman horse-shoes, not mentioned by Mr. Fleming, is the discovery of a pitcher, bearing on one side the horse-shoe, and on the other the buckle badges of the Ferrars family. This curious vessel is engraved in the "Reliquary," and is worth attention. Another matter connected with the Ferrars family is the curious custom at Oakham, in Rutland, of the town claiming from every peer who passes through it a horse-shoe. The old hall—the shire hall—of Oakham is a Norman building, erected by Walkelen De Ferrars, and on its door, and on various parts of its interior, are horse-shoes of various sizes and dates, which have been claimed from, and given by, royal personages, peers who have passed "through the precinct, or lordship" of the De Ferrars. The arms of the town is also a horse-shoe.

Passing downward, the Marshalls—"Marescallus"—whose duty was "every morning, and late at night, to see that the horses are properly groomed . . . and also ascertain that they are well shod"—became Earls of Pembroke, and bore a horse-shoe and a nail on their seals. In 1235, Walter Le Brun had a plot of land granted him in the Strand, whereon to erect a forge, for which he was to render to the Exchequer yearly, as quitrent, six horse-shoes, with the nails—sixty-two—belonging to them, and this custom has been continued ever since, and is the origin of the "counting the horse-shoes and hob-nails" on the swearing in of the London Sheriffs at the Court of Exchequer at the present day.

Examples of horse-shoes of a little later period—those belonging to the unfortunate Earl of Lancaster—are more than usually well authenticated. When the earl, on the close approach of the royal army, fled from his stronghold of Tutbury Castle, and crossed the river to gain the Derbyshire side, his baggage, and military chest, containing all his money and valuables, were lost in the river Dove, and there remained until the year 1831, when, in deepening the river, they were found. These consisted of an immense number of coins—computed at 100,000—and some other relics. They were, in many instances, so firmly imbedded in the sand and gravel of the bed of the river as to be not easily separated, and the iron of the chest, and of other articles, had become oxidized, and cemented the mass firmly together. Among the mass some horse-shoes were discovered, imbedded in the conglomerate, and firmly attached to gravel and coins. They are in the possession of Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt, and are engraved in Mr. Fleming's last volume.

The seal of the city of Gloucester, of the reign of Edward III., presents a good illustration of the form of horse-shoes and nails of that period, and from that time downward the art has continued, and the form, with but few improvements till quite recent times, has remained with but little alteration.

THE learned man is only useful to the learned; the wise man is equally useful to the wise and the simple. The merely learned man has not elevated his mind above that of others; his judgments are not more penetrating, his remarks not more delicate, nor his actions more beautiful than those of others; he merely uses other instruments than his own; his hands are employed in business of which the head sometimes takes little note. It is wholly different with the wise man: he moves far above the common level—he observes everything from a different point of view; in his employments there is always an aim, in his views always freedom, and all with him is above the common level.

THE DIAMOND.

ITS SOURCE, PROPERTIES, AND USES.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES A. JOY.



ALTHOUGH the diamond has been known for ages, we are scarcely nearer the solution of the problem of its origin than we were when it was first discovered. There are no end of conjectures and theories as to the probable origin of the precious gem, but we still want positive evidence of its real position among minerals. A great difficulty in the way of arriving at a just conclusion lies in the fact that the gem has never been found *in situ*—that is, in the original rock from whence it is supposed to have been washed. A few solitary specimens have been picked

up imbedded in a peculiar elastic sandstone, called itacolumite, but although this rock is abundant in various parts of the world, we have yet to hear of the opening of any diamond mine in any country where it occurs. Numerous theories have been started to account for the origin of the diamond. It may be worth while to notice some of them.

According to Dr. Hamlin, it is always found in, or rather upon, beds of gravel, usually modified drift, and has never been met with anywhere else, because it has its origin among the gravel. The diamond placers of South America, of India, of Ceylon, and of South Africa are all geologically similar. The placer is usually a filled-up lagoon, of basin shape, with a gravelly bottom. Near the margin the diamonds are found at a slight depth, imbedded among the gravel. Further toward the middle of the lagoon the depth to the gravelly bottom may be seventy or eighty feet, hence it is necessary to dig to that depth to find the diamond stratum. Dr. Hamlin believes that the formation of the diamond began long after the close of the drift period, and that they are of undoubted vegetable origin. The vegetable theory is also accepted by other writers, and the fact that some specimens have been found to contain organic matter helps to sustain the vegetable hypothesis. That they were at no time imbedded in rock, but are the product of a regular growth after the date of the drift period, is one of the latest suggestions in reference to their origin.

Sir Isaac Newton early inferred the true composition of the stone to be pure carbon, and subsequent philosophers proved the accuracy of his observation, by burning a fragment and collecting the carbonic acid resulting from the combustion. Michael Faraday converted one-half of a diamond into coke, leaving the other half in its natural state. So many persons have performed similar experiments that there is no doubt in the minds of scientific men as to the true composition of the diamond.

That many attempts should be made to prepare so valuable a gem artificially is very natural. The experiments have been made to find a solvent for carbon from which it would be possible to crystallize the gem as easily as alum crystals can be raised from a saturated solution. It is superfluous to remark that a proper solvent has not been found. Molten iron takes up considerable quantities of carbon, and may be said to dissolve it, but the crystals which form out of it partake of the form and properties of graphite rather than of a brilliant. Professor Despretz, of Paris, came nearer solving the problem than any of his predecessors. By aid of a powerful galvanic battery, he succeeded in accumulating a cluster of microscopic crystals on one of the electrodes, which was dipped in carbon suspended in hydrochloric acid. These crystals proved to have the same form and properties as diamonds, but their cost was considerably greater than



MILITARY ESCORT CONVOYING DIAMONDS TO THE COAST IN BRAZIL.

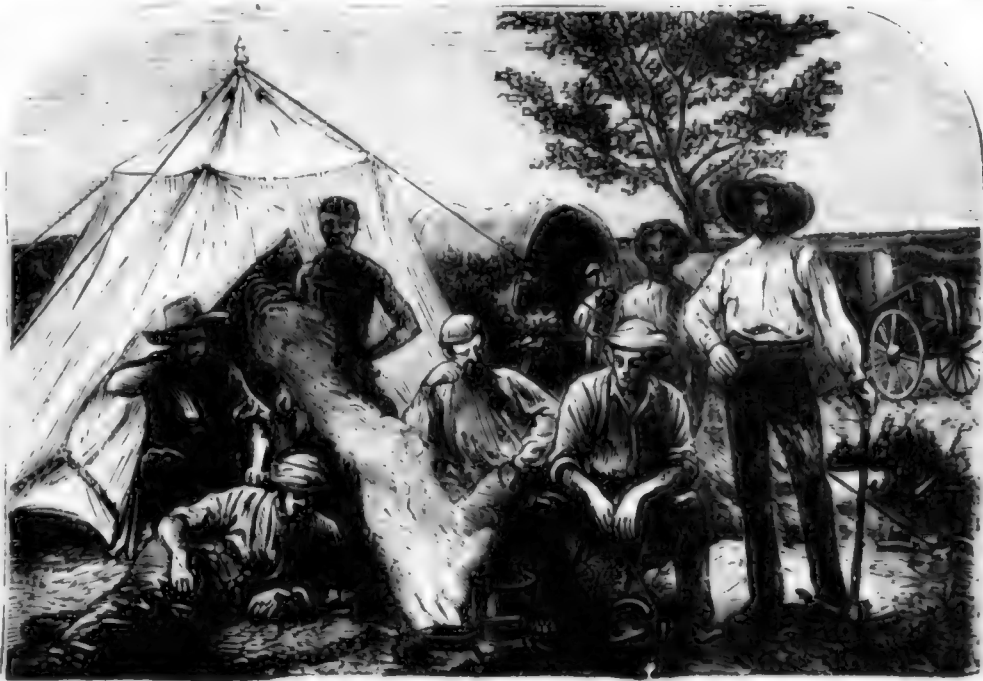
natural stones of the same size. The experiment was considered to be interesting scientifically, as going to prove that it is not improbable that some day we shall discover a feasible way of making artificial diamonds. Some diamonds contain red, white, and blue spots, and if they are heated to redness, and protected from the air, these spots dis-



DIAMOND FIELDS ON THE VAAL RIVER, SOUTH AFRICA, DISCOVERED IN 1870.

appear. This behavior seems to indicate that the temperature at which the diamond was originally formed was below redness. The fact that diamonds can be transformed into graphite by aid of a powerful electric current goes to prove that diamonds and graphite are only allotropic conditions of carbon, differing in the temperature at which they were formed. It would look as if the diamond had been formed like coal, by a slow decomposition of substances containing carbon, either vegetable or mineral.

The diamond has long been known in Asia, in Hindostan, Borneo, Sumatra, and in the Ural mountains, before it was discovered elsewhere—the district from Cape Comorin to the Bay of Bengal, including the famous mine of



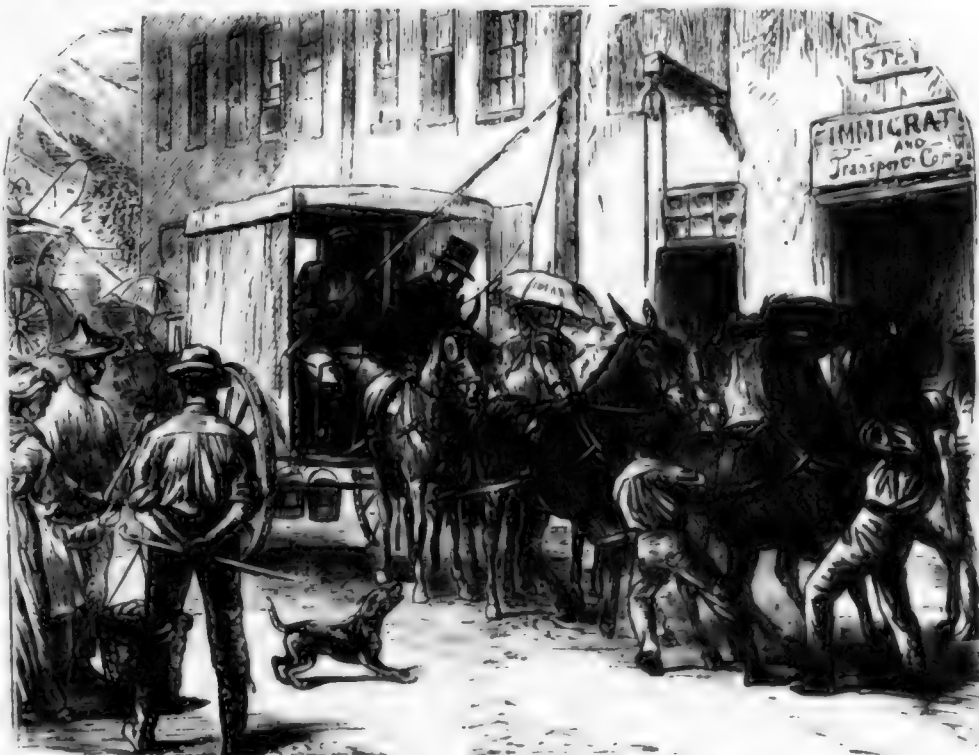
SOUTH AFRICA.—DIAMOND-SEEKERS IN CAMP.



DIGGING AND WASHING IN SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND FIELDS IN 1870.

nearly the same number of carats whether of large or of small diamonds. Though very large gems do not abound in this district, some of considerable size have at times been found. In sending the diamonds to the coast it has always been necessary to have a convoy of military to protect the caravan from attacks of marauders, and as the invading party was sometimes made up of deserters from the regular army, and as collusions with the escort were possible, it occasionally fared hard with the caravan, and fewer diamonds were found at the end of the route than were started on the journey. The yield from this locality is said to have fallen off very considerably of late years, and so

Golconda, supplying the world until 1728, when the Brazilian mines were discovered. The diamond district of Brazil is situated in the Serra do Frio, in the province of Minas Geraes, extending from East to West, between lat. 17 deg. and 19 deg. south. The mines were originally Government property, and were placed under the management of officers specially detailed for the purpose, who employed at times as many as 5,000 negroes at the works. Since 1873 they have become exclusively private property, and are worked in the same manner as the gold mines of other countries. A singular uniformity has been observed respecting the diamond grounds of Brazil, which has served as an important check upon the workman. It has been found that the same cubic mass will yield in washing pretty



LEAVING CAPE TOWN FOR DIAMOND FIELDS IN 1871.



DIAMOND-CUTTING WORKS ON THE AMSTEL, HOLLAND.

it may have been one of the reasons why the Government thought it wise to put the business in private hands. A splendid diamond found in Brazil some years ago, and carried to France, is called the "Star of the South." Its general form is a rhomboidal dodecahedron, and upon its faces are impressions which appear to have been made by other diamonds, so that the whole was probably a group of diamond crystals. Another famous diamond from Brazil is in possession of the King of Portugal. If genuine, of



SPLITTING DIAMONDS.

which there is some doubt, its value, according to the usual rule of computation, should be \$28,000,000, weighing, as it does in the rough, 1,680 grains. The Brazilian diggings were visited by Alexander von Humboldt the early part of this century, and when afterwards this celebrated traveler was on the estates of Prince Demidoff in Russia, from a similarity of appearance in the structure of the gravel beds, he predicted that diamonds could be found, on careful search, in the Urals, which prediction proved

true, and the first specimen found was sent as a present to the author of "Kosmos," and is now carefully preserved in the mineralogical cabinet at Berlin. The Russian mines have been worked since 1829, and have yielded a number of very valuable specimens. Towards the year 1870 the supply from all quarters was getting low, and it was necessary to have recourse to the old jewels of Portuguese, Spanish, French, and English families to satisfy the demand, the United States being then the best market. A great change

in the supply and price of diamonds was occasioned by the discovery of the South African fields in 1867 and 1870. They had been known to traders, but the knowledge was kept secret until the finding of a diamond (21½ carats), by a white child, on the bank of the Orange River, at once attracted the attention of the whole world to this locality, and it was not long before the country was overrun by adventurers. The first settlers of this part of the world were Hollanders, and the names of towns and rivers at the Cape, as in the vicinity of New York, show their Dutch origin. Just as in the State of New York we have the Walkill, so in South Africa the principal river is named Waal, after an arm of the Rhine in Holland. This name is now changed into Vaal River, and here a regularly organized community of diggers have been at work, a short distance from the Mission Station of Phiel.

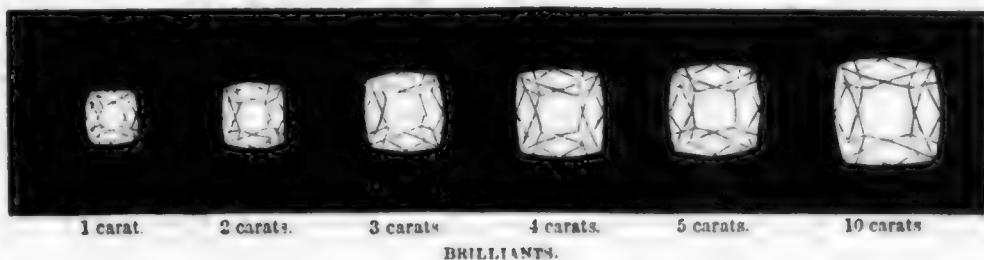
The place where the diamonds are found is a large district of country belonging to Dutch Boer farmers and native tribes. The diamond mine is indicated by the presence of great quantities of garnets on the surface, which are, however, not of any value in that distant part of the world. In



POLISHING DIAMONDS.

Europe and America they would attract attention. As a rule, wherever the garnet occurs they are certain to find diamonds. At first the largest companies of diggers were at a place on the Vaal River, where water was plentiful. The gravel was carted to the river to be washed, and the diamonds thus separated from the worthless stones. By this means many large and valuable gems have been discovered. The African diamond fields embrace an area of 1,000 square miles, and extend from longitude

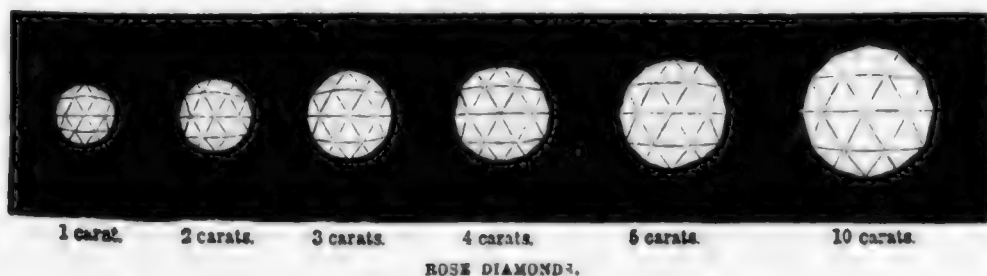
24 deg. to 28 deg. east, and 27 deg. to 30 deg. south. A great part of this region has been honeycombed very much as was the case in California. Since March, 1867, when the first diamond was found at the Cape, it is estimated that diamonds to the value of twelve million pounds sterling have been brought away from there. As stated by Professor Tennant, about ten per cent. of the Cape diamonds may be classified as the first quality, fifteen per cent. of the



second, and twenty of the third. The remainder, under the name of *bort*, is employed in cutting diamonds and for various other purposes by the lapidary, by the engineer, for rock-drilling, and so on.

If the system of hydraulic mining could have been applied in Africa much labor and expense would have been saved. At Colesberg Hopje, reliance had to be placed on the

slow and tedious process of windlass and bucket for removing both water and gravel, and a single heavy rain could destroy the labor of a month. The product at this principal bed in 1874 fell fifty per cent. from the average of the two previous years. The rains have caused heavy cavings of the



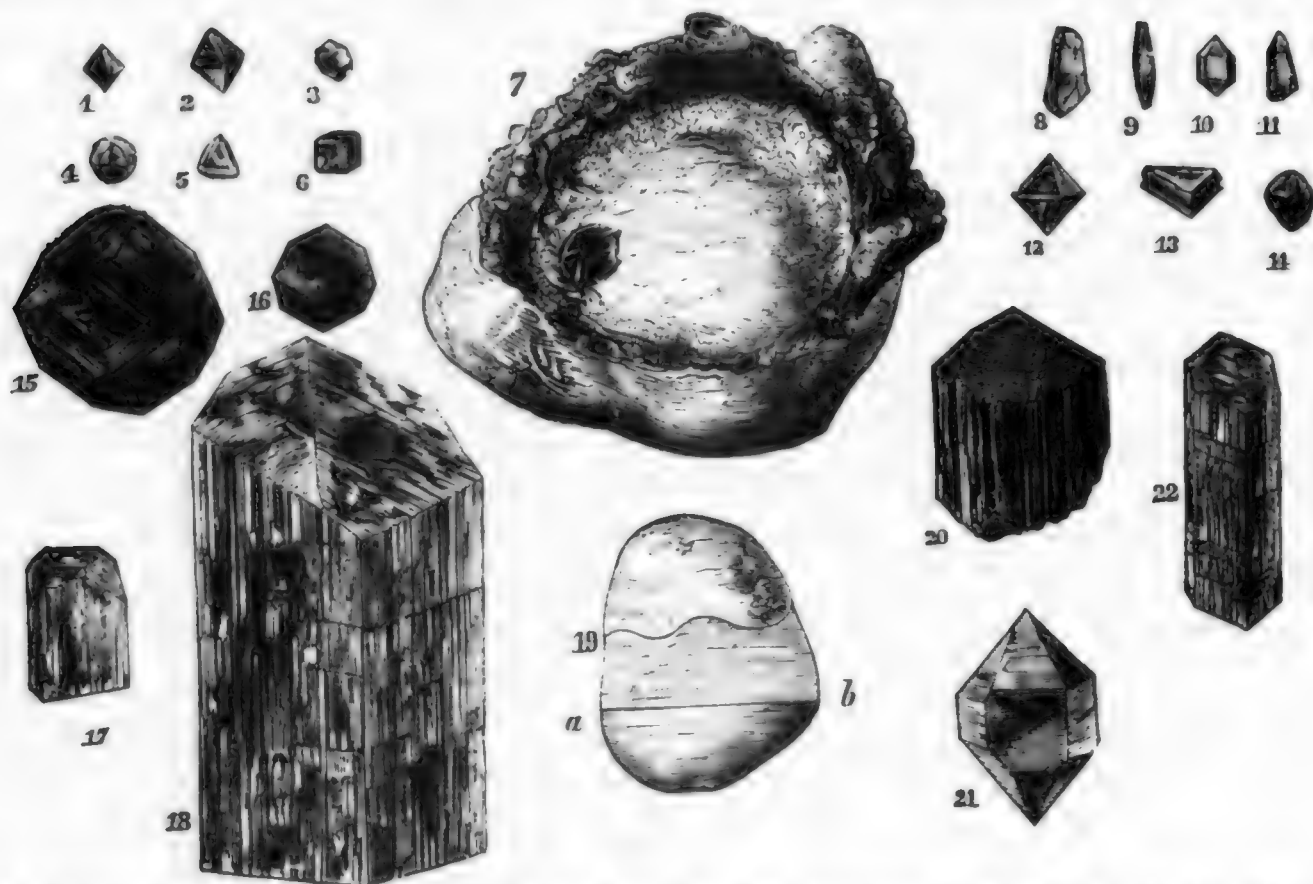


Fig. 1. Octahedron Diamond. Fig. 2. Octahedron having six planes on the edges. Fig. 3. Dodecahedron with rhombic faces. Figs. 4, 5, and 6 are rarer forms. Fig. 7. A conglomerated mass of Quartz pebbles, two crystals of Diamond, and various grains of Gold; the whole cemented together by oxide of iron. Figs. 8 to 11. Crystals of Corundum. Figs. 12 to 14. Crystals of Spinel-ruby. Figs. 15 to 16. Crystals of Garnet. Figs. 17, 18 and 19. Rhombic prisms of Topaz. Fig. 20. Tourmaline. Fig. 21. Crystal of Transparent Quartz, or "Rock Crystal." Fig. 22. Beryl.

deep pits which formed the diggings, so that one-third of the ground is thought to be covered up by slides, which it will scarcely pay to retrieve. The deep diggings are flooded, and there is no way of draining them except the bucket and rope, working through depths of 180 ft. and more. The value of claims is steadily falling; the diamond colony is poor; and the whole condition of things will be sufficiently indicated to any old Californian by the fact that loans are made on the mining licenses at the rate of ten per cent. a month, with foreclosures at the end of the first month. In the diamond camps the small stones form the basis of value, and would doubtless be used as the common currency but for one fact. While the value of gold is directly proportioned to its weight, a pound nugget being worth exactly twelve times as much as an ounce nugget of the same fineness, the value of diamonds increases with enormous rapidity as they grow heavier, so that they cannot be paid out in pinches, the same as gold. For that reason they occupy in South Africa about the same relation that gold bears to greenbacks. Transactions take place in diamonds, but the amount of exchange has to be calculated in another currency.

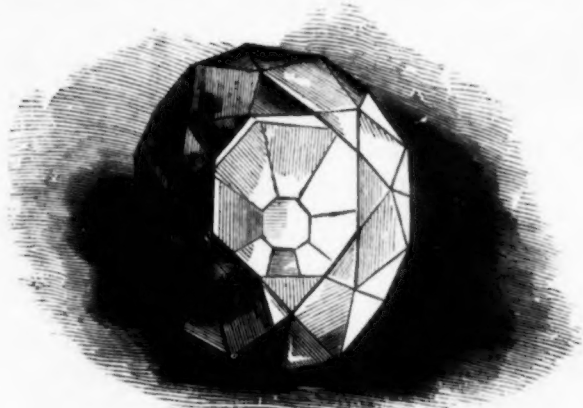
The discovery of the diamond fields of South Africa bids fair to exert a great influence on the native population of the adjoining provinces. The Secretary to the Government of Griqualand West, Mr. J. B. Currey, says that the natives come in large bodies, often as many as two thousand in a month, arriving in a wretched state of emaciation. They wear no clothing, save a cincture round the loins, and although very thin and bony when they arrive, in about six months they become very sleek, well made, and often powerful men. They are very thrifty, and generally have from eight to ten pounds in money when the time for their departure arrives. This

they expend in purchasing guns, powder, and lead, old military uniforms, beads, brass-wire, and perhaps a little food, with which they set out for their own country, each man staggering under his burden. In the middle of 1875 came the first party of Maschonas, large, powerful, jet-black men, from lat. 18 deg., on the southern bank of the Zambezi. Commenting upon this remarkable movement of the natives, Mr. Currey makes the following observations:

"And this great stream of native labor returns, after a few months, to the great ocean from which it flowed, bearing with it, as is inevitable, some traces of the strange lands through which it has passed, and some tinge of the things with which it has come in contact. We cannot prevent this, even if we would. For good or for evil, these natives have tasted of the tree of knowledge, and know that they are naked. They go back with something to tell, and the strange stories that must be repeated from hut to hut, and village to village, the distorted accounts which must be spread of our religion and our laws, our virtues and our vices, our manners and customs, will produce results greater than any that all the missionaries of Europe could effect in a century. Events novel and rapid, which we have had no power to control, have unexpectedly placed us in intimate communication with new tribes, and our connection with them entails results which no indifference can ignore, and from which no timidity can escape."

The ancients knew nothing about cutting the diamond, but wore the natural stones, selecting the most regular. The art of cutting was invented by Louis Berquen, of Bruges, in Belgium, in the year 1456, and a guild of diamond-cutters was established by him about the year 1470. Diamond-cutting was for a long time a monopoly in Holland, and the business is at the present day mostly confined to Amsterdam.





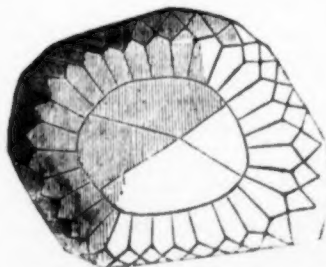
THE KOH-I-NOOR, RECUT.

There has been, however, a Diamond Company established in New York since 1871, where the process is carried on to great perfection. The business is divided into three entirely distinct and separate branches. First, there is the cleaver, or splitter, called the *klover*; then the cutter, or *snyder*; and, lastly, the polisher, or *slyper*. It would be difficult, if not impossible for one person to become expert in all three branches. The splitter, or cleaver, must be a person of the quickest perception and great skill, otherwise he could at one blow destroy a most costly gem. Seizing a stone, he looks at it quickly, and decides instantly in his mind how the stone must be cut, so as to give it the greatest weight and brilliancy. He must be able to detect at a glance any flaws or streaks, and to decide what minute fragments must be cut off to remove the flaws, and must be so thoroughly acquainted with his subject as to be able to tell whether the imperfection is at the surface or in the heart of the stone. Having decided all these points, he secures the stone in a wooden stick, by means of a cement made of rosin and pounded brick-dust, and prepares a second diamond, having a sharp edge, precisely in the same way in another stick. Steadying his two hands over a small wooden box, lined with brass, which has at the bottom a sieve to secure the precious dust, he applies the knife-edge of one diamond to the face of the other. It cuts rapidly; there is a distinct notch made, and the flaw is removed in a few minutes, which it would require some days, or even weeks, to grind off, and the fragments can be turned to account for settings.

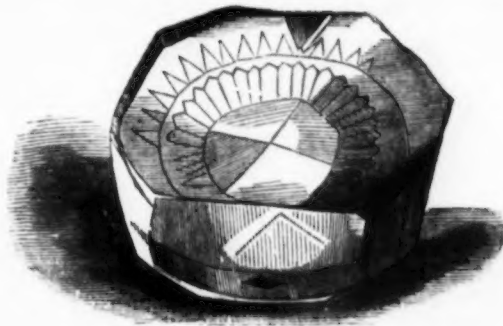
The cleaver having determined what shape the diamond shall have, it is handed over to the cutter. The stones are secured in precisely the same sticks, and held over exactly the same kind of box. The stone to be shaped is held in the left hand, though both stones are in process of cutting. The thumbs are closely braced, the left hand being protected by a leather glove. The process is a very slow one compared with the cleaving, and requires no end of patience and judgment.

The next step is the polishing, which is accomplished by revolving steel disks running parallel with the floor, the tables turning with a speed of 2,000 revolutions to the minute, the operation being facilitated by a cream of oil and diamond powder occasionally applied by the workman. Previous to polishing, the stone must be soldered into a

brass cup, the solder rising about it until it looks like a big acorn, the stone forming the apex. Placing the stone in the acorn with its point downward, the workman clamps it in a wooden rest, the downward point touching the revolving wheel. To produce pressure, he puts on the wooden rest



PLAN OF FIRST CUTTING.



ORIGINAL CUTTING OF THE KOH-I-NOOR.

pieces of lead, weighing perhaps four or five pounds. The same person can watch two or three stones at the same time. The diamond is occasionally removed and the progress of the work determined as much by the sense of feel as by sight. It is said that the African stones are particularly hard and obstinate, giving much more trouble than the South American ones. It requires years of assiduous and patient toil to acquire proficiency in this business. Formerly the diamond was cut in flat stones, having large parallel faces; this method, however, gave only a little fire, and the forms now adopted are known as the rose and the brilliant.

The rose has usually two plane parallel faces, the one below being larger than the one above, but the upper table is sometimes surmounted with a pyramid. This method of cutting is usually confined to flat stones which do not have a good form.

The method of cutting in brilliants is much better adapted to stones of value. It consists of an upper plane, which is quite large, and generally square, with the two angles cut off. This is surmounted by a border made up of triangular or lozenge-shaped faces. This border generally occupies one-third of the whole height of the stone. There is sometimes another border below, called the pavilion, which occupies the other two-thirds of the height, the faces of which have the same general shape, but are longer. This is terminated by a lower plane, similar to the upper one, but much smaller. This method of cutting is the best for the fire, since the rays of light no longer traverse the stone, but are thrown out of it by the upper face, through which they enter. For



SIMPLE MODE OF TESTING A DIAMOND BY FINDING ITS SPECIFIC GRAVITY, THREE AND A HALF TIMES THAT OF WATER.

this reason the stones are always set open. In the following table we give the weights of several historical diamonds:

WEIGHT OF HISTORIC DIAMONDS.

	Carats.		Carats.
Rajah.....	367	Piggott.....	82 1-4
Great Mogul (a).....	279 9-16	Nassac (c).....	78 5-8
Orloff.....	194 1-4	Dresden.....	76 1-2
Koh-i-noor (b).....	186	Sancy.....	53 1-2
Portuguese.....	148	Eugenie.....	51
Florentine.....	139 1-2	Pasha.....	49
Regent (c).....	136 3-4	Dresden (green).....	48 1-2
Star of the South (d).....	125 1-4	Hope (blue).....	44 1-2
Koh-i-noor (recut).....	106 1-16	Polar Star.....	40
Shah.....	95	Cumberland.....	82
Sultan of Turkey.....	84	Russian (red).....	10

(a) Uncut, it weighed 900 carats. (b) Uncut, it weighed 793 carats; it is supposed that another stone weighing 130 carats was cut off the original. (c) Uncut, it weighed 410 carats. (d) Uncut, it weighed 251 1-4 carats. (e) Uncut, it weighed 89 3-4 carats.

Perhaps the most famous of all diamonds is the Koh-i-noor, or "Mountain of Light," now in the possession of the Queen of England. According to Indian tradition, it was obtained before the Christian era from one of the mines of Golconda. During two thousand years it passed through many hands, and finally, on the annexation of the Punjab to the East India Company's territory in 1849, it was stipulated that the Koh-i-noor should be surrendered to the Queen of England, to whom it was accordingly delivered by the Company, July 3d, 1850. At this period its weight was 186 carats, but its form was not in accordance with its great value, and a commission of scientific men was appointed with reference to the propriety of recutting the gem, and, after obtaining the opinion of experts in Amsterdam, it was decided to give it in charge of Mr. Coster, of Holland, who made of it one of the most magnificent gems to be found in the world.

Jewelers acquire by practice the habit of distinguishing between the diamond and all other stones which are used to imitate it. It requires long experience and practice to acquire this power, and it is better to use some scientific means than to trust to the judgment alone. These means are given in the following table:

TABLE FOR DISTINGUISHING PRECIOUS STONES.

	Density.	Refraction.	Index of Refraction.	Electricity.
Diamond.....	3.52-3.55	Simple.	2.455	Positive, not durable.
Ruby, Sapphire and Oriental Amethyst.....	3.9-4.3	Double. 1 axis.	1.765	Lasts several hours.
Chryseberyl.....	3.5-3.8	Double.	1.760	Lasts several hours.
White Topaz.....	3.4-3.6	Double. 2 axis.	1.635	More than 24 hours.
Chrysolite.....	3.3-3.5	Double.	1.660	Positive.
Emerald.....	2.6-2.8	Double. 1 axis.	1.585	Positive.
Spinel.....	3.4-3.8	Simple.	1.755	Not tried.
Zircon.....	4.4-4.6	Double. 1 axis.	1.990	Positive, not durable.
Quartz.....	2.6-2.8	Double. 1 axis.	1.549	Positive, not durable.
Strass.....	var. 3.5	Simple.		Not durable, variable.

A simple method of testing diamonds by finding the specific gravity is shown on page 381; also the appearance of Cape diamonds in the rough.

The employment of diamonds in the arts is of comparatively recent date. The small stones which have very sharp edges, are used for cutting glass. Diamonds of gray or black color cost from five to six dollars a carat, in gold, a carat being equal to four grains. Such diamonds, instead of being transparent, like the white ones, are only translucent. They seldom occur in regular forms like the white ones. Clear stones are used in jewels for watches. One of the most recent, and at the same time most important, applications of the diamond is in the invention of the diamond drill. By aid of this drill, driven by compressed air, the immense work of the Mount Cenis tunnel was pushed to completion, and the equally gigantic enterprise of the St. Gothard tunnel is actively worked at the present time. The

same principle has been successfully applied to a diamond stone-saw.

The latest novelty in the line of diamonds is the process by which it is claimed that ordinary crystals can be veneered with a coating of the pure gem. The manner of accomplishing this wonderful task, which, it is needless to say, is only worthy of confidence by believers in the perpetual motion, is given by the inventor, who labored twenty-eight years in perfecting it, as follows: "After the quartz and other crystals are cut in proper shape they are put into a galvanic battery, which coats them over with a liquid, that is made of diamonds which are too small to be cut, and the chippings and cuttings that are taken off of diamonds during the process of shaping them. Thus all of the small particles of diamonds that have heretofore been comparatively worthless can now, since this discovery, be used to produce diamond liquid." This solves so neatly the ques-

tion of artificial diamonds that it is a pity it is not true.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

ANOTHER GREAT TUNNEL.—A company has recently been formed at Lausanne, Switzerland, to undertake the tunneling of the Simplon. It is proposed to start at Brigue, on Swiss territory, at a height of 1,920 ft. above sea level, and cut a tunnel 11.4 miles long through to Pella, in Italy. As there is much difficulty in raising the requisite funds to construct the St. Gothard Tunnel, it is not likely that the new enterprise will be started very soon, and it is also a question whether it would not be superfluous, in view of existing tunnels.

THE KRUPP GUN.—The large Krupp gun is now mounted upon its carriage at the Centennial Exhibition. Its diameter is 5 ft., length 25 ft., and bore 14 inches. Its weight is 58,460 kilogrammes, or about 64 tons. The charge of powder is said to be 500 lbs., and the weight of the shot 1,200 lbs. On its trial at Essen, this gun penetrated a 12-inch plate at two miles distance.



THE PITT DIAMOND, EXHIBITED TO THE SAN CULOTTES UNDER A MILITARY GUARD DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR.

PREDICTION OF SEX BEFORE BIRTH.—M. Mattei has made several hundred observations on this point, which he has carefully noted and tabulated, and from which he derives certain conclusions. He finds that a fetus having 130 to 135 pulsations per minute is ordinarily a boy, while 140 to 150 per minute usually indicates a girl. The only deviations from the rule were in the case of unusually large, and at the same time feeble, female infants. The rate of pulsation was reduced by the weakness of the child to 130-135, and hence the erroneous conclusion that it must be a boy.

TELEGRAPHING THE EXACT HANDWRITING.—Mr. W. Sawyer has patented a machine which enables the operator to transmit an exact *fac simile* of the writing of the sender of a message. The sender writes his message upon ordinary white paper; this is laid upon a metallic plate, and passed between two rollers, with the effect of transferring the copy to the plate. The metallic plate is a conductor of electricity, while the lines of writing are non-conductors. Whenever the point is upon the metallic surface, the electric current passes through the wire, but when it touches the writing the current is broken, and a dot or line makes its appearance on chemically-prepared paper at the other end of the line. The moment a point is passing over the surface of one instrument, it is followed exactly by the point on the other instrument, and thus a *fac simile* of the writing is produced. It is possible to transmit a portrait or architectural drawing by the same instruments.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.—Dr. Hachenberg, of Round Mount, Texas, reports an instance of the ignition of some cotton on a certain table of his house, caused by a stereoscopic instrument, that was exposed to the direct rays of the sun in such a position that the two lenses brought the heat to a focus. Glass globes, filled with water, have been known to set fire to woodwork, and the deadlights of ships have proved equally dangerous. Many attempts have been made to turn the sun's rays to practical use, the most recent invention in this direction having been made by Ericsson, in America, and Mouchot, in France.

BLUE LIGHTS.—General Pleasanton is an enthusiastic believer in the efficacy of blue light to cure diseases. In a recent work he relates a number of instances of the cure of rheumatism in a mule by putting panes of blue and colorless glass in the window of his stable; also the cure of a woman suffering from complicated diseases by similar treatment; and the cure of spinal disease by combined light. The medical profession would say that he claims too much.

GLASS FROM BLAST-FURNACE SLAG.—The process consists in using the slag from iron furnaces in its liquid state, direct from the blast-furnace. It is found that the whole of the slag, when thus employed, is convertible into perfectly transparent glass of a good color. The liquid slag is conducted into a tank holding about 15 cwt., where it is mixed with other materials, and in an incredibly short space of time glass is produced which is good enough for bottles, roofing, skylight, green-houses, roofing-tiles, and many other purposes; and being made from waste material, is very cheap.

LIGHT REGISTERING APPARATUS.—Professor Roscoe has invented an automatic light-registering apparatus, the object of which is to keep a record of the amount of light that falls at any particular spot during small fixed intervals. Clock-work drives the apparatus, photographic paper is the sensitive agent used, and by mechanical arrangement only small portions of the sensitized paper are exposed at stated intervals.

EXHIBITION OF SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS.—The exhibition of scientific apparatus, at South Kensington, London, last month, includes some very rare and interesting objects. Among these are the original telescopes and other instruments used by Galileo; Watts's first steam engine; the original air-pump made by Otto von Guericke, of Magdeburg; a quadrant belonging to Tycho Brahe; a telescope by Huyghens; the pendulum apparatus of Foucault and Gauss; Babbage's calculating machine, and that made by James Black for Lord Mahon; the original Napier Bones; the measuring instruments of Sir Joseph Whitworth; the apparatus employed by Joule in ascertaining the mechanical equivalent of heat; the apparatus with which Faraday made many important discoveries; the original Wheatstone bridge; the instruments used in laying the Atlantic cable; Armstrong's hydro-electric machine.

TOUGHENED GLASS.—The manufacture of glass by the De la Bastie method is at present carried on on a small scale in Pennsylvania. By his process lamps and tumblers can be toughened so as not to break when thrown upon the floor. By the new process, the glass, after having been run from the furnace and molded, instead of being put into the annealing pots, is immersed in a hot bath, consisting of linseed oil and tallow. The bath is kept up to about 320 degrees. The ware, after dipping, is removed to a second bath having a temperature of 200 degrees. Lastly, the glass goes into a water bath and is cooled. The chief difficulty thus far encountered is found to be in the fact that the glass cannot be cut with a diamond. It possesses the property of Prince Rupert's drops and explodes if a scratch or fracture is made in it. This will prevent its use for window glass, but not for many other purposes.

A RAILWAY IN CHINA.—An experimental railway is now being built in China connecting Shanghai and Woosung, a town at the junction of the river. It is only nine miles long, but the object of the English capitalists who are building it is to show the Chinese what a railroad is like. Thus, by degrees, it may be possible to introduce the system into the Empire. Several Mandarins have been invited to make trial trips, and, although a little timid at first, eventually accepted the offer, and were delighted with the experience.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

A SLOW MATCH.—A ten years' engagement.

THE most unattractive thing in marriage—Age.

No woman ever saw the time when she had hairpins enough.

MOTTO for a yeast factory—"Early to bread and early to rise."

WHEN is a fowl's neck like a bell?—When it is *crung* for dinner.

WHEN is a sheep like a year?—When divided into four quarters.

MRS. PARTINGTON denies that she has ever sued a man for "reformation of character."

THE HEART'S MISGIVINGS.—Eating mince pie and wondering, after a pause, what the contents were composed of.

"**SWEAR** not at all," said a chaplain to a trooper. He replied, "I do not swear at all, but only at those who annoy me."

DR. JOHNSON'S estimate of wines and spirits was summed up in these words: "Claret for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes."

A NEW YORK vagrant, who had been fined regularly every week for begging, requested the magistrate to fine him by the year at a reduced rate.

A WAG, having married a young lady named Church, says he has enjoyed more happiness since he joined the Church than he ever did in all his life before.

"**IS THE** captain of your ship a religious man?" asked a city missionary of a Jack Tar. "Yes," replied the latter; "of course he is—that is, when he ain't drunk."

HEAVY GALE.—A Yankee, in describing a gale of wind, says: "A white dog, while attempting to weather the gale, was caught with his mouth open and turned completely inside out."

OLDFASHIONED.—Mrs. Smithers is oldfashioned, and calls rather "ruther," and neither "nuther"; but you eat a piece of her mince pie once, and you'll never stick up your nose at her again.

HERMANN, the magician, has been naturalized in Boston. While taking out his papers he pleaded poverty, and then drew a \$5 note from the City Clerk's vest and presented it in payment of his fee, much to that officer's amazement.

LAST Winter, in Boston, a young woman put her false teeth in a glass of water at night, and in the morning found them imbedded in a block of solid ice. She was late at breakfast, the process of thawing out the teeth with a bonfire of matches having been slow.

PRUDENT.—A rich woman has brought up her accomplished and beautiful daughters to do washing and ironing. When questioned, she replies: "Oh, it is always well to be prepared for any contingency. Perhaps some of the poor children may marry an Italian count!"

"**HOW, MY** dear fellow, can I make a girl love me, who is constantly devoured by love of *herself*?" asked a young gentleman of his friend.—"Oh," replied the latter, "that is the easiest thing in the world; just minister to her self-love till it overflows; all that runs over will be yours."

NOT long since a young man applied for permission to teach in a school, and, utterly failing in the necessary examination, was finally asked when it was that Napoleon Bonaparte flourished—before or after the Conquest? After meditating some time he replied, "You have got me this time, gentlemen!"

A GENTLEMAN finding his watch had stopped, took it to a watchmaker to put it right. "He armed his eyes with a microscope," says the gentleman, "and continued to exhaust all my patience for a considerable time, very sapiently occupied, as I thought, examining the machinery to discover the difficulty. At length he told me he could do my watch no good unless he took it all to pieces; to which, objecting, I carried it to another, who, a good deal to my surprise, discovered that I had only forgotten to wind it up."

IN a recent debate in Parliament on the Irish whisky trade, on the question whether Government ought to stop the common practice of mixing Scotch whisks in bonded warehouses, and then selling the product in Ireland as Irish whisky, whereas it is, in fact, a mixture of Irish and Scotch whisks, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, speaking as a teetotaler, made rather a good joke. He said that "what was meant by good whisky was whisky which would make you drunk in the pleasantest way and the shortest time;" and, he added, "No definition that I know of will hold water better than that!"

COULD anything be better than the following "improvement" of a minister of Arran, who was discoursing on the carelessness of his flock? "Brethren, when you leave the church, just look down at the duke's swans; they are vera bonny swans, an' they'll be soom-ing about an' aye dookin' doon their heads and laving theirsels wi' the clear water till they're a' drookit; then you'll see them soom-ing to the shore, an' they'll gie their wings a bit flap and they're dry again. Now, my friends, you come here every Sabbath, an' I lave you a' ower wi' the Gospel till you are fairly drookit wi't. But you just gang awa' hame, an' sit doon by your fireside, gie your wings a bit flap, an' ye're as dry as ever again."



THE WOMAN'S TAILOR IN BEARN.



THE WIDOWED DUCK.